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MINOR POETS OF THE CAROLINE PERIOD

VOL. II CONTAINING

MARMION'S CUPID AND PSYCHE
KYNASTON'S LEOLINE AND SYDANIS
AND CYNTHIADES
POEMS OF JOHN HALL
SIDNEY GODOLPHIN AND
PHILIP AYRES
CHALKHILL'S THEALMA AND
CLEARCHUS
POEMS OF PATRICK CAREY AND
WILLIAM HAMMOND
BOSWORTH'S ARCADIUS
AND SEPHA, &c.

EDITED BY
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PREFATORY NOTE

THERE does not appear to me to be any need of adding, at present, anything of a general character to the Introduction given in the first volume of this collection; but a few words may properly be said as to the contents of this second. They are considerably more varied than those of the first: whereas we there gave four poets here we give nine, and there is a very much larger proportion of short poems, while hardly any one can be called very long. Again, a larger proportion is likely to be new even to those who, without spending much time in extensive libraries, have paid some attention to the literature of the period. Godolphin has never before been collected at all: and most of his original poems have never been printed. Kynaston, Ayres, and Bosworth have never been reprinted as wholes, and only an infinitesimal portion of the work of the two first has had that honour. The earlier reprints of Hall, Carey, and Hammond were published in very small numbers: and those of Marmion and Chalkhill are now not common or cheap. It can hardly be rash to feel tolerably confident that very few persons now living have read the whole contents of the present volume.

I have said what it seemed to me necessary to say, and no more, in the separate Introductions: nor do I propose to repeat or endorse what I have said here. I shall only point out that Marmion, Kynaston, Chalkhill, and Bosworth give examples of that 'heroic poem' to illustrate which has been one of the objects of the undertaking; that Kynaston, Hall, Godolphin, Carey, and Hammond supply specimens, sometimes quite exquisite and very seldom well known, of the 'metaphysical' lyric which is the glory of the period; that Marmion and Chalkhill are capital instances of its 'enjambed' couplet; and that Ayres, who is probably known even to amateurs chiefly from the specimen or two given by Mr. Bullen in his *Love Poems of the Restoration*, is an almost unique example of the Caroline temper prolonged into other days. All, without exception, show those features of the Elizabethan so called 'decadence' which again (I thought I had made this clear) it was one of my main desires to illustrate. Only for Bosworth, I think, is it necessary to make any apology. There are good things in him: but he is likely to try some people's patience considerably, and he has already, in proof, extracted from one good judge the description of his poem as 'horrible' in its obscurity. I cannot agree with this; but (and I am here an unexceptionable witness) I think he *does* show how necessary an alterative course of 'prose and sense' may have been to English poetry about this time. The part of Helot will not have to be played twice: though I have some interesting candidates for it whom I have examined and rejected. On that pleasant person and poet, Patrick Carey, I have, by mere good luck, been able, I believe, to throw some new light. As to Godolphin, I may claim in his case whatever indulgence may be due to an *editio princeps* published without elaborate critical apparatus or commentary, and as part of a collection.

I reserve till the completion of the work my thanks to the officials, major and minor, of the Clarendon Press for the assistance I have received from them in the execution of a task to me very pleasant, yet undoubtedly rather laborious. But I must here express my warmest acknowledgements to the Delegates, first for extending the scheme, at my earnest request, from two volumes to three: and secondly for their liberality not only in embellishing this with numerous facsimiles of title-pages and illustrations, but in actually furnishing me with completely photographed 'copy' of the rarer volumes and MSS., so as to provide a thoroughly trustworthy basis of text.

G. S.

HOLMBURY ST. MARY,
August 18, 1906.

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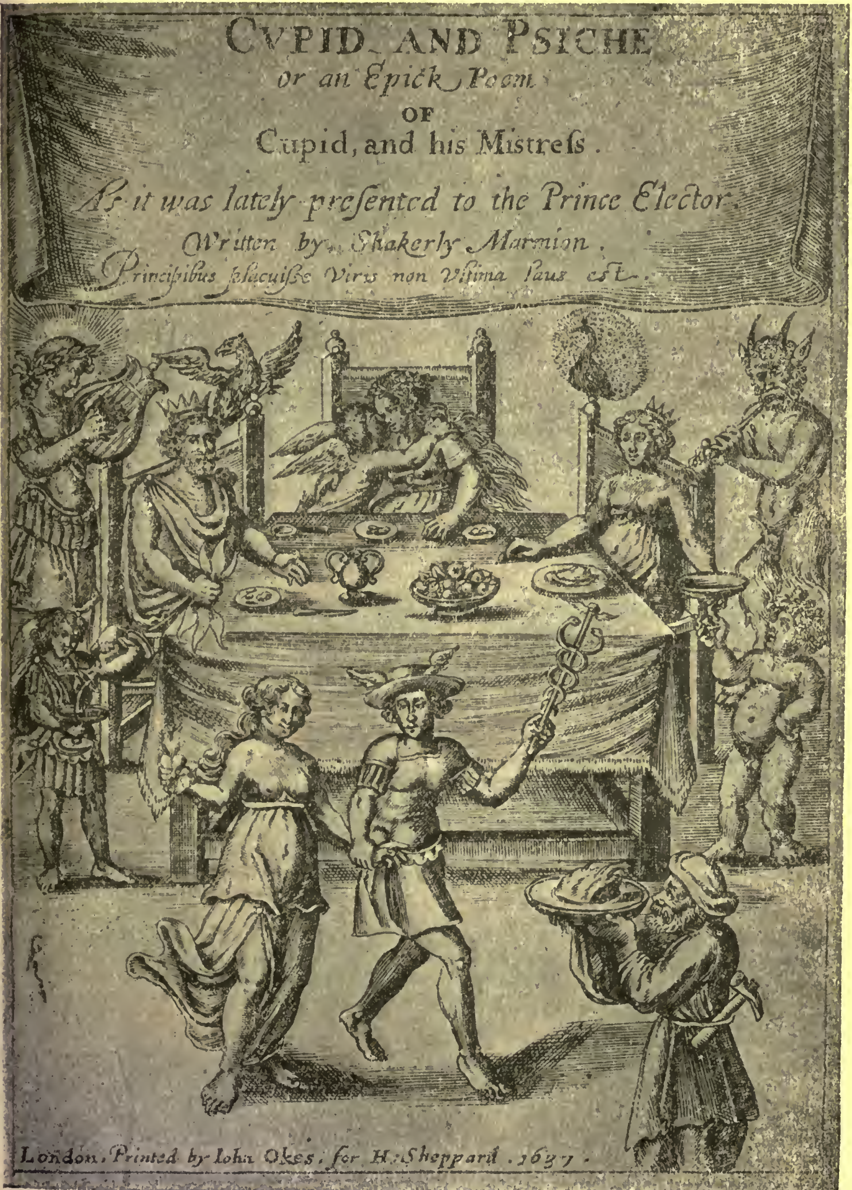

CVPID AND PSICHE

or an Epick Poem

OF

Cupid, and his Mistreſs.

As it was lately preſented to the Prince Elector.

Written by Shakerly Marmion.

Principibus placuiſſe Viris non vltima laus est.

London, Printed by Iohn Okes: for H: Sheppard. 1637.

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INTRODUCTION TO SHAKERLEY MARMION

SHAKERLEY MARMION—the form, of which sufficiently obvious variants exist in 'Shakerly,' 'Shackerley,' 'Schackerley'; 'Marmyon,' 'Mermion,' &c., is that not merely of Singer, but of Anthony Wood, and seems to me the best—is not quite so inaccessible as the constituents of our first volume. For though the original editions are rare and costly enough, his plays were reprinted thirty years ago in Maidment and Logan's *Dramatists of the Restoration*[1], and Singer's *Cupid and Psyche*[2] is by no means so dear in proportion as the companion *Pharonnida*. But the volume was originally printed in small numbers; and the editor, who had given Chamberlayne without any of the bowdlerization which *Pharonnida* in one or two places (and *Love's Victory* in more) might have seemed to invite, fell into asterisks here in a rather foolish manner[3].

Now Marmion[4] is too interesting a writer to be left difficult of attain-ment, and mangled when attained. Besides *Cupid and Psyche*, and in two cases at least before its publication, he had written three comedies, not so much 'imitated' (as has sometimes been said) from Ben Jonson, one of whose 'sons' he was, as belonging to the general class of unromantic comedy of which we have so many examples from Middleton to Brome. These comedies—*Holland's Leaguer*, *A Fine Companion*, and the better-known *Antiquary*—are at least up to the average in general; and contain many individual things[1] on which it would be interesting to comment if these Introductions were full essays on our authors. But what concerns us here in them is that while a large—perhaps the larger—part of them is in prose, the blank verse of the remainder, if not consummate, is both firm and flexible, and scarcely ever falls into the welter in which, for instance, even such a poet as Marmion's friend Suckling dramatically wallows. His practice here, like Dryden's similar practice a generation later, does not fail to tell upon his couplet in *Cupid and Psyche.* It is still very much overlapped, and undulates rather than marches. But it scarcely ever coils itself into the labyrinthine intricacy, or melts into the deliquescent solution, of *Pharonnida*, or of that mysterious *Thealma and Clearchus* which I hope also to give.

---

[1] Edinburgh, 1875.

[2] Chiswick, 1820.

[3] I have of course supplied the gaps; but, as seems to me a matter of course likewise, I have not thought it necessary to indicate them. The bibliography of the poem is not quite plain sailing. Singer says that he followed, only modernizing the spelling, a copy of the first 4to edition of 1637, lent him by James Boswell the younger: and he seems to have known of no second except the 12mo of 1666, where the poem is called *Cupid's Courtship, or the Declaration of the Marriage between the god of Love and Psyche.* Any one, however, who compares the Chiswick reprint with, say, the British Museum copy of the 1637 issue, will see at once that the texts are rather different, and even the contents not exactly the same. He will also find in the Museum a copy of a *second* edition, dated 1638, where the title is slightly altered (*Cupid and Psiche* [*sic*] *or an Epic Poem of Cupid and his Mistress*), and which has an elaborate engraved frontispiece representing the final banquet of the gods with Hermes introducing Psyche. In this most, if not all, of Singer's variations from the other occur. Hazlitt admits *two* editions of 1637 with different title-pages, as well as one of 1638; but if Singer really followed one of these, then Marmion must have made slight alterations within the year. In the text which follows what would seem to be the earliest version is adopted, the important variations in the later forms being given in the notes.

[4] Shakerley is mainly a Cheshire and Lancashire name; these Marmions may have been, as Singer assumes, akin to those of Scrivelsby. But our poet, who was born in 1602, was the son of a father of the same names who was lord of the manor of Aynho in Northamptonshire, but disposed of it when Shakerley the younger was a boy. He went to school at Thame, matriculated at Wadham College in 1617, and took his M.A. seven years later. Like his other father Jonson he served in the Low Countries, and got into difficulties for stabbing some one at home. Little else is known of his life: but he was certainly, after a fashion, lucky in the occasion of his death. For having enlisted in Suckling's too notorious troop of cavalry for the war with Scotland, he escaped its disgraces by falling ill at York, and was conveyed to London, where he died in 1639.

Moreover, though it has not Chamberlayne's numberless poetic moments, and is inferior in a certain nameless grace to the work of Chalkhill (or somebody else), it still has much of this latter. And Marmion has over both these poets and others the advantage which critics of his own day would have thought final—that of a story, not indeed new, but everlastingly attractive to the reader, and seldom failing to inspire every writer who has touched it, from Apuleius himself to Mr. Bridges. His weakest point is in the rhymes; which are made much more noticeable than, for instance, in Chamberlayne, by the greater emphasis which Marmion lays on his couplets as such. But they do not avail to spoil the general charm of his piece, which is also by no means longwinded. That charm lies sometimes in single phrases, as in that admirable one of the 'inevitable eyes' of Venus—sometimes in lines and couplets—not seldom in sustained passages of more or less considerable length—the first picture of Psyche's beauty, her transportation by Zephyrus, her waking, the whole (or nearly so) of the central passage of the lamp, the two lyrical advertisements, the trials of Psyche, and especially her visit to Proserpine. But I must repeat that it is not part of my plan to expatiate on authors here given: but rather to give them. I wish not to show my own ingenuity as a critic, or fertility as a rhetorician, or erudition as a commentator[1], but to be a *promus* of their elegancies. I have myself read Marmion at different times in my life, and never without pleasure; if I can give the opportunity of that pleasure to some who would else not have had it, that is enough for me[2].

---

[1] For instance, *Holland's Leaguer*, v. 3, l. 3–4:

> The corruption of a cashiered serving man
> Is the generation of a thief.

to which I need hardly invite the attention of Dryden-students.

---

[1] Thus I have rather indicated than tried to exhaust the really interesting comparison of the poem with its original, and the various contributions under which Marmion has laid classical authors other than Apuleius.

[2] Like everybody else of his time Marmion wrote commendatory poems, the two best known of which are his contribution to *Jonsonus Virbius*, and that to the *Annalia Dubrensia*, the celebration of Captain Robert Dover of the Cotswold Games (which Dr. Grosart's reprint has made known to some at first hand, and divers essays to more at second). Both are before me as I write: but I hardly think it necessary to give them. Marmion might have subjoined them to his chief poem, as many others did similar things to theirs, had he chosen: and he did not choose. Both are in effect parts of larger wholes, and lose when taken away from them: and though neither is at all contemptible neither has any specific character. It seems, therefore, that as with others of the same kind, their not inconsiderable and to us precious room is better than their respectable but superfluous company.

To the High and Mighty, Charles Lodwick, Prince Elector, Count Palatine of the Rheine, Arch Dapifer, Vicar of the Sacred Empire, Duke of Bavaria and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter

HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE.

It is not the greatness of an oration but the sincerity, which the gods are delighted with: from this hope, and out of an ambitious zeal to become your adorers, the Muses amidst so many rich presents, have prepared this slender offering, and are themselves both the Priests and the Sacrifice. Their devotion is clothed with purity, and their affections are both earnest and powerful: for their wishes of your happiness are no less than assurances and their desires prophecies. For this poem, it was yours ere conceived; and the hope of being so, was both the efficient and final cause of its production—for the Dedication was older than the birth of it. And, however, in the outward bark and title thereof, it appear painted with vanity, yet is that but as a light garment to cover more deep and weighty mysteries.

The dignity of the subject thus calculated, the season of the year partly warrants an acceptation, but chiefly those royal and fresh-springing ornaments of Candour and Ingenuity which are so conspicuous through your reatness. It has ever been the privilege of Poesy to claim access to the best and most noble persons, and if this work shall be so happy as to bear the impress of your Princely approbation it shall then pass current to the world and publish the great honour done to

your Highness' most
humble devoted
SHACKERLEY MARMION.

To his worthy friend, Master Shakerley Marmion, upon his poem of Cupid and Psyche

To give the world assurance in this cold
And leaden age, that Love must ne'er be old,
Cupid and Psyche thou hast rendered more
Youthful and fair, than did the age of gold.
And if the sweetness they had heretofore
Found least decay, thou dost it now restore
With large increase; instructing *Love* to love,
And in his mistress more affection move,
In this thy poem; which thou hadst a pen
From Love's own wing to write,—powerful above
His shafts. For thou some iron-hearts of men
Hast made in love with Poesy; that till then

Could not discern her beauty, and less see
Her excellence, as it is[1] drawn out by thee,
In perfect love-lines. Cupid smiles to see 't,
And crowns his mistress with thy poetry,
Composed of syllables, that kiss more sweet
Than violets and roses when they meet.
And we, thine art's just lovers, as we look
On Cupid kissing Psyche, kiss thy book.

RICHARD BROME.

To his loving friend, Mr. Shakerley Marmion, the Author

FRIEND, I have read thy Poem, full of wit,
A master-piece, I'll set my seal to it:
Let judges read, and ignorance be gone;
'Tis not for vulgar thumbs to sweat upon
This learned work: thy Muse flies in her place:
And, eagle-like, looks Phoebus in the face.
Let those voluminous authors that affect
Fame, rather great than good, thy worth reject.
Jewels are small; how unlike art thou to those
That tire out rhyme, and verse, till they trot prose?
And ride the Muse's Pegasus, poor jade,
Till he be founder'd; and make that their trade:
And to fill up the sufferings of the beast,
Foot it[2] themselves three hundred miles at least.
These have no mercy on the paper reams,
But produce plays, as schoolboys do write themes.
Thou keep'st thy Muse in breath, and if men wage
Gold on her head, will better run the stage:
And 'tis more praise than, hadst thou labour'd in 't,
To brand the world with twenty such in print.

FRANCIS TUCKYR[3].

To his true friend, the Author[4], Master Shakerley Marmion, etc.

WHAT need I rack the limbs of my weak Muse,
To fill a page might serve for better use?[5]
Then make some squint-ey'd reader censure me
A flatterer, for justly praising thee?
It is enough, (and in that cause's right
Many thy former works may boldly fight)
He for a good one must this piece allow,
Reads but the title, and thy name below.

THOMAS NABBES.

---

[1] Later ''tis.' [2] Later 'for.' [3] Later 'F. T.' [4] Not in 1666 ed.

[5] So Singer. But would it not be better to delete the '?' and take 'then' as = 'than'?

Of my worthy friend, Mr. Shakerley Marmion, upon his poem of Cupid and Psyche

LOVE and the soul are two things, both divine,
Thy task, friend Marmion now, which once was mine[1].
What I writ was dramatical; thy Muse
Runs[2] in an epic strain, which they still use,
Who write heroic poems. Thine is such,
Which when I read, I could not praise too much.
The Argument is high, and not within
Their shallow reach to catch, who hold no sin
To tax what they conceive not; the best minds
Judge trees by fruit, not by their leaves and rinds.
And such can find (full knowledge having gain'd)
In leaden fables, golden truths contain'd.
Thy subject 's of that nature, a sublime
And weighty rapture, which being cloth'd in rhyme,
Carries such sweetness with 't, as hadst thou sung
Unto Apollo's harp, being newly strung.
These, had they issued from another's pen,
A stranger, and unknown to me, I then
Could not have been so pleas'd: but from a friend,
Where I might envy, I must now commend.
And glad I am this fair course thou hast run,
Unvex'd to see myself so far outdone.
'Twixt intimates, who mutual love profess,
More 's not requir'd, and mine could show no less.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

The Argument

THERE were inhabitant in a certain city, a king and queen, who had three daughters; the elder two of a moderate and mean[3] beauty, but the youngest was of so curious, so pleasing a feature, and exact symmetry of body, that men esteemed her generally a goddess, and the Venus of the earth. Her sisters being happily married to their desires and dignities, she only, out of a superexcellency of perfection, became rather the subject of adoration than love. Venus conceiving an offence, and envious of her good parts, incites Cupid to a revenge, and severe vindication of his mother's honour. Cupid, like a fine archer, coming to execute his mother's design, falls in love with the maid, and wounds himself. Apollo, by Cupid's subornation, adjudges her in marriage to a serpent. Upon which, like Andromeda, she is left chained to a rock, her marriage being celebrated rather with funeral obsequies than hymeneal solemnities. In this miserable affright she is borne far away by the west wind to a goodly fair house, whose wealth and stateliness no praise can determine. Her husband in the deadness and solitude of night did ofttimes enjoy her, and as he entered in obscurity, so he departed in silence, without once making himself known unto her. Thus she continued for a long season, being only waited upon by the ministery of the winds, and voices. Her sisters came every day to seek and bewail her; and though her husband did with many threats prohibit her the sight of them, yet natural affection prevailed above conjugal duty; for she never ceased with tears to solicit him, till he had permitted their access. They no sooner arrived, but instantly corrupt her[4], and with wicked counsel deprave her understanding, infusing a belief that she had married and did nightly embrace a true serpent; nor are they yet contented to turn the heaven of her security into the hell of suspicion, but with many importunities proceed, exhorting her to kill him, which she also assents unto: thus credulity proves the mother of deceit, and curiosity the stepmother of safety. Having thus prepared for his destruction, the scene is altered, and she acts the tragedy of her own happy fortunes; for coming with an intent to mischief him, so soon as the light had discovered what he was, she falls into an extremity of love and passion, being altogether ravished with his beauty and habiliments; and while she kisses him with as little modesty as care, the burning lamp drops upon his shoulder, whereupon her husband furiously awakes, and having with many expostulations abandoned her falsehood, scorns and forsakes her. The maid, after a tedious pilgrimage to regain his love and society, Ceres and Juno having both repulsed her, freely at the last offers up herself to Venus, where, through her injunctions and imperious commands, she is coarsely entreated, and set to many hard and grievous tasks; as first, the separation of several grains, with the fetching of the Stygian water, and the Golden Fleece, and the box of beauty from Proserpine: all which, by divine assistance, being performed, she is reconciled, and in the presence of all the gods married to her husband. The wedding is solemnized in Heaven.

---

[1] Later 'And now thy task, dear friend, which once was mine.'
[2] Later 'Was.'
[3] i.e. not 'base' but a duplicate of 'moderate.'
[4] *Sic* in orig. by the ellipsis so common at the time.

The Mythology[1]: or, Explanation of the Argument

By the City is meant the World; by the King and Queen, God and Nature; by the two elder Sisters, the Flesh and the Will; by the last, the Soul, which is the most beautiful, and the youngest, since she is infused after the body is fashioned. Venus, by which is understood Lust, is feigned to envy her, and stir up Cupid, which is Desire, to destroy her; but because Desire has equal relation both to Good and Evil, he is here brought in to love the Soul, and to be joined with her, whom also he persuades not to see his face, that is, not to learn his delights and vanities: for Adam, though he were naked, yet he saw it not, till he had eaten of the Tree of Concupiscence. And whereas she is said to burn him with the despumation of the Lamp; by that is understood, that she vomits out the flames of desire which was hid in her breast; for desire, the more it is kindled the more it burns, and makes, as it were, a blister in the mind. Thus, like Eve, being made naked through desire, she is cast out of all happiness, exiled from her house, and tossed with many dangers. By Ceres and Juno both repulsing of her, is meant, that neither wealth nor honour can succour a distressed soul. In the separation of several grains, is understood the act of the Soul, which is recollection, and the substance of that act, her forepast sins. By her going to hell, and those several occurrences, are meant the many degrees of despair; by the Stygian water, the tears of repentance: and by the Golden Fleece, her forgiveness. All which, as in the Argument[2] is specified, being by Divine Providence accomplished, she is married to her Spouse in Heaven.

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[1] Orig. 'M[*itheo*]logy,' corr. 1666. There is some temptation to keep the spelling, which Marmion probably borrowed without explanation from that wondrous person Fulgentius (v. *Fulgentii Opera*, ed. Halm, Lips. 1898, p. 69). Fulgentius, it is true, wrote it would seem *Mito*logiae: but the change of the *y* both here and in 'Ps*i*che' (*v. sup.*) is noteworthy. As to the matter there is no doubt: though M. may not have known F. at first hand.

[2] I have left these capitals, which are Singer's, though they are *not* in the original, to show how fallacious such things are.

THE LEGEND OF CUPID AND PSYCHE

BOOK I

The First Section

TRUTH says of old, and we must owe that truth
Unto tradition, when the world in youth,
Which was the golden age, brought forth the pen,
Love and the Muses, which since gave to men
Inheritance of fame, for these began
At once, and were all coëtanean.
A happy season, when the air was clear;
No sickness nor infection did appear,
No sullen change of seasons did molest
The fruitful soil, but the whole year was blest
With a perpetual Spring, no Winter storm
Did crisp the hills, nor mildew blast the corn:
Yet happier far, in that it forth did bring
The subject of this verse, whereof I sing.
  Under the zenith of heaven's milk-white way,
Is a fair country called Lusinia;
'Tis Nature's chiefest wardrobe, where doth lie
Her ornaments of chief variety,
Where first her glorious mantle she puts on,
When through the world she rides procession:
Here dwelt a king and queen of mighty power,
Judg'd for their virtues worthy such a dower.
They had betwixt themselves three daughters born,
Conspicuous for their comeliness and form;
The elder two did neither much excel,
But then the younger had no parallel;
Whose lovely cheeks with heavenly lustre shone,
And eyes were far too bright to look upon:
Nay, it is credible, though Fancy's wing
Should mount above the orbs, and thence down bring
The elixir of all beauty, and dispense
Unto one creature, the whole influence
And harmony of the spheres, it might not dare
With her for face and feature to compare.

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16 Apuleius merely says *in quadam civitate.*

24 This rhyme of *m* and *n*, as noted in the Introduction, is quite characteristic of Marmion.

Zeuxis the painter, who to draw one piece,
Survey'd the choicest virgins of all Greece,
Had rested here, his art, without this stir,
Might have been bounded and confin'd in her.
Look how the spiced fields in Autumn smell,
And rich perfumes that in Arabia dwell;
Such was her fragrant sweetness the sun's bird,
The Phoenix, fled far off, and was afeard
To be seen near, lest she his pride should quell,
Or make him seem a common spectacle.
Nor did the painted peacock once presume
Within her presence to display his plume.
Nor rose nor lily durst their silks unfold,
But shut their leaves up like the marigold.
They all had been ill-favour'd, she alone
Was judg'd the mistress of perfection.
Her fame spread far abroad, and thither brought
Thousands, that gazing worshipp'd her, and thought
The goddess, whom the green-fac'd sea had bred,
And dew of foaming waves had nourishèd—
Venus herself, regardless of her honour,
Did live with mortals:—whosoe'er looked on her,
Even most profane, did think she was divine,
And grudg'd not to do worship to her shrine.
For this cause Venus' temples were defac'd,
Her sacrifice and ceremonies rac'd;
Her widow'd altars in cold ashes mourn'd,
Her images uncrown'd, her groves deform'd:
Her rites were all polluted with contempt,
For none to Paphos nor Cytheros went.
This maid was sole ador'd:—Venus, displeas'd,
Might in this virgin only be appeas'd.
The people in the street to her would bow,
And as she pass'd along would garlands strow.
Venus at this conceiv'd a jealous ire,
(For heavenly minds burn with an earthly fire)
And spake with indignation, 'What, shall I,
Mother of Elements, and loftiest sky;
Beginner of the world, parent of Nature,
Partake mine honour with an earthly creature?
Shall silly girls, destin'd to death and Fate,
My high-born name and style contaminate?
In vain did then the Phrygian shepherd give
The ball to me, when three of us did strive
Who should excel in beauty, and all stood
Naked before the boy, to tempt his blood;
When they, with royal gifts, sought to beguile

64 There is not, I think, any authority for this form as regards the *island*, though there may be for the Attic deme. But M. was probably not confusing with the latter —only echoing from Paph*os*, as so often happens.

His judgement, I allur'd him with a smile.
But this usurper of my dignities,
Shall have but little cause to boast the prize.'
With that she call'd her rash and wingèd child,
Arm'd with bow, torch and quiver; that is wild
With mischief, he that with his evil ways
Corrupts all public discipline, and strays
Through chambers in the night, and with false beams,
Or with his stinging arrows, or with dreams,
Tempts unto lust, and does no good at all:
This child, I say, did Venus to her call,
And stirs him up with words malicious,
That was by nature too licentious:
For bringing him where Psyche dwelt, for so
This maid was call'd, she there unfolds her woe,
And emulous tale: 'Cupid,' quoth she, 'my stay,
My only strength and power, whose boundless sway
Contemns the thunder of my father Jove,
I here entreat thee by thy mother's love,
Those wounding sweets, and sweet wounds of thy quiver,
And honey burnings of thy torch, deliver
My soul from grief, revenge me on this maid,
And all her boasted beauty see decay'd;
Or else strike her in love with one so poor,
So miserably lost, stripp'd of all store
Of means or virtue; so deform'd of limb,
That none in all the world may equal him.'
To move her son, no flattering words she spar'd,
But breath'd on him with kisses, long and hard:
This done, she hastes to the next ebbing shore,
And with her rosy feet insulting o'er
The submiss waves, a dolphin she bestrides,
And on the utmost billows proudly rides.
A troop of Tritons were straight sounding heard,
And rough Portumnus with his mossy beard,
Salacia heavy with her fishy train,
And Nereus' daughters came to entertain
The sea-born goddess; some play'd on a shell,
Some with their garments labour'd to expel
The scorching heat, and sunshine from her face,
And other some did hold a looking-glass:
All these in triumph by the dolphin swam,
And follow'd Venus to the ocean.
  Psyche the while, in this great height of bliss,
Yet reaps no fruit of all her happiness,
For neither king, nor prince, nor potentate,
Nor any durst attempt her for a mate,
But as a polish'd picture her admire,
And in that admiration cease desire:

113 submiss] Spenserian.

Her sisters both, whose moderate beauty none
Did much despise, nor much contemplate on,
Were to their wishes happily contracted,
And by two kings espous'd. Psyche distracted
Because she had no lover, pensive sate
In mind and body, and began to hate
And curse that beauty, and esteem at nought,
Which, but was excellent, had no other fault.
Cupid now in a causeless rage was gone
To whet his arrows on a bloody stone,
As if he were t' encounter with some main
Monster, like Python, by Apollo slain;
Or Jove, or Titan lame, or once again
Draw the pale moon down to the Latmian den;
Or with Love's fire great Pluto to annoy,
For these were works of labour, and the boy
Was ignorant how matters would succeed,
Or what the fate of Beauty had decreed.
Therefore he filed his arrows sharp and small,
To pierce whatever they should meet withal;
And vow'd, if cause were, he his shafts would shiver
'Gainst Psyche's breast, and empty all his quiver.
Themis, a goddess whom great Jove had sent
Into the world, for good or punishment,
As justice should require, when she did hear
Cupid so proudly boast, again did swear,
That she his haughty malice would abate,
And turn the edge both of his shafts and hate,
And having thus disarm'd him, ten to one,
Would change his fury to affection.
A clap of thunder all about them shook,
To ratify what Themis undertook.
Then both together went, and ent'ring, found
Fair Psyche, with her looks fix'd on the ground.
Honour and modesty, with equal grace,
Simplicity and truth smil'd in her face;
But rising up, there shot from either eye
Such beams, as did Love's senses stupefy.
And as in this distraction he did stand,
He let his arrows fall out of his hand:
Which Themis, laughing, took, and thence convey'd,
Whilst Cupid minded nothing but the maid.
Then did he cry amaz'd, 'What fence is here?
Beauty and Virtue have no other sphere;
Her brow's a castle, and each lip a fort,
Where thousand armèd deities resort
To guard the golden fruit from all surprise,
Chastely, and safe, as the Hesperides.

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138 It is curious that the awkward ellipse of 'that it' might have been avoided but for the unnecessary 'other.' Perhaps we should read ''twas.'

Pardon me, Venus, if I thee abridge
Of this unjust revenge; 'twere sacrilege,
Beyond Prometheus' theft, to quench such fire,
Or steal it from her eyes, but to inspire
Cupid's own breast: in all Love's spoils, I yet
Never beheld so rich a cabinet.
Jove, here for ever, here my heart confine,
And let me all my empery resign.'
Then looking down, he found himself bereft
Of his loose arms, and smil'd at Themis' theft,
Because he knew she might as soon abide
Fire in her bosom, as Love's arrows hide;
But that they must again with shame be sent,
And claim for the possession a dear rent.
Yet one dropp'd out by chance, and 'twas the best
Of all the bundle, and the curiousest;
The plumes were colour'd azure, white and red,
The shaft painted alike down to the head,
Which was of burnish'd gold: this Cupid took,
And in revenge, through his own bosom strook.
Then, sighing, call'd, 'You lovers all, in chief,
Whom I have wrong'd, come triumph at my grief;
See, and be satisfy'd for all my sin,
'Tis not one place that I am painèd in,
My arrow's venom is dispersèd round,
And beauty's sign is potent in each wound.'
Thus he with pity did himself deplore,
For never pity enter'd him before.
Ill as he was, he took his flight, and came,
Unto the palace of the Sun, whose flame
Was far inferior to what Cupid felt;
And said, 'Dear Phoebus, if I still have dealt
Like a true friend, and stood thee in some stead,
When thou for love didst like a shepherd feed
Admetus' cattle, now thine help impart;
'Tis not for physic, though I am sick at heart,
That I implore, but through thy skill divine
The fairest Psyche for my wife assign.'
Phoebus assents, and did not long delay
To make it good by a prophetic way:
Her father fearing for the injury
Offer'd to Venus' sacred deity,
Consults the Delphic oracle, who thus
Expounds his mind in terms ambiguous.

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189 It would not be unlike the period or the writer if in 'abide,' as in 'rent' below, there were a play of meanings—'*cause to* abide' and 'endure'; 'payment' and 'wound.'

214 It is really noteworthy that the first ed. has 'I am' in full, while in 1666 the progress of the decasyllabizing and apostrophizing mania insisted on 'I'm.'

THE ORACLE.

Your daughter bring to a steep mountain spire,
Invested with a funeral attire;
Expect no good, but bind her to a stake,
No mortal wight her for a wife shall take:
But a huge venom'd serpent, that does fly
With speckled wings, above the starry sky,
And down again,—does the whole earth molest
With fire, and sword, and all kind of unrest,
So great in malice, and so strong in might,
That heaven and hell do tremble at his flight.

The king affrighted what this speech should ween,
Goes slow and sadly home unto his queen;
Both ponder in their mind the strange prediction,
Whether it were a riddle or a fiction,
What gloss it might endure, and what pretence,
Whether a verbal or a mystic sense.
Which cast about in vain, they both bewail
Their daughter's chance, but grief cannot prevail,
But that she must fulfil the Delphic doom,
Or worser plagues are threaten'd in the room.
And now the pitchy torches lighted are,
And for her fatal marriage they prepare;
Songs are to howlings turn'd, bright fire to fume,
And pleasant music to the Lydian tune:
For Hymen's saffron weed, that should adorn
Young blushing brides, Psyche is forc'd to mourn,
And for her mourning a black mantle wears,
With which she gently wipes away her tears.
Thus all the city wait her in sad wise,
Not to her wedding, but her obsequies.
But whilst her parents vain excuses make,
And vain delays, thus Psyche then bespake:
'Why do you thus with deep-fetch'd sighs perplex
Your most unhappy age? why do you vex
Your spirit, which is mine, and thus disgrace
With fruitless tears your venerable face?
Why do you tear your hair, and beat your breast?
Are these the hopeful issues, and the bless'd
Rewards for beauty?—then ought you lament,
When all the city, with a join'd consent,
Did style me the new Venus, and ascrib'd
Those honours which to mortals are deny'd.
'Twas your ambition first pluck'd on my shame,
I see and feel my ruin in her name:
'Tis now too late, we suffer under those
Deep wounds of envy which the gods impose;

229 The second 'does' is to be connected with 'that,' not 'serpent.'
263 'Ascrib'd' and 'deny'd' give a pretty strong instance of Marmion's assonances.

Where is the rock? why do you linger so!
Lead hence, methinks I long to undergo
This happy marriage, and I long to see
My noble husband, whatsoe'er he be:
Into his arms, O let me soon be hurl'd,
That's born for the destruction of the world.'
This said, each stander-by with hang'd-down head,
And mournful pomp, the virgin followèd;
And to the place prefix'd her arms they tie,
Then howling forth a doleful elegy,
Depart from her in tears, wishing from far
Some wingèd Perseus might deliver her.
Psyche affrighted thus, and they all gone,
A gentle gale of wind came posting on,
Who with his whispers having charm'd her fears,
The maid asleep on his soft bosom bears.
This wind is callèd Zephyrus, whose mild
And fruitful birth gets the young Spring with child,
Filling her womb with such delicious heat,
As breeds the blooming rose and violet.
Him Cupid for his delicacy chose,
And did this amorous task on him impose,
To fetch his mistress; but lest he should burn
With beauty's fire, he bade him soon return.
But all in vain, for promises are frail,
And virtue flies when love once blows the sail;
For as she slept, he ling'red on his way,
And oft embrac'd, and kiss'd her as his prey,
And gaz'd to see how far she did surpass
Erictheus' daughter, wife to Boreas,
Fair Orythia;—and as she began
To wax hot through his motion, he would fan
And cool her with his wings, which did disperse
A perfum'd scent through all the universe;
For 'fore that time no fragrant smell did live
In any thing, till Psyche did it give:
Herbs, gums, and spices, had perhaps a name,
But their first odours from her breathing came.
And in this manner Zephyrus flew on
With wanton gyres through every region
Of the vast air, then brought her to a vale,
Where thousand several flowers her sweets exhale:
The whilst her parents, robb'd of her dear sight,
Devote themselves to everlasting night.

293-4 Anticipatory of the later line and couplet.
310 'Her' for the pretty allegorical reason just given.

The Second Section

THUS Psyche on a grassy bed did lie,
Adorn'd with Flora's richest tapestry,
Where all her senses with soft slumber bound;—
At last awak'd, and rising from a swound
She spies a wood, with fair trees beautify'd,
And a pure crystal fountain by the side;
A kingly palace stood not far apart,
Built not with human hands, but divine art;
For by the structure men might guess it be
The habitation of some deity:
The roof within was curiously o'erspread
With ivory and gold enamellèd;
The gold was burnish'd, glistering like a flame,
And golden pillars did support the same;
The walls were all with silver wainscot lin'd,
With several beasts and pictures there enshrin'd;
The floor and pavement with like glory shone,
Cut in rare figures made of precious stone,
That though the sun should hide his light away,
You might behold the house through its own day.
Sure 'twas some wondrous power by Art's extent
That fancied forth so great an argument:
And no less happy they that did command,
And with their feet trod on so rich a land.
Psyche, amaz'd, fix'd her delighted eye
On the magnificence and treasury,
And wonder'd most that such a mass of wealth
Was by no door nor guard preserv'd from stealth:
For looking when some servant should appear,
She only heard voices attending there,
That said, 'Fair mistress, why are you afraid?
All these are yours, and we to do you aid.
Come up into the rooms, where shall be shown
Chambers all ready furnish'd, all your own:
From thence descend and take the spicèd air,
Or from your bath unto your bed repair,
Whilst each of us, that Echo represents,
Devoid of all corporeal instruments,
Shall wait your minister: no princely fare
Shall wanting be, no diligence, no care,
To do you service.' Psyche had the sense
To taste, and thank the god's beneficence;
When straight a mighty golden dish was brought,
Replete with all the dainties can be thought;
And next a bowl was on the table set,
Fraught with the richest nectar that e'er yet

Fair Hebe fill’d to Juno, Heaven’s queen,
Or Ganymede to Jove; yet none was seen,
Nor creature found to pledge, or to begin,
But some impulsive spirit brought it in.
The banquet ended, there was heard on high
A consort of celestial harmony,
And music mix’d with sounds articulate,
That Phoebus’ self might strive to emulate.
All pleasures finish’d, Psyche went to rest,
But could find none, because her troubled breast
Labour’d with strange events; and now the noon
Of night began t’ approach, and the pale moon
Hid her weak beams, and sleep had seiz’d all eyes,
But lovers’, vex’d with fears and jealousies.
What female heart, or conscience, so strong
Through the discharge of sin, but yet among
So many fancies of her active brain,
She must a hundred terrors entertain?
And more and greater her amazements were,
Because she knew not what she was to fear.
In came her dreadful husband, so conceiv’d,
Till his sweet voice told her she was deceiv’d:
For drawing near, he sat upon the bed,
Then laid his gentle hand upon her head,
And next embrac’d, and kiss’d, and did imbrue
Her balmy lips with a delicious dew.
‘So, so,’ says he, ‘let each give up his treasure,
Quite bankrupt through a rich exchange of pleasure.
So let’s sweet Love’s Preludiums begin.
My arms shall be thy sphere to wander in,
Circled about with spells to charm thy fears,
Instead of Morpheus to provoke thy tears;
With horrid dreams Venus shall thee entrance
With thousand shapes of wanton dalliance:
Each of thy senses thou shalt perfect find,
All but thy sight, for Love ought to be blind.’
And having said so, he made haste to bed,
Enjoy’d his spouse, and got her maidenhead;
And lest that she his feature should disclose,
He went away before the morning rose.
Her vocal servants watching at the door,
With their mild whispers enter’d in before
Psyche awak’d, and joy’d the bride to see,
And cheer’d her for her slain virginity.
These things being acted in continued time,
And as all human natures do incline
To take delight by custom, Psyche so
With these aerial comforts eas’d her woe.

79 ‘For’ instead of ‘with,’ taken from next line?

But yet her parents, with unwearied grief,
Wax'd old in tears, and hated all relief.
Her sisters too forsook their house and home,
And came to add unto their father's moan.
  That night her husband Psyche thus bespake,
'Alas, sweetheart, what comfort can I take,
That spend the day in sighs when you are gone,
Robb'd of all human conversation?
My undistinguish'd friends are banish'd quite,
That almost weep their eyes out for my sight,
Not one of all to bear me company;
O let me see my sisters or I die.'
Her husband her embrac'd, and kiss'd away
Those hurtful tears, and thus began to say:
'Psyche, my sweet and dearest wife, I see
Fortune begins to threat thy misery;
What envious fate suggests this baneful boon,
To force my grief and thy destruction?
Thy sisters both, through their vain fancies led,
And troubled with the thought that thou art dead,
Will seek thee forth: but if thou shouldst regard
Their fruitless tears, or speak to them a word,
Or by their wicked counsel seek to pry
With sacrilegious curiosity,
And view my shape, how quickly wouldst thou throw
Thyself down headlong to the depth of woe?
Thy wretched state for ever to deplore,
Nor must thou hope to touch me any more.'
  Psyche, regardless what his love or fears
Did prompt unto her good, still perseveres
In her rash vote: for all (though to their cost)
Desire forbidden things, but women most.
'My honey husband, my sweet love,' quoth she,
'How do I prize thee, whatsoe'er thou be?
Above my soul, more than my own dear life,
Nor would I change to be young Cupid's wife.'
And rather vow'd a thousand deaths to die,
Than live divorc'd from his society.
Her husband overcome through his own fire,
Which her impressive kisses did inspire,
Gives way to his new spouse, and a strict charge
To Zephyrus, that he should spread at large
His plumy sails, and bring her sisters twain,
Both safe, in presence of his wife, in pain
To be in prison, and strict durance bound,
With the earth's weighty fetters under ground;

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103 I do not know whether 'undistinguish'd' means 'unseen,' or 'without distinction,' 'one and all.' Both senses of 'distinguish' are old enough.

125 vote] *votum*, 'wish.'

And a huge mountain to be laid upon
His aery back, which if it once were done,
No power could e'er redeem his liberty,
Nor Aeolus himself might set him free.
Lovers' commands are still imperious:
Which made the fierce and haughty Zephyrus
Swell with close indignation, and fret
To see his service slighted so; but yet,
Not daring to proclaim his discontent,
Made a soft noise, and murmur'd as he went.
By chance her sisters at that instant time,
With long laborious steps the hill did climb
Where Psyche first was left, and with their plain
Waken the rocks, till they result again,
Calling their sister by her proper name,
With hideous cries, until the west wind came;
And as command was, in a wingèd chair,
With harmless portage bore them through the air.
All three together, by this means combined,
Embrace each other with a mutual mind,
Until their spirits and the day was spent
In long and ceremonious compliment.
Sometimes fair Psyche, proud her friends were by,
To witness her majestic bravery,
Ushering her sisters, with affected gait,
Would show them all her glory and her state;
And round about her golden house display
The massy wealth that unregarded lay.
Sometimes she would demonstrate to their ears
Her easy power on those familiars,
That like a numerous family did stand
To execute the charge of her command.
Nor was there wanting anything that might
Procure their admiration or delight;
That whereas erst they pitied her distress,
Now swell with envy of her happiness.
  There is a goddess flies through the earth's globe,
Girt with a cloud, and in a squalid robe,
Daughter to Pluto, and the silent Night,
Whose direful presence does the sun affright;
Her name is Ate, venom is her food;
The very furies and Tartarian brood
Do hate her for her ugliness, she blacks
Her horrid visage with so many snakes:
And as her tresses 'bout her neck she hurls,
The serpents hiss within her knotty curls.
Sorrow and shame, death, and a thousand woes,
And discord waits her wheresoe'er she goes;

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175 The grammar of the time would equally justify 'that' as = 'who' in reference to 'their' and as = 'so that,' with 'they' dropped before 'now.'

Who riding on a whirlwind through the sky,
She saw fair Psyche in her jollity;
And grudg'd to see it, for she does profess
Herself a foe to every good success:
Then cast to ruin her, but found no way,
'Less she could make her sisters her betray.
Then dropp'd four snakes out of her hairy nest,
And, as they slept, cast two on either's breast,
Who piercing through their bosoms in a trice,
Poison'd their souls, but made no orifice:
And all this while the powerful bane did lurk
Within their hearts, and now began to work;
For one of them, too far inquisitive,
With crafty malice, did begin to dive
Into her counsel, studious for to learn
Whom so divine possession might concern;
But all in vain, no lineal respect,
No Siren charms might move her to reject
His precepts, nothing they could do or say
Might tempt her his sweet counsels to betray.
Yet lest too much suspense of what he is
Should trouble their loose thoughts, she told them this:
He was a fair young man, whose downy chin
Was newly deck'd with nature's covering;
And he that us'd with hunting still to roam
About the woods, and seldom was at home.
But fearing their discourse might her entrap,
She pours forth gold and jewels in their lap;
And, turning all their travel to their gain,
Commands the winds to bear them back again.
This done, her sisters after their return,
With envy's fuel, both begin to burn,
Unable to contain their discontent,
And to their swell'd-up malice give a vent.
Says one unto the other, 'What's the cause
That we, both privileg'd by nature's laws,
And of the self-same parents both begot,
Should yet sustain such an indifferent lot?
You know that we are like to handmaids wed
To strangers, and like strangers banishèd:
When she, the offspring of a later birth,
Sprung from a womb, that like the tired earth
Grew old with bearing, nor yet very wise,
Enjoys that wealth, whose use, whose worth, whose price
She knows not; what rich furniture there shone,
What gems, what gold, what silks we trod upon!

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203 her] = 'Psyche's' evidently, though she has not been mentioned for some thirteen lines.

205 'Lineal' for 'family' is not only unusual, but scarcely justifiable.

226 One would expect 'a different,' but Marmion apparently anticipates the modern use of 'indifferent' as = 'inferior.'

And if her husband be so brave a man,
As she affirms and boasts, what woman can
In the whole world compare with her? At length
Perhaps, by custom's progress, and the strength
Of love, he may her like himself translate,
And make her with the gods participate.
She has, already, for to come and go,
Voices her handmaids, and the winds, 'tis so;
She bore herself with no less majesty,
And breath'd out nothing but divinity.
But I, poor wretch, the more to aggravate
My cares, and the iniquity of fate,
Have got a husband, elder than my sire;
And, than a boy, far weaker in desire,
Who, though he have nor will nor power to use
What he enjoys, does, miser-like, refuse
To his own wife this benefit to grant,
That others should supply his and my want.'
  Her sister answers, 'Do not I embrace
A man far worse, and is't not my own case?
I have a husband too not worth a point,
And one that has the gout in every joint;
His nose is dropping, and his eyes are gumm'd,
His body crooked, and his fingers numb'd:
His head, which should of wisdom be the place,
Is grown more bald than any looking-glass;
That I am fain the part to undergo,
Not of a wife but a physician too;
Still plying him, howe'er my sense it loathes,
With oils, and balms, and cataplasms, and clothes:
Yet you see with what patience I endure
This servile office, and this fruitless cure;
The whilst the minx our sister you beheld,
With how great pride and arrogance she swell'd;
And though much wealth lay scatter'd all along,
Yet out of it how small a portion
She gave to us, and how unwillingly;
Then blew or hiss'd us from her company.
Let me not breathe, nor me a woman call,
Unless I straight her ruin, or enthral
In everlasting misery: and first,
In this one point, I'll render her accurs'd.
We will not any into wonder draw,
Nor comfort, by relating what we saw;
For they cannot be said true joy to own,
Whose neither wealth nor happiness is known.
It is enough that we have seen, and grieve
That we have seen it, let none else believe

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255 point] = 'jot': Spenserian. 267 minx] Orig. 'minkes.'

The truth from our report. So let's repair
To our own home, and our own homely fare;
And then return to vindicate her pride,
With fraud and malice strongly fortified:'
Which to confirm, ungrateful as they were,
(For wicked counsel ever is most dear
To wicked people) home again they drew,
And their feign'd grief most impiously renew.

The Third Section

BY this fair Psyche's womb began to breed
And was made pregnant by immortal seed;
Yet this condition was on her impos'd,
That it should mortal prove, if she disclos'd
Her husband's counsels: who can now relate
The joy that she conceiv'd to propagate
A divine birth? She reckons every day,
And week, and month, and does her womb survey;
And wonders, since so little was instilled,
So small a vessel should so much be filled.
Her husband, smelling of her sisters' drift,
Began to call fair Psyche unto shrift,
And warn her thus, 'The utmost day,' says he,
'And latest chance, is now befall'n to thee;
A sex pernicious to thine own dear blood
Has taken arms up to withstand thy good.
Again thy sisters, with regardless care
Of love, or piety, come to ensnare,
And tempt thy faith, which I forbad before,
That thou my shape and visage shouldst explore:
In lieu of which take up a like defence,
Protecting with religious continence
Our house from ruin, and thyself prevent,
And our small pledge from dangers imminent.'
Psyche, with sighs and tears together blent,
Breaks off his speech, 'Since you a document
Have of my silence and my love,' quoth she,
'Why should you fear to trust my constancy:
Which to confirm, bid Zephyrus fulfil
Once more his duty, and obey my will,
That since your long'd-for sight I am denied,
I may behold my sisters by my side.
Turn not away, my love, I thee beseek,
By thy curl'd hair, and by thy silken cheek:

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285 vindicate] = 'take vengeance on.'

33 'Beseek,' it may be just worth while to note, is not a licence for rhyme's sake, but a perfectly correct form, usual in Chaucer. Its rarity later is rather surprising.

Deign from thy bounty this small boon to spare,
Since the forc'd ignorance of what you are
Must not offend me, nor the darkest night,
Where I embrace you in a greater light.'
  Charm'd with her sugar'd words, he gives consent,
That the swift wind, with haste incontinent,
Although unwilling, should display his wing,
And the she-traitors to fair Psyche bring.
Thus all together met, her sisters twain
Embrace their prey, and a false love do feign.
  'Psyche,' says one, 'you are a mother grown,
Methinks your womb like a full rose is blown.
O! what a mass of comfort will accrue
Unto our friends and family from you?
Cert's this your child, if it be half so fair
As is the mother, must be Cupid's heir.'
Thus they with flatteries, and with many a smile,
Pretending false affection, her beguile;
And she out of her innocence, poor maid,
Gave easy credit unto all they said:
And too too kind, to a fair chamber led,
Where with celestial dainties she them fed.
She speaks but to the lute, and straight it hears;
She calls for raptures, and they swell their ears.
All sorts of music sound, with many a lay,
Yet none was present seen, to sing or play.
But as no mirth is pleasant to a dull
And heavy soul, no less, they that are full
Of canker'd malice, all delight disdain,
But what does nourish their belovèd pain.
So that no gifts nor price might mollify,
Nor no rewards nor kindness qualify
Their harden'd hearts, but still they are on fire,
To sound her through, and make a strict inquire
What was her husband, what his form, and age,
And whence he did deduce his parentage?
You read, how from simplicity at first
She framed a formal story, and what erst
She told, she had forgot, and 'gan to feign
Another tale, and of another strain;
How that he was a man both rich and wise,
Of middle years, and of a middle size:
A merchant by profession, that did deal
For many thousands in the common weal.
With what they check'd her in the full career
Of her discourse, says one, 'Nay, sister dear,
Pray do not strive thus to impose upon
Your loving friends, sure this description
Must to his person needs be contrary,
When in itself your speech does disagree.

You lately boasted he was young and fair;
What, does the soil or nature of the air
Bring age so soon? And that he us'd to range
About the woods; lo, there's another change.
Do you conceit so ignorantly of us,
We know not Tethis from Hippolitus?
Green fields from seas, a billow from a hill,
Fishes from beasts? Then we had little skill.
You much dissemble, or you have forgot
His form, and function, or you know them not.'
Then with the pressure of her eyes, she freed
One tear from prison, and did thus proceed:
'Psyche, we grieve, and pity you, that thus
Are grown so careless and incurious
Of what you ought to fear: you think yourself
Much happy in your husband, and your pelf,
But are deceived; for we that watch,
And at each opportunity do catch,
To satisfy our doubts, for truth have found,
Both by his crawling footsteps on the ground,
And by report of neighbouring husbandmen,
That have espied him flying from his den,
When he to them most hideously has yell'd,
From his huge throat, with blood and poison swell'd,
That this your husband is of serpent breed,
Either of Cadmus' or of Hydra's seed.
Call but the Pythian oracle to mind,
That you to such hard destiny assign'd;
And think not all your art, or policy,
Can cancel his prophetical decree.
Let not his monster's usage for awhile,
Your soul of just suspicion beguile,
As that you still shall live at such high rate,
And that these happy days shall ne'er have date.
Far be it, that my words should ill portend,
Yet trust me, all these joys must have an end:
The time will come, when this your paramour,
In whom you so delight, shall you devour.
And when your womb casts her abortive brood,
Then, Saturn like, he will make that his food.
For this prediction also bore a share,
In what the god foretold, but lest despair
Should load you with too great oppression,
It was concealed: and therefore stands upon,

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90 Why Marmion selected these particular names, and whether by 'Tethis' he meant 'Tethys' or 'Thetis,' is not very clear. One could guess, but idly.

95 Characteristic enough for 'squeezed out a tear.'

115 his] 'this'?

118 'Date' in the sense of 'limit' or 'period,' though not very justifiable in itself, has authority from Spenser downwards.

128 To 'stand upon' in this sense is to 'concern,' 'interest.' The phrase therefore, in M.'s elliptic style, means '*it* concerns *you* whether, &c.'

Whether through our advice, you will be saved,
Or in his beastly entrails be en-graved.
Now, if this uncouth life and solitude
Please you, then follow it, and be still stew'd
In the rank lust of a lascivious worm:
Yet we our pious duties shall perform.'
  Psyche, that tender was, grew wan and pale,
And swoon'd for dread of this so sad a tale.
Then fell she from the sphere of her right mind,
And forgot all those precepts she combin'd,
And vow'd to keep, and herself headlong threw
Into a thousand griefs, that must ensue.
At last reviv'd, having herself upheav'd,
With fainting voice, thus half her words out-breath'd:
'Truly, my sisters dear, full well I see
How you persist in constant piety:
Nor did they, who suggest such words as these,
In my opinion altogether lease;
For to this hour, I never did survey
My husband's shape, but forc'd am to obey
What he commands, and do embrace i' the night,
A thing uncertain, and that shuns the light:
Therefore to your assertions I assent,
That with good reason seem so congruent;
For in my thoughts I cannot judge at least
But he must be a monster, or some beast,
He uses so much cautionary care,
And threatens so much ill, if I should dare
To view his face; so I refer me to
Your best advice, t' instruct me what to do.'
  Her sisters, now arriv'd at the full scope
Of their base plots, and seeing the gate ope
That kept her heart, scorn any artful bait,
But use their downright weapons of deceit:
Saying, 'Dear Psyche, nature should prevail
So much with us, if mischief did assail
Your person, in our sight: we were to blame
Should we permit, and not divert the same;
Yet wise men have their ways, and eyes still clear,
And leave no mists of danger, or of fear:
You do but brave your death, when you repel
The whispers of your Genius, which would tell
The peril you are in; nor are you sure
Of longer life, till you are quite secure:
Which to effect, provide a sword that 's keen,
And with it, a bright lamp, and both unseen
Hide in some place, until a fitting hour
Shall call them, to assist you with their power.

146 lease] = 'slander.'

Trust me, such spies and counsellors are mute,
And never nice, or slow to execute
Any design; so when your husband's eyes
Are seal'd with sleep, from your soft couch arise,
And seize this dragon, when he least takes heed,
Like Pallas arm'd, and to his death proceed;
And where his neck and head are join'd in one,
Make me a speedy separation:
Alcides, son of Jove, as rumour goes,
Strangled two serpents in his swaddling clothes:
And can your strength fail to bring that to pass,
Which half the labour of an infant was?'
Such wicked words they pour into her ear,
More poisonous than her husband could appear.
  Psyche was troubled, as the sea, in mind,
Approv'd their counsel, and again declin'd
What they persuade; now hastens, now delays,
Dares, and not dares, and with a blush betrays
Her wand'ring passion, which knows no mean,
But travels from extreme unto extreme:
She loves him now, and does again detest;
Loves as a husband, hates him as a beast.
The only check and bridle to her hate,
Was the fam'd story, and revengeful fate
Of Danaus' daughters, who in hell are bound
To fill a vessel they can never sound.
She told the story to them, how all these
Were fifty virgins, call'd the Belides;
Her sisters list; while Psyche does discover,
How each was too inhuman to her lover:
And in one night made all their husbands bleed,
With hearts hard as the steel that did the deed:
'Yet one,' says she, 'most worthy of the name
Of wife, and to it everlasting fame:
Hight Hypermnestra, with officious lie,
Met with her father and his perjury:
Who said unto her husband, "Youth, arise,
Lest a long sleep, unfear'd, do thee surprise.
I will not hold thee captive, nor will strike
This to thy heart; although my sisters, like
So many cruel lionesses, void
Of mercy, all their husbands have destroy'd.
I am of nature soft, nor do I dare
To view, much less to act thy massacre.
What though my father me in prison lay,
Or load with iron chains, or send away

---

209 The closeness of this translation from Horace is remarkable and its merit not small. Marmion probably learnt from his 'father' Ben the art of those mosaic insertions from the classics which he uses so frequently, but which it seems superfluous always to indicate here.

Far from his kingdom, into banishment,
Or tortures use, 'cause I would not consent
To murder thee:—however, take thy flight,
Post for thy life, whilst Venus and the night
Do favour thee, and only this vouchsafe
When I am dead, to write my epitaph."'
The mere remembrance of this virtuous deed,
Did a remorse, and kind of pity breed
In Psyche's breast, for passions are infus'd
According to the stories we are us'd
To read; and many men do amorous prove,
By viewing acts, and monuments of love:
But yet her sisters' malice, that still stood
In opposition against all that 's good,
Ceases not to precipitate her on,
Till they had gain'd this confirmation,
To put in act whate'er they did desire;
Thus, fury-like, they did her soul inspire.
Night and her husband came, and now the sport
Of Venus ended, he began to snort;
Psyche, though weak of mind, and body both,
Yet urg'd by cruel Fate, and her rash oath,
Rose up to make provision for her sin:
Lie still, fair maid, thou mayest more honour win,
And make thy murder glory, not a crime;
If thou wouldst kill those thoughts, that do beslime
And gnaw upon thy breast, and never cease
With hissing clamours to disturb thy peace,
When thine own heart with serpents doth abound;
Seek not without, that may within be found.
Yet was she not so cruel in her haste,
But ere she kill'd him, she his lips would taste,
Wishing she need not rise out from her bed,
But that she had the power to kiss him dead.
Now with her lips she labours all she may,
To suck his soul out, whilst he sleeping lay,
Till she at last through a transfusèd kiss,
Left her own soul, and was inspir'd by his:
And had her soul within his body stay'd,
Till he therein his virtues had convey'd,
And all pollution would from thence remove,
Then, after all, her thoughts had been of love.
But since she could not both of them retain,
She restor'd his, and took her own again:
Sorry, that she was forc'd it to transfer,
And wish'd, though dead, that he might live in her.

---

242 Alas!—The unnecessary ugliness is all the worse because Marmion is about to rise, not unworthily, to the occasion of his subject's central incident. But these wanton discords are the worst fault of the 'Metaphysicals'—far worse than their conceits, their want of central action, and all the other crimes commonly charged against them.

Then in one hand she held the emulous light,
And in the other took the sword, so bright
As 'twould her beauty and the fire outshine,
And she thus arm'd, became more masculine.
But when, by friendship of the lamp, her eye
Had made a perfect true discovery
Of all was in the room, what did she see?
Object of love, wonder of deity!
The god of Love himself, Cupid the fair,
Lie sweetly sleeping in his golden hair.
At this so heavenly sight, the lampy spire
Increas'd his flames, and burnt more pure, and higher.
The very senseless sacrilegious steel,
Did a strong virtue from his presence feel,
Which turn'd the edge; poor Psyche, all amaz'd,
With joy and wonder on his beauty gaz'd.
His neck so white, his colour so exact,
His limbs, that were so curiously compact:
His body sleek, and smooth, that it might not
Venus repent, t' have such a son begot.
A bright reflection and perfumèd scent
Fill'd all the room with a mix'd blandishment,
Shot from his wings, and at his feet did lie
His bow, and arrows, and his armory.
And in this ecstasy she thought to hide
The cursèd steel, but in her own dear side;
And had perform'd it sure, had not the sword
Flew from her hand, out of its own accord.
Glancing on all with eyes unsatisfied,
At last she his artillery espied.
The quiver was of needlework, wrought round
With trophies of his own, where Cupid, crown'd,
Sat in the midst, with a bay wreath, which he
Had proudly pluck'd from the Peneian tree.
Next Venus and Adonis, sad with pain,
The one of love, the other of disdain:
There Jove in all his borrow'd shapes was dress'd,
His thefts and his adulteries express'd,
As emblems of Love's triumph; and these were
Drawn with such lively colours, men would swear,
That Leda lay within a perfect bower,
And Danaë's golden streams were a true shower.
Saturn's two other sons did seem to throw
Their tridents at his feet, and him allow
For their supreme; and there were kneeling by
Gods, nymphs, and all their genealogy,
Since the first chaos; saving the abuse,
And Cupid's pride, none could the work traduce.
Pallas, in envy of Arachne's skill,
Or else to curry favour, and fulfil

Cupid's behest, which she durst not withstand,
Had fram'd the emulous piece with her own hand.
And there were portray'd more a thousand loves
Besides himself;—the skins of turtle-doves
Lin'd it within, and at the upper end,
A silver plate the quiver did extend,
Full of small holes, where his bright shafts did lie;
Whose plumes were stiff with gums of Araby.
His bow was of the best and finest yew
That in all Ida or fair Tempe grew:
Smooth as his cheek, and chequer'd as his wing,
And at each end, tipp'd with a pearl; the string
Drawn from the optic of a lady's eye,
That, whensoe'er he shoots, strikes harmony.
Psyche, with timorous heed, did softly touch
His weapons, lest her profane hand might smutch
The gloss of them: then drew a shaft, whose head
Was wrought of gold, for some are done with lead,
And laid her finger's end upon the dart,
Tempting the edge, until it caus'd a smart:
For being pointed sharp, it raz'd the skin,
Till drops of blood did trickle from within.
She, wounded with the poison which it bore,
Grew more in love than e'er she was before.
Then, as she would herself incorporate,
She did her numerous kisses equal make
Unto his hairs, that with her breath did play,
Steep'd with rich nectar and ambrosia.
Thus being ravish'd with excess of joy,
With kissing and embracing the sweet boy,
Lo, in the height of all her jollity,
Whether from envy, or from treachery,
Or that it had a burning appetite
To touch that silken skin that look'd so white,
The wicked lamp, in an unlucky hour,
A drop of scalding oil did let down pour
On his right shoulder, whence in horrid wise
A blister, like a bubble, did arise,
And boil'd up in his flesh, with a worse fume
Than blood of vipers, or the Lernean spume.
Ne'er did the dog-star rage with so great heat
In dry Apulia, nor Alcides sweat
Under his shirt so. Cruel oil, that thou
Who of all others hast the smoothest brow,
Shouldst play the traitor! who, had anything
Worse than thyself, as fire, or venom'd sting,
Or sulphur blasted him, shouldst first have came,
And with thy powerful breath suck'd out the flame,

---

361 A fine English match to the almost contemporary *Il en rougit, le traître!*

For though he be Love's god, it were but vain,
To think he should be privileg'd from pain.
For we in Homer have like wounded read,
Of Mars, and Venus, both by Diomed.
But for this heinous and audacious fact,
Cupid among his statutes did enact—
Henceforth all lights be banish'd, and exempt,
From bearing office in Love's government.
And in the day each should his passage mark,
Or learn to find his mistress in the dark.
Sure all the crew of lovers shall thee hate,
Nor blest Minerva hold thee consecrate.
  When Cupid saw his counsels open laid,
Psyche's dear faith, and his own plots, betray'd,
He buckled on his wings, away to fly;
And had she not caught hold upon his thigh,
And hung, as an appendix of his flight,
He questionless had vanish'd from her sight.
But as when men are in deep rivers drown'd,
And ta'en up dead, have their close fingers found
Clasping the weeds; so, though her arms were rack'd
With her more body's weight, and sinews crack'd,
To follow him through the forc'd element:
Yet held she fast, until he did relent,
And his ambitious wings 'gan downward steer,
And stoop to earth, with a mild cancileer.

The Fourth Section

Thus lighted on the earth, he took her wrist,
And wrung it hard, and did her hands untwist:
And having freed himself, he flew on high,
Unto a cypress tree, that grew thereby,
And on the utmost branches being sate,
He did the matter thus capitulate:
'Was it for this indeed, for this reward,
Thou silly girl, that I should disregard
My mother's vows, her tears, her flatteries?
When she, with all the power she might devise,
Provok'd me to thy hurt, and thee assign'd
In marriage, to a groom of some base kind,
And lowest rank, had not my too much haste
Redeem'd thy shame, and my own worth disgrac'd;
Was it for this I did thy plagues remove,
To pain myself? strike mine own heart in love,

392 cancileer] The wheel of the hawk to recover itself when a stoop is missed.

6 It would be difficult to say why when we keep '*re*capitulate' in its proper sense we have chosen to limit the simple verb to a transferred sense. But Trench pointed this inconsistency out long ago.

With mine own shaft, that after all this gear,
I should no better than a beast appear?
For this, wouldst thou cut off my head, which bore
Those eyes, that did thy beauty so adore?
And yet thou know'st, ungrateful wretch, how I
Did with my fears, thy mischiefs still imply,
And every day my cautions did renew,
The breath of which thou must for ever rue:
And each of these thy sisters, that were guide
To thy ill act, shall dearly it abide.
Yet will I punish thee no other way
But only this, I will for ever stray
Far from thy sight;'—and having said so, fled,
Whilst she, to hear this news, lay almost dead:
Yet prostrate on the ground, her eyes up cast,
Tied to his wingèd speed; until at last
She could no more discern: as Dido, then,
Or Ariadne, by some poet's pen,
Are feign'd to grieve; whose artful passions flow
In such sweet numbers, as they make their woe
Appear delightful, telling how unkind
Their lovers stole away, and the same wind
That blew abroad their faith and oaths before,
Then fill'd their sails, and how the troubled shore
Answer'd the lady's groans: so Psyche faints,
And beats her breast with pitiful complaints.
  There ran a river near, whose purling streams,
Hyperion oft did with his golden beams
Delight to gild; and as it fled along,
The pleasant murmurs, mix'd with the sweet song
Of agèd swans, detained the frequent ear
Of many a nymph, which did inhabit there.
  Poor Psyche thither went, and from the brim,
In sad despair, threw herself headlong in.
The river's god—whether 'twere out of fear,
Duty, or love, or honour, he did bear
Her husband; or lest her spilt blood should stain
His crystal current—threw her up again:
But it is thought he would not let her sink,
'Cause Cupid ofttimes would descend to drink,
Or wash him in the brook, and when he came
To cool his own heat, would the flood inflame.
Pan at that time sat playing on a reed,
Whilst his rough goats did on the meadows feed,
And with intentive eyes observèd all
That to the fairest Psyche did befall;

---

61 'Intentive' for 'attentive' is Spenserian and almost common. We might well have kept both: while, on the other hand, there is something to be said for the separation (*inf.* l. 70) of 'experiment' and 'experience.'

Who seeing her thus piteously distress'd,
He ran to take her up, and did the best
He could to comfort her; 'Fair maid,' says he,
'Though I a rustic, and a shepherd be,
Scorn not for that my counsel, and advice;
Nor let my trade become my prejudice.
For, by the benefit of time well spent,
I am endued with long experiment:
And if I do conjecture it aright,
The cause of all this phrensy and despite,
Which your sad looks and paleness do imply,
With other signs in physiognomy,
By which wise men the truth of art do prove,
And know the state of minds—you are in love.
Now list to me, and do not with fond haste
The sacred oil of your life's taper waste:
Use no sinister means to hasten on,
But labour to adjourn destruction.
Cast not away yourself by too much grief,
But courage take; for care is beauty's thief:
Cupid I know, whose humour is to strive,
Then yield, then stay, then play the fugitive.
Be not dismay'd for that, but show your duty,
And above all things do not spoil your beauty;
He's delicate, and wanton: prayers may win,
And fair demeanour may re-merit him.
These are the medicines I would have you choose,
To cure your mind's health, and redress abuse.'
She gave him thanks, then rose from where she lay,
And having done obeisance went her way;
Thence did she wander on with weary feet,
And neither track nor passenger could meet,
Until at length she found a kingly road,
Which led unto a palace, where abode
Her eldest sister. Psyche entered in,
Then sent up news, how one of her near kin
Was come to visit her; return being made,
Psyche was brought before her, each invade
The other with embraces, and fulfil
A tedious scene of counterfeit good will.
But when they had discours'd awhile together,
She ask'd Psyche the cause that brought her thither?
Who did recount the passages, and tell,
In order, all the story that befell,
Which by degrees had ruin'd her,—and laid
The blame on their lewd counsel, that betray'd
Her innocent soul, and her firm faith misled,
To murder her dear husband in his bed.
She told how she his certain death decreed,
And how she rose to execute the deed:

She told, how like a lioness she far'd,
And like an armèd fury, how she star'd;
Or like a blazing comet in the air,
With fire and sword, and with dishevell'd hair.
She told the trouble, and epitasis,
When she beheld his metamorphosis:
A spectacle, that ravish'd her with joy,
A serpent turn'd into a lovely boy,
Whose young, smooth face might speak him boy or maid—
Cupid himself in a soft slumber laid;
She told too of the drop of scalding oil
That burnt his shoulder, and the heavy coil
He kept, when he awak'd, caus'd by the smart;
And how he chid, and how at last did part:
And, for revenge, had threaten'd in her stead
To make her sisters partners of his bed,
And 'twixt each word she let a tear down fall,
Which stopp'd her voice, and made it musical.
  Thus Psyche, at the last, finish'd her story,
Season'd with sharp grief, and sweet oratory,
Which was as long by her relation made,
As might have served to stuff an Iliade;
Such as Aeneas unto Dido told,
Full of adventures, strange and manifold.
  Her sister, by her looks, great joy did show,
Resolv'd in that she did her husband know;
And therefore heard her out with much applause,
And gave great heed, but chiefly to that clause
Where 'twas declar'd, that he her pomp and state
To one of her own sisters would translate.
Whence gathering that herself might be his bride,
She swell'd with lust, with envy, and with pride;
And in this heat of passion did transcend
The rock, where Zephyrus used to attend
To waft her up and down, and there call'd on
Him, that had now forsook his station.
Yet through the vanity of hope made blind,
Though then there blew a contrary wind,
Invoking Cupid that he would receive
Her for his spouse, she did herself bequeath
Unto a fearful precipice, and threw
Her body headlong down, whose weight it drew
Towards the centre; for, without support,
All heavy matter thither will resort.

---

117 epitasis] = the action which *leads up to* the catastrophe.

128 Marmion forgets that though Cupid *does* say this (with a sinister meaning) in Apuleius, he has not himself made him say it. *v. sup.* p. 32.

138 Resolv'd] = having received the solution of the puzzle.

150 *Al*though or something else wanted. In the next couplet the *v* and *th* rhyme (*v. sup.* p. 26, ll. 141–2) recurs, with the confusion now thought puerile or cockneyfied.

In this her fall, the hard stones by the way
Did greet her limbs with a discourteous stay
Bruising her in that manner, that she died,
As if that she her jury had denied.
Her younger sister missing thus the chief
Co-partner of her sorrows, pin'd for grief.
  This craggy rock did overlook the sea,
Where greedy Neptune had eat in a bay,
And undermining it much ground did win,
Where silver-footed Thetis riding in
Upon a bridled dolphin, did explore,
And ev'ry tide her arms stretch'd on the shore,
Searching each creek and cranny to augment
The confines of her wat'ry regiment.
Whilst here she sat within a pearly chair,
And round her all the sea-gods did repair,
To whom her laws she did prescribe by hap,
The mangled corpse fell full into her lap.
Thetis, that once a child herself had borne,
Seeing so fair a body foully torn,
And bleeding fresh, judging some ravisher
Had done this injury, she did confer
About the cure, and there were many found
Whose trade in surgery could heal a wound,
But none that might restore to life again.
Such was the envy of the gods: for when
The scatter'd limbs of chaste Hippolitus
Were re-inspir'd by Aesculapius,
And by his art's command together came,
And every bone and joint put into frame;
That none with emulous skill should dare the like,
Jove him to hell did with his thunder strike.
But though she could not by her power control
The Fates' decree, to reunite the soul;
Into another shape she made it pass,
A doctrine held by old Pythagoras:
For stripping off her clothes, she made her skin
To wear a soft and plumy covering;
Her gristly nose was hardened to a bill,
And at each finger's end grew many a quill;
Her arms to pennons turn'd, and she in all
Chang'd to a fowl, which men a sea-gull call:
A bird of evil nature, and set on
Much mischief, to whose composition
A great part of her former malice went,
And was the principal ingredient.

160 As if a perjurer? Or 'as if pressed to death for refusal to plead'?
198 In all this Marmion has accentuated the story. Apuleius does not identify the tell-tale sea-gull with the elder sister, and our poet omits the fate of the other, unless the strange couplet *sup.* (161-2) refers to it. 'Pennon' for 'pinion' is in Milton.

For being thus transfigur'd, straight she swam
Into the bottom of the ocean,
Where Neptune kept his court, and pressing near
To Venus' seat, she whisper'd her i' the ear,
How that her son lay desperately griev'd,
Sick of a burn he lately had receiv'd:
And many by that means at her did scoff,
And her whole family was ill spoken of.
For whilst that she herself thus liv'd recluse,
And he his close adulteries did use:
No sport or pleasure, no delight or grace,
Friendship or marriage, could find any place.
In love no pledge, no harmony in life,
But everywhere confusion was, and strife.
Thus the vile bird maliciously did prate,
And Cupid's credit did calumniate.
Venus replied, impatient and hot,
'What, has my good son then a mistress got?
Which of the Nymphs or Muses is his joy?
Who has inveigled the ingenious boy?
Which of the Hours, or of the Graces all?'
'None of these,' said the bird, 'but men her call
Psyche.' So soon as Venus heard her nam'd,
O! how with indignation she exclaim'd:
'What, my own beauty's rival, is it she?
That plant, that sucker of my dignity,
And I his bawd?' With these words she ascended
To the sea's superficies, where attended
Her doves both ready harness'd, up she got,
And flew to Paphos in her chariot.
The Graces came about her, and in haste
What the rough seas or rude winds had misplac'd,
Did recompose with art and studious care,
Combing the cerule drops from her loose hair,
Which, dry'd with rosy powder, they did fold,
And bind it round up in a braid of gold.
These wait about her person still, and pass
Their judgement on her, equal with her glass.
These are the only critics that debate
All beauty, and all fashions arbitrate:
These temper her ceruse, and paint, and limn
Her face with oil, and put her in her trim:
Twelve other handmaids, clad in white array,
Call'd the twelve Hours, and daughters of the Day,
Did help to dress her: there were added more,
Twelve of the night, whose eyes were shadow'd o'er
With dusky and black veils, lest Vulcan's light,
Or vapours, should offend their bleared sight,
When they her linen starch, or else prepare
Strong distillations to make her fair.

These bring her baths and ointments for her eyes,
And provide cordials 'gainst she shall arise.
These play on music, and perfume her bed,
And snuff the candle while she lies to read
Herself asleep: thus all, assign'd unto
Their several office, had enough to do.
And had they twenty times as many been,
They all might be employ'd about the queen.
For though they us'd more reverence than at prayer,
And sat in council upon every hair,
And every plait and posture of her gown,
Giving observance to each frequent frown;
And rather wish'd the state disorder'd were,
Than the least implement that she did wear:
As if, of all, that were the greatest sin,
And that their fate were fasten'd to each pin—
Though their whole life and study were to please,
Yet such a sullen humour and disease
Reign'd in her curious eyes, she ever sought,
And scowling look'd, where she might find a fault;
Yet felt she no distemper from the care
Of other business, nor did any dare
To interpose or put into her mind
A thought of any either foe or friend,
Receipt or payment, but they all were bent
To place each jewel and each ornament.
And when that she was dress'd, and all was done,
Then she began to think upon her son;
And being absent spake of him at large,
And laid strong aggravations to his charge:
She ripp'd her wrongs up, how she had pass'd by,
In hope of 'mendment, many an injury;
Yet nothing could reclaim his stubborn spleen,
And wanton looseness, though she still had been
Indulgent to him, as they all did know.
She talk'd too of the duty children owe
Unto their parents, and did much complain,
Since she had bore and bred him up with pain,
Now for requital had receiv'd offence;
And sorely tax'd his disobedience.
Then ask'd the Graces if they could disclose
Where his new haunts were, and his rendezvous;
For she had trusted them to overlook,
As guardians, and to guide, as with a hook,
His straggling nature; and they had done ill
To slack their hand, and leave him to his will;

281 'Large' seems here to have something of the unfavourable sense which it bears in Shakespeare.

294 rendezvous] This word was becoming quite common: but Marmion's rhymes are too loose to justify a supposition that it was sometimes pronounced '-vose.'

Who, as she said, was a weak child, and none
Being near, might soon into much mischief run.
They blushing smile, and thus allege, 'Since she,
His mother, could not rule him, how can we
That are but servants? whom he does despise,
And brandishes his torch against our eyes,
And in defiance threats what he will do,
Upon the least distaste, to shoot us through.'
  When Venus heard how the world stood in awe
Of her son's desperate valour, and no law
Might curb his fierceness, flattery nor force
Prevail, she then resolv'd upon a course,
With open libels, and with hue and cry,
To publish to the world his infamy:
And therefore caus'd in every town and street,
And in all trivial places where ways meet,
In these words, or the like, upon each post,
A chartel to be fix'd that he was lost.

The wanton Cupid t' other day
Did from his mother Venus stray.
Great pains she took, but all in vain,
How to get her son again:
For since the boy is sometimes blind,
He his own way cannot find.
If any one can fetch him in,
Or take him captive in a gin,
And bring her word, she for this
Will reward him with a kiss.
That you the felon may descry,
These are signs to know him by:
His skin is red with many a stain
Of lovers, which by him were slain;
Or else it is the fatal doom,
Which foretells of storms to come:
Though he seem naked to the eye,
His mind is cloth'd with subtlety;
Sweet speech he uses, and soft smiles,
To entice where he beguiles:
His words are gentle as the air,
But trust him not, though he speak fair,
And confirm it with an oath.
He is fierce and cruel both;
He is bold and careless too,
And will play as wantons do:
But when you think the sport is past,
It turns to earnest at the last.

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317 The inclusion of this version of the famous 'Hue and Cry after Cupid,' though obvious, is a fairly ingenious embroidery on the original. But Marmion might have taken more trouble than to hide him in the very chamber of Venus.

His evil nature none can tame,
For neither reverence nor shame
Are in his looks: his curlèd hair
Hangs like nets for to ensnare:
His hands, though weak and slender, strike
Age and sexes all alike;
And when he list, will make his nest
In their marrow or their breast:
Those poison'd darts shot from his bow,
Hurt gods above, and men below.
His left hand bears a burning torch,
Whose flame the very same will scorch;
And not hell itself is free
From this imp's impiety.
The wounds he makes no salve can cure;
Then if you catch him, bind him sure:
Take no pity, though he cry,
Or laugh, or smile, or seem to die,
And for his ransom would deliver
His arrows and his painted quiver;
Refuse them all, for they are such
That will burn where'er they touch.

When this edict was openly declar'd,
And Venus' importunity, none dar'd
To be so much of counsel as to hide,
And not reveal where Cupid did abide.
There was an old nymph of the Idalian grove,
Grandchild to Faune, a Dryad, whom great Jove
Had ravish'd in her youth, and for a fee,
In recompense of her virginity,
Did make immortal, and with wisdom fill,
And her endow'd with a prophetic skill,
And knowledge of all herbs; she could apply
To every grief a perfect remedy,
Were it in mind, or body, and was sage,
And weighty in her counsel, to assuage
Any disease; she had the government
Of the whole palace, and was president
Of all the nymphs, for Venus did commit
Such power, to do whatever she thought fit.
She at that time dress'd Cupid for his smart,
And would have hid his shame with all her heart;
But that she fear'd her mistress to displease,
If it should after chance the Dryades
Betray'd her: therefore she durst do no other,
But to send private word unto his mother,
Where her son was, and how he hid his head,
And groaning lay upon his mother's bed.

---

369 'To be of counsel' here seems = 'to keep counsel,' 'to keep things secret.'

Soon as this news was brought her, Venus went,
Blown with the wind, and her own discontent,
And there began to scold, and rail, before
She did arrive within the chamber door.
'Are these things honest, which I hear,' says she,
'And suiting with our fame and pedigree?
Seducing trifler, have you set at large
Mine enemy, whom I gave up in charge,
That thou shouldst captivate, and set on fire
With sordid, but unquenchable desire?
But since, that thou might'st the more stubborn prove,
Hast fetter'd her unto thyself in love;
Seems you presume, that you are only he,
The chick of the white hen, and still must be.
And I, by reason of my age, quite done,
Cannot conceive, nor bear another son.
Yes, know I can, and for thy more disgrace,
I will adopt another in thy place.
I'll take away that wicked stuff, with which
Thou dost abuse thy betters, and bewitch
Each age and sex, and not without delight,
Thine uncle Mars and thine own mother smite.
Then burn those arms, which were ordain'd to do
Better exploits than thou employ'st them to.
For thou wast ever from thy youth untoward,
And dost, without all reverence or regard,
Provoke thy elders; but, Jove! here I wish
I ne'er may eat of a celestial dish,
Unless I turn this triumph to offence,
This sweet to sour, this sport to penitence.
But I thus scornèd, whither shall I fly?
There is a matron call'd Sobriety,
Whom I have oft offended, through his vain
Luxurious riot, yet I must complain
To her, and at her hands expect the full
Of my revenge; she shall his quiver pull,
Unhead his arrows, and his bow unstring,
Put out his torch, and then away it fling.
His golden locks with nectar all imbru'd,
Which I from mine own bosom have bedew'd;
His various wings, the rainbow never yet
Was in such order, nor such colours set;
She shall, without remorse, both cut and pare,
And every feather clip, and every hair.
And then, and not till then, it shall suffice
That I have done my wrongs this sacrifice.'
Thus full of choler did she Cupid threat,
And having eas'd her mind did back retreat.
But making haste, with this distemper'd look,
Ceres and Juno both she overtook:

Who seeing her with such a troubled brow,
Did earnestly demand the manner how
She came so vex'd, and who had power to shroud
Her glorious beauty in so black a cloud.
'You cannot choose but hear,' Venus reply'd,
'How I have been abus'd on every side:
First, when my limping husband me beset,
And caught Mars and myself both in his net,
And then expos'd us naked to the eyes
Of heaven, and the whole bench of deities.
'Tis a known tale, and to make up the jest,
One god, less supercilious than the rest,
Told Mars, if those his fetters made him sweat,
He would endure the burthen and the heat.
Time wore out this disgrace, but now your art
Must drive another sorrow from my heart:
And if you love me, use your best of skill
To seek out Psyche, she hath done this ill:
Cupid, my son, has chose her for his spouse,
That is the only plague unto my house.'
  'Lady,' said they, 'alack, what hurt is done,
Or crime in this committed by your son?
Is this a cause fit to provoke your spite,
T' impugn his sports, and hinder his delight?
What imputation on your house were laid,
Though he should set his fancy on a maid?
You may allow his patent for to pass,
That he may love a blithe and bonny lass.
What! you forget that he is well in years,
And 'tis a comfort to you that he bears
His age so well; therefore you must not pry
Into his actions so narrowly.
For with what justice can you disapprove
That in your son, which in yourself you love?
Is't fit that seeds of love by you be sown
In others' hearts, and banish'd from your own?
You have an interest in all that 's his;
Both prais'd for good, both blam'd for what 's amiss.
Remember too you are his mother dear,
Held wise, and must give way.' Thus they for fear
Of Cupid's arrows did him patronize.
But Venus, scorning that her injuries
Were no more pitied, her swift doves did rein,
And took her way towards the sea again.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK

BOOK II

The First Section

Psyche this while wander'd the world about
With various errors to find Cupid out,
Hoping, although no matrimonial way,
Or beauty's force his anger might allay,
Yet prayers and duty sometimes do abate,
And humble service him propitiate.
She travell'd forth, until at length she found
A pleasant plain, with a fair temple crown'd;
Then to herself she said, 'Ah, who can tell
Whether or no my husband there do dwell?'
And with this thought she goes directly on,
Led with blind hope and with devotion:
Then ent'ring in, she to the altar bended,
And there perform'd her orisons; which ended,
Casting her eyes about, she did espy
A world of instruments for husbandry,
As forks, and hooks, and rakes, sickles and scythes,
Garlands, and shears, and corn for sacrifice.
Those ears that were confusèd she did sever,
And those that scatter'd lay she put together;
Thinking she ought no worship to decline
Of any thing that seem'd to be divine.
  Ceres, far off, did Psyche overlook,
When this laborious task she undertook;
And as she is a goddess that does love
Industrious people, spake to her from above:
'Alas, poor Psyche, Venus is thy foe,
And strives to find thee out with more ado
Than I my Proserpine: the earth, the sea,
And the hid confines of the night and day,
Have all been ransack'd; she has sought thee forth
Through both the poles and mansions of the north.
Not the Riphean snow, nor all the droughth
That parches the vast deserts of the south,
Have staid her steps: she has made Tethys sweep,
To find thee out, the bottom of the deep;
And vows that heaven itself shall thee resign,
Though Jove had fix'd thee there his concubine.

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2 Probably M. intended a double sense in 'error'='wandering' and '*mistaken* wandering.' In the latter part of the sentence 'might,' 'do,' and 'him' taken together form a curious instance of the confusion common in writing of this time.

33 Prof. Skeat thinks 'droughth' the true form.

She never rests, for since she went to bed,
The rosy crown is wither'd from her head.
Thou careless wretch, thus Venus all enrag'd,
Seeks for thy life, whilst thou art here engag'd
'Bout my affairs, and think'st of nothing less
Than thine own safety and lost happiness.'
  Psyche fell prostrate on her face before
Fair Ceres' throne, and did her help implore;
Moist'ning the earth with tears, and with her hair
Brushing the ground, she sent up many a prayer:
'By thy fruit-scattering hand I thee entreat,
And the Sicilian fields, that are the seat
Of thy fertility; and by the glad
And happy ends the harvest ever had;
And by thy coach, with wingèd dragons drawn;
And by the darksome hell that 'gan to dawn
At the bright marriage of fair Proserpine;
And by the silent rites of Eleusine,
Impart some pity, and vouchsafe to grant
This small request to your poor suppliant:
I may lie hid among these sheaves of corn
Until great Venus' fury be outworn;
Or that my strength and faculties, subdu'd
By weary toil, a little be renew'd.'
But as the world 's accustom'd, when they see
Any o'erwhelm'd with a deep misery,
Afford small comfort to their wretched state,
But only are in words compassionate;
So Ceres told her, she did greatly grieve
At her distress, but durst her not relieve;
For Venus was a good and gracious queen,
And she her favour highly did esteem.
Nor would she succour a contrary side,
Being by love and kin to her ally'd.
  Poor Psyche thus repuls'd, soon as she saw
Her hopes quite frustrate, did herself withdraw,
And journey'd on unto a neighbouring wood,
Where likewise a rich fane and temple stood,
Of goodly structure, and before the house
Hung many gifts and garments precious;
That by the name engrav'd, and dedication,
Express'd without to whom they had relation.
  Here Psyche enter'd, her low knees did bend,
And both herself and fortunes recommend
To mighty Juno, and thus spake to her:
'Thou Wife and Sister to the Thunderer,
Whether thou dost in ancient Samos lie,
The place of thy first birth and nursery;

---

65 The omission of 'to' and the use of 'but' for 'and' again illustrate Marmion's nonchalant way of writing.

Or by the banks of Inacus abide,
Or thy lov'd Carthage, or round heaven dost ride
Upon a lion's back; that art in the east
Call'd Zigia, and Lucina in the west:
Look on my grief's extremity, and deign
To ease me of my labour and my pain.'
  Thus having pray'd, straight Juno from on high
Presents herself in all her majesty,
And said, 'Psyche, I wish you had your ends,
And that my daughter and yourself were friends:
For Venus I have ever held most dear,
In as high place as she my daughter were:
Nor can that, which one goddess has begun,
By any other deity be undone.
Besides the Stygian laws allow no leave,
That we another's servant should receive;
Nor can we by the league of friendship give
Relief to one that is a fugitive.'
  Fair Psyche, shipwreck'd in her hopes again,
And finding no ways how she might obtain
Her wingèd husband, cast the worst of all,
And thus her thoughts did into question call:
'What means can be attempted or applied
To this my strange calamity, beside
What is already used? For though they would,
The gods themselves can render me no good:
Why then should I proceed, and unawares
Tender my foot unto so many snares?
What darkness can protect me? what disguise
Hide me from her inevitable eyes?
Some women from their crimes can courage gather,
Then why not I from misery? and rather,
What I cannot defer, not long withstand,
Yield up myself a prisoner to her hand.
For timely modesty may mitigate
That rage, which absence does exasperate.
And to confirm this, who knows whether he,
Whom my soul longs for, with his mother be?'
  Venus, now sick of earthly business,
Commands her coach be put in readiness:
Whose subtle structure was all wrought upon
With gold, with purple, and vermilion.
Vulcan compos'd the fabric, 'twas the same
He gave his wife, when he a-wooing came.
Then of those many hundred doves that soar
About her palace, she selected four,

---

107 cast] As in 'cast accounts,' = 'drew the worst conclusions,' 'made up her mind to the worst.'

116 This is the sort of thing which repays one for the reading of many pages.

Whose chequer'd necks to the small traces tied,
With nimble gyres they up to heaven did glide:
A world of sparrows did by Venus fly,
And nightingales that sung melodiously;
And other birds accompanied her coach,
With pleasant noise proclaiming her approach:
For neither hardy eagle, hawk, nor kite,
Durst her sweet-sounding family affright.
The clouds gave way, and heaven was open made,
Whilst Venus Jove's high turrets did invade.
Then having silenc'd her obstreperous quire,
She boldly calls for Mercury the crier,
Jove's messenger, who but a while before
Return'd with a loose errand, which he bore
To a new mistress, and was now t' advise
Upon some trick, to hide from Juno's eyes
Jove's bawdery, for he such feats can do,
Which are his virtues and his office too.
When Venus saw him, she much joy did show,
And said, 'Kind brother Mercury, you know
How I esteem your love at no small rate,
With whom my mind I still communicate:
Without whose counsel I have nothing done,
But still preferr'd your admonition,
And now you must assist me;—there's a maid
Lies hid, whom I have long time sought, and laid
Close wait to apprehend, but cannot take;
Therefore I'd have you proclamation make,
With a reward propounded, to requite
Whoe'er shall bring, and set her in my sight.
Make known her marks, and age, lest any chance,
Or after dare, to pretend ignorance.'
  Thus having said, she gave to him a note,
And libel, wherein Psyche's name was wrote.
Hermes, the powerful and all-charming god,
Taking in hand his soul-constraining rod,
With which he carries, and brings back from hell,
With Venus went, for he lov'd Venus well;
'Cause he in former time her love had won,
And in his dalliance, had of her a son
Begot, call'd the Hermaphrodite, which is
The boy that was belov'd by Salmacis.
Thus both from heaven descended, open cry,
In express words, was made by Mercury.

O yes! if any can true tidings bring
Of Venus' handmaid, daughter to a king,
Psyche the fugitive, of stature tall,
Of tender age, and form celestial:
To whom, for dowry, Art and Nature gave
All grace, and all the comeliness they have.

This I was bid to say, and be it spoken
Without all envy, each smile is a token
Sufficient to betray her. In her gait
She Phoebus' sister does most imitate.
Nor does her voice sound mortal: if you spy
Her face, you may discern her by the eye,
That like a star, dazzles the optic sense:
Cupid has oft his torch brought lighted thence.
If any find her out, let him repair
Straightways to Mercury, and the news declare;
And for his recompense he shall have leave,
Even from Venus' own lips, to receive
Seven fragrant kisses, and the rest among,
One honey-kiss, and one touch from her tongue.

Which being publishèd, the great desire
Of this reward, set all men's hearts on fire.
So that poor Psyche durst no more forbear
To offer up herself: then drawing near
To Venus' house, a maid of her's, by name
Call'd Custom, when she saw her, did exclaim,
'O, Madam Psyche, Jove your honour save:
What? do you feel now, you a mistress have?
Or does your rashness, or your ignorant worth
Not know the pains we took to find you forth?
Sweet, you shall for your stubbornness be taught:'
With that rude hold upon her locks she caught,
And dragg'd her in, and before Venus brought.

The Second Section

So soon as Venus saw her, she, like one
That looks 'twixt scorn and indignation,
Rais'd a loud laughter, such as does proceed
From one that is vex'd furiously indeed.
Then shaking of her head, biting her thumb,
She said, 'What, my good daughter, are you come
Your mother to salute? But I believe
You would your husband visit, who does grieve
For the late burn with which you did inure
His tender shoulder. But yet rest secure;

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196 Apuleius combines what Marmion seems (but in his careless way probably without meaning) to separate—*Et unum blandientis appulsu linguae longe mellitum.*

209 The triplet, at this important juncture, is noteworthy.

9 inure] Literally from *inurere* as here, is not accepted by the authorities as the origin of the English 'in-' or 'en-*ure*,' to put in *ure* or use. But it is probable that many, if not most, educated people connect the two (cf. Tennyson's 'The sin that practice *burns into* the blood'), and I do not see why a double etymology should not be allowed.

I shall provide for you, nor will I swerve
From any needful office you deserve.’
Thus winking Venus did on Psyche leer,
And with such cruel kindness did her jeer.
Then for her entertainment, cries, ‘Where are
My two rough handmaids, Solitude and Care?’
They enter’d; she commands her hands to tie,
And take the poor maid to their custody.
Which done accordingly, with whips they beat,
And her with torments miserably treat.
Thus used, and in this shameful manner dight,
They her, with scorn, reduce to Venus’ sight:
Who smiling said, ‘’Tis more than time, that I
Should set my nymphs all to work sempstery,
And make your baby-clouts. Why this is brave,
And you shall Juno for your midwife have.
Where will you lie in? how far are you gone?
That’s a great motive to compassion.
And I my style must rather boast, than smother,
That in my youth I shall be call’d grandmother.
But by your leave, I doubt these marriages
That are solemniz’d without witnesses,
Without consent of friends, the parties’ state
Unequal too, are scarce legitimate;
And so this child they shall a bastard call:
If yet thou bring’st forth any child at all.’
Then to begin with some revenge, she rose;
And all her ornaments did discompose,
And her discolour’d gown in pieces pull,
And whatsoever made her beautiful.
But lest her sufferings should all passive be,
She turns her punishment to industry,
And takes of several seeds a certain measure;
Wheat, barley, oats, and a confusèd treasure
Of pease and lentils, then all mix’d did pour
Into one heap; with a prefixèd hour,
That, ere herself should on our hemisphere
That night as the bright evening star appear,
Psyche each grain should rightly segregate,
A task, for twenty, too elaborate.
This work assign’d, Venus from thence did pass
To a marriage feast, where she invited was.
Poor Psyche all alone amaz’d did stand,
Nor to this labour would once set her hand:
In her own thoughts judging herself unable,
To vanquish that was so inextricable;
When lo, a numerous multitude of ants,
Her neighbours, the next field’s inhabitants,

22 reduce] = ‘bring back.’ The Latinism is not from Ap., who has *reddunt*.

Came thronging in, sent thither by some power,
That pity took on Cupid's paramour;
Nor would that wrong should be without defence,
And hated Venus for her insolence.
All these by an instinct together met,
Themselves in a tumultuous method set
On work, and each grain arithmetically
Subtract, divide, and after multiply.
And when that this was done away they fled,
Each grain being by its kind distinguishèd.
  Venus now from the nuptial feast was come,
Her breath perfum'd with wine and balsamum;
Her body was with twines of myrtles bound,
Her head with garlands of sweet roses crown'd.
And seeing this accomplish'd task, she said,
'Housewife, 'twas not your handywork convey'd
These seeds in order thus, but his, that still
Persists in love, to thine and his own ill.'
Then on the ground she threw a crust of bread,
For Psyche's supper, and so went to bed.
Cupid the while in a back room was put
Under the same roof, and in prison shut:
A punishment for his old luxury,
Lest he with Psyche should accompany:
And so by too much straining of his side,
Might hurt his wound before 'twas scarified.
But when the rosy morning drew away
The sable curtain, which let in the day,
Venus to Psyche calls, and bids awake,
Who standing up, she shows to her a lake,
Environ'd with a rock, beyond whose steep
And craggy bottom graz'd a flock of sheep:
They had no shepherd them to feed or fold,
And yet their well-grown fleeces were of gold.
Pallas sometimes the precious locks would cull,
To make great Juno vestures of the wool:
'Fetch me,' says Venus, 'some of that rich hair,
But how you'll do it, I nor know nor care.'
  Psyche obeys, not out of hope to win
So great a prize, but meaning to leap in,
That in the marish she might end her life,
And so be freed from Venus and her strife.
When drawing near, the wind-inspirèd reed
Spake with a tuneful voice, 'Psyche, take heed,
Let not despair thee of thy soul beguile,
Nor these my waters with thy death defile;
But rest thee here under this willow tree,
That growing drinks of the same stream with me:
Keep from those sheep that, heated with the sun,
Rage like the lion, or the scorpion.

None can their stony brows nor horns abide,
Till the day's fire be somewhat qualified.
But when the vapour and their thirst is quench'd,
And Phoebus' horses in the ocean drench'd,
Then you may fetch what Venus does desire,
And find their fleecy gold on every briar.
Th' oraculous reed, full of humanity,
Thus from her hollow womb did prophesy:
And she observing strictly what was taught,
Her apron full of the soft metal brought,
And gave to Venus; yet her gift and labour
Gain'd no acceptance, nor found any favour.
'I know the author of this fact,' says she,
'How 'twas the price of his adultery.
But now I will a serious trial make,
Whether you do these dangers undertake
With courage, and that wisdom you pretend:
For see that lofty mountain, whence descend
Black-colour'd waters, from Earth's horrid dens,
And with their boilings wash the Stygian fens,
From thence augment Cocytus' foaming rage,
And swell his channel with their surplusage.
Go now, and some of that dead liquor skim,
And fill this crystal pitcher to the brim:
Bring it me straight:'—and so her brows did knit,
Threat'ning great matters if she fail'd of it.
With this injunction Psyche went her ways,
Hoping even there to end her wretched days.
But coming near to the prefixèd place,
Whose height did court the clouds, and lowest base
Gave those black streams their first original,
That wearing the hard rocks, did headlong fall
Into the Stygian valleys, underneath
She saw a fatal thing, and full of death.
Two watchful dragons the straight passage kept,
Whose eyes were never seal'd, nor ever slept.
The waters too said something, 'Psyche, fly!
What do you here? Depart, or you shall die!'
Psyche with terror of the voice dejected,
And thought of that might never be effected,
Like Niobe was changed into a stone,
In body present, but her mind was gone.
And, in the midst of her great grief and fears,
Could not enjoy the comfort of her tears.
When Jove, whose still protecting providence
Is ever ready to help innocence,
Sent the Saturnian eagle, who once led
By Love's impulsion, snatch'd up Ganimed

---

143 Probably 'strait': but the substitution is constant.

To be Jove's cup-bearer, from Ida hill,
And ever since bore Cupid a good will:
And what he could not to his person show,
Resolv'd upon his mistress to bestow.
Then with angelic speed, when he had left
The Air's high tracts, and the three regions cleft,
Before her face he on the meadow sate,
And said, 'Alas, thou inconsiderate
And foolish maid, return back, go not nigh
Those sacred streams, so full of majesty.
What hope hast thou those waters to procure,
Which Jove himself does tremble to abjure?
No mortal hand may be allow'd to touch,
Much less to steal a drop, their power is such.
Give me the pitcher.' She it gave; he went
To Styx, and feign'd that Venus had him sent.
Psyche the urn did to his talons tie,
Then with his plumèd oars poised equally,
He lets it sink betwixt the very jaws
Of those fierce dragons, and then up it draws,
And gives it Psyche; she the same convey'd
To Venus, yet her pains were ill repaid:
Nothing her rage might expiate, but still
The end of one begins another ill.
'For aught,' says Venus, 'that I gather can,
You are a witch or some magician.
What else can be concluded out of these
Experienc'd impossibilities?
If your commèrce be such then, you may venture
Boldly to hell; and when you there shall enter,
Me to my cousin Proserpine commend,
And in my name entreat her she would send
Some of her box of beauty to me; say,
So much as may suffice me for a day:
Excuse me to her, that my own is spent,
I know not how, by an ill accident,
I am asham'd to speak it, but 'tis gone,
And wasted all in curing of my son.
But be not slack in your return; for I
Must with the gods feast, of necessity.
Nor can I thither go, without disgrace,
Till I have us'd some art unto my face.'
Psyche conceiv'd now, that her life and fate,
And fortunes, all were at their utmost date,
Being by Venus' cruelty thrust on
Towards a manifest destruction;

---

168 'Abjure' in the sense of 'perjure himself by,' must be rare, and may well be left so. It is however fair to M. to say that he may have had Apuleius' *dejero* in his mind: just as he directly reproduces 'expiate' below (179), in the sense, rare in Latin, and more than questionable in English, of 'appease.'

Which she collects by argument, that thus
With her own feet, must march to Taenarus.
  In this delusive agony she rose,
And by degrees up to a turret goes,
Whose top o'erlook'd the hills, it was so high,
Resolv'd to tumble headlong from the sky:
Conceiting, as her fancy did her feed,
That was the way to go to hell indeed.
But then a sudden voice to her did call,
Which brake out of the caverns of the wall,
That said, 'Ah, coward, wretch! why dost thou yield
To this last labour, and forsake the field?
Whilst Victory her banner does display,
And with a proffer'd crown tempts thee to stay.
The way to hell is easy, and the gate
Stands ope; but if the soul be separate
Once from the body, true, she goes to hell:
Not to return, but there for ever dwell.
Virtue knows no such stop, nor they, whom Jove
Either begot, or equally does love.
Now list to me: there is a fatal ground
In Greece, beyond Achaia's farthest bound,
Near Lacedemon, famous for the rape
Paris on Helen made, and their escape.
'Tis quickly found; for with its steamy breath
It blasts the fields, and is the port of death.
The path, like Ariadne's clue, does guide
To the dark court where Pluto does abide:
And if you must those dismal regions see,
Then carry in your hand a double fee.
For Charon will do nothing without money;
And you must have sops made of meal and honey.
It is a doubtful passage, for there are
Many decrees and laws peculiar
Must strictly be observ'd; and if once broke,
No ransom nor entreaty can revoke.
Nor is there prosecution of more strife,
But all are penal statutes on your life.
The first that you shall meet with, as you pass,
Is an old man come driving of an ass,
Decrepid as himself; they both shall sweat
With their hard labour, and he shall entreat
That you would help his burthen to untie;
But give no ear, nor stay when you go by.
And next you shall arrive without delay
To slow Avernus' lake, where you must pay
Charon his waftage, as before I said,
For avarice does live among the dead:
And a poor man, though tide serve, and the wind,
If he no stipend bring, must stay behind.

Here as you sail along, you shall see one
Of squalid hue, they call Oblivion,
Heave up his hands, and on the waters float,
Praying, you would receive him in your boat:
But know, all those that will in safety be,
Must learn to disaffect such piety.
When you are landed, and a little past
The Stygian ferry, you your eyes shall cast
And spy some busy at their wheel, and these
Are three old women, call'd the Destinies;
They will desire you to sit down and spin,
And show your own life's thread upon the pin.
Yet are they all but snares, and do proceed
From Venus' malice to corrupt your creed;
For should you lend your help to spin or card,
Or meddle with their distaff, your reward
Might perhaps slip out of your hand, and then
You must hope never to come back again.
Next, a huge mastiff shall you see before
The palace gate, and adamantine door,
That leads to Dis, who when he opens wide
His triple throat, the ghosts are terrified
With his loud barkings, which so far rebound,
They make all hell to echo with their sound:
Him with a morsel you must first assuage,
And then deliver Venus' embassage.
For Proserpine shall kindly you entreat,
And will provide a banquet and a seat.
But if you sit, sit on the ground, and taste
None of her dainties, but declare in haste
What you desire, which she will straight deliver:
Then with those former rules pass back the river.
Give the three-headed dog his other share,
And to the greedy mariner his fare.
Keep fast these precepts whatsoe'er they be,
And think on Orpheus and Euridice.
But above all things, this observe to do,
Take heed you open not, nor pry into
The beauty's box, else shall you there remain,
Nor see this heaven, nor these stars again.'
The stone-enclosèd voice did friendly thus
Psyche forewarn, with signs propitious.

---

254 Where Marmion got 'Oblivion' from I know not. Apuleius merely has *quidam senex mortuus.*

The Last Section[1]

So soon as Psyche got all things together,
That might be useful for her going thither,
And her return, to Taenarus she went,
And the infernal passage did attempt:
Where all those strange and fatal prophecies
Accomplish'd were in their occurrences.
For first she passes by with careless speed,
The old man and his ass, and gave no heed
Either unto his person or desire,
And next she pays the ferryman his hire;
And though Oblivion and the Fates did woo her
With many strong temptations to undo her,
Ulysses-like, she did their prayers decline,
And came now to the house of Proserpine.
Before the palace was a stately court,
Where forty marble pillars did support
The roof and frontispiece, that bore on high
Pluto's own statue, grav'd in ebony.
His face, though full of majesty, was dimm'd
With a sad cloud, and his rude throne untrimm'd:
His golden sceptre was eat in with rust,
And that again quite overlaid with dust.
Ceres was wrought him by, with weeping eyne,
Lamenting for the loss of Proserpine.
Her daughter's rape was there set down at full;
Who, while that she too studiously did pull
The purple violet and sanguine rose,
Lilies and low-grown pansies, to compose
Wreaths for the nymphs, regardless of her health,
Was soon surpris'd, and snatch'd away by stealth;
Forc'd by the king of the infernal powers,
And seem'd to cry and look after her flowers.
Enceladus was stretch'd upon his back,
While Pluto's horses' hoofs and coach did wrack
His bruisèd body. Pallas did extend
The gorgon's head. Delia her bow did bend;
And Virgins both, their uncle did defy
Like champions, to defend virginity.
The sun and stars were wrapp'd in sable weeds,
Damp'd with the breath of his Taenarian steeds.
All these, and more, were portray'd round about,
Which filth defac'd, or time had eaten out.
Three-headed Cerberus the gate did keep,
Whom Psyche with a sop first laid to sleep;

---

[1] Marmion has expatiated largely and with no ill result in this last section. Ap. tells Psyche's journey very briefly.

And then went safely by, where first she saw
Hell's judges sit, and urging of the law.
The place was parted in two several ways:
The right hand to Elysium conveys;
But on the left were malefactors sent,
The seat of tortures and strange punishment.
There Tantalus stands thirsty, to the chin
In water, but can take no liquor in.
Ixion too, and Sisyphus; the one
A wheel, the other turns a restless stone.
A vulture there on Titius does wreak
The gods' just wrath, and pounding with his beak,
On his immortal liver still does feed,
For what the day does waste the night does breed:
And other souls are forcèd to reveal,
What unjust pleasures they on earth did steal;
Whom fiery Phlegethon does round enclose,
And Styx his waves does nine times interpose.
The noise of whips and furies did so fright
Poor Psyche's ears, she hasted to the right.
That pathway straight, for on each side there grew
A grove of mournful cypress and of yew:
It is the place of such as happy die.
There, as she walkèd on, did infants cry,
Whom cruel death snatch'd from their teats away,
And robb'd of sweet life in an evil day.
There lovers live, who living here, were wise;
And had their ladies to close up their eyes.
There mighty heroes walk, that spent their blood
In a just cause, and for their country's good.
All these beholding, through the glimmering air,
A mortal, and so exquisitely fair;
Thick as the motes in the sunbeams came running
To gaze, and know the cause too of her coming;
Which she dissembled, only ask'd to know
Where Pluto dwelt, for thither she must go:
A guide was straight assign'd, who did attend,
And Psyche brought safe to her journey's end;
Who being enter'd, prostrate on her knee,
She humbly tenders Venus' embassy.
Great Pluto's queen presented to her guest
A princely throne to sit on, and a feast,
Wishing her taste, and her tir'd limbs refresh,
After her journey and her weariness.
Psyche excus'd it, that she could not stay,
And if she had her errand would away.
  But Proserpine replied, 'You do not know,
Fair maid, the joys and pleasures are below,

---

65 'Path lay'? or 'Pathway's strait'?

Stay and possess whatever I call mine,
For other lights and other stars do shine
Within our territories; the day's not lost,
As you imagine, in the Elysian coast.
The golden age and progeny is here,
And that fam'd tree that does in Autumn bear
Clusters of gold, whose apples thou shalt hoard,
Or each meal, if thou please, set on the board.
The matrons of Elysium at thy beck
Shall come and go, and buried queens shall deck
Thy body in more stately ornaments
Than all Earth's feignèd majesty presents.
The pale and squalid region shall rejoice,
[And] Silence shall break forth a pleasant voice:
Stern Pluto shall himself to mirth betake,
And crownèd ghosts shall banquet for thy sake;
New lamps shall burn, if thou wilt here abide,
And night's thick darkness shall be rarefied,
Whate'er the winds upon the earth do sweep,
Rivers, or fens embrace, or the vast deep,
Shall be thy tribute, and I will deliver
Up for thy servant the Lethean river:
Besides, the Parcae shall thy handmaids be,
And what thou speak'st stand for a destiny.'
  Psyche gave thanks, but did her plainly tell,
She would not be a courtier unto hell:
When, wond'ring that such honours did not please,
She offer'd gifts far richer than all these.
For as a dowry at her feet she laid
The mighty engines which the world upweigh'd,
And vow'd to give her immortality,
And all the pleasures and the royalty
Of the Elysian fields, which wisely she
Refus'd; for Hell, with all their power and skill,
Though they allure, they cannot force the will.
  This vex'd fair Proserpine any should know
Their horrid secrets, and have power to show
Unto the upper world what she had seen
Of Hell and Styx, of Pluto and his queen:
Yet since she might not her own laws withstand,
She gave the box of beauty in her hand.
And Psyche with those precepts used before,
The sun's bright beams did once again adore.
Then, as she thought, being out of all control,
A curious rashness did possess her soul,
That slighting of her charge and promis'd duty,
She greatly itch'd to add to her own beauty;
Saying, 'Ah fool, to bear so rich a prize,
And yet, through fear, dost envy thine own eyes
The happy object, whose reflection might

Gain thee some favour in young Cupid's sight:
The voice forbade me, but I now am free
From Venus' vision and hell's custody.'
And so without all scruple she unlocks,
And lets forth the whole treasure of the box,
Which was not any thing to make one fair,
But a mere Stygian and infernal air;
Whose subtle breathings through her pores did creep,
And stuff'd her body with a cloud of sleep.
  But Cupid, now not able to endure
Her longer absence, having gain'd his cure,
And prun'd his ruffled wings, flew through the gate
Of his close prison, to seek out his mate;
Where finding her in this dull lethargy,
He drew the foggy vapour from her eye,
And that her stupid spirits might awake,
Did all the drowsy exhalation shake
From off her sense; he shut it up, and seal'd
The box so fast, it ne'er might be reveal'd.
Next with his harmless dart, small as a pin,
He prick'd the superficies of her skin;
Saying, 'What wondrous frailty does possess
This female kind, or rather wilfulness?
For lo, thy foolish curiosity
Has tempted thee again to perjury.
What proud exploit was this? what horrid fact?
Be sure, my mother Venus will exact
A strict account of all that has been done,
Both of thyself and thy commission.
But yet for all this trespass, be of cheer,
And in a humble duty persevere;
Detain from Venus nought that is her own,
And for what else remains let me alone.'
Thus Psyche by her lover being sent,
And waxing strong through his encouragement,
The box of beauty unto Venus brings,
Whilst Cupid did betake him to his wings:
For when he saw his mother so austere,
Forc'd by the violence of love and fear,
He pierc'd the marble concave of the sky,
To heaven appeal'd, and did for justice cry,
Pleading his cause, and in the sacred presence
Of Jove himself did his love-suit commence.
  Jove, at his sight, threw by his rays, so pure,
That no eyes but his own might them endure:
Whom Cupid thus bespake, 'Great Jove, if I
Am born your true and lawful progeny;

---

160 Singer 'she.'

167 This curious line becomes more curious when we read in Ap. *Rursum* perieras, *misella, simili curiositate.* Did M. take it as *pejeras*?

If I have play'd between your arms, and sate
Next to yourself, but since grown to a state
Of riper years, have been thought fit to bear
An equal sway, and move in the same sphere
Of honour with you, by whose means both men
And gods have trembled at my bow, as when
Yourself have darted thunderbolts, and slain
The earth-bred giants in the Phlegrian plain.
And when in several scales my shafts were laid
With your own trident, neither has outweigh'd—
I come not now that you should either give,
Confirm, or add to my prerogative:
But setting all command and pow'r aside,
Desire by Law and Justice to be try'd.
For whither else should I appeal? or bring
My cause, but to yourself, that are a king,
And father to us all, and can dispense
What right you please in court and conscience?
I have been wrong'd, and must with grief indite
My mother of much cruelty and spite
To me and my poor Psyche: there 's but one
In the whole world that my affection
And fancy likes, where others do enjoy
So many; the diversity does cloy
Their very appetite: yet who but owes
All his delight to me? And Venus knows,
By her own thoughts, the uncontrollèd fire
That reigns in youth, when Love does him inspire;
Yet she without all pity or remorse,
Me and my mistress labours to divorce.
I covet no one's spouse, nor have I taken
Another's love; there 's not a man forsaken,
Or god, for my sake, that bewails his dear,
Or bathes his spoilèd bosom with a tear.
Then why should any me and my love sever,
That join all other hearts and loves together?'
  Jove heard him out, and did applaud his speech,
And both his hand and sceptre to him reach.
Then calling Cupid, his smooth fingers laid
On his ambrosiac cheek, and kissing, said,
'My little youngster, and my son, 'tis true
That I have never yet receiv'd from you
Any due reverence or respective meed,
Which all the other gods to me decreed.
For this my heart, whose high pre-eminence
Gives edicts to the stars, and does dispense
The like to nature, your fine hand the while
With earthly lusts still labours to defile;
And contrary to public discipline,
And 'gainst all laws, both moral and divine,

Chiefly the Julian, thou dost fill mine eyes
With many foul and close adulteries.
For how ofttimes have I, through vain desire,
Been chang'd to beasts, birds, serpents, and to fire?
Which has procur'd ill censures, and much blame,
And hurt my estimation and my fame:
Yet being pleas'd with this thy foolish sport,
I'm loath to leave it, though I'm sorry for 't;
And on condition thou wilt use thy wit
In my behalf, and mind the benefit,
I will perform all thy demands: if when
Thou seest fair damsels on the earth again,
Rememb'ring thou wast brought up on my knee,
That every such maid thou wilt bring to me.'
Cupid assents. Then Jove bid Maya's son
Publish a royal proclamation
Through the precincts of heaven, and call at once
A general council and a sessions,
That the whole bench and race of deities,
Should in their several ranks and pedigrees
Repair straight to his court, this to be done
In pain of Jove's displeasure, and a sum
Of money to be laid upon his head,
And from his lands and goods be leviëd,
If any god should dare himself absent,
For any cause, from this great parliament:
And that whoever had his name i' th' book
His fine, but his excuse should not be took.
This being nois'd abroad, from everywhere
The lesser gods came thronging out of fear,
And the celestial theatre did thwack,
That Atlas seem'd to groan under his pack.
Then Jove out of his ivory throne did rise,
And thus bespake them, 'Conscript Deities,
For so the Muses, with their whitest stone,
Have writ your names and titles every one;
You know my nephew Cupid, for the most
Of us, I'm sure, have felt him to our cost;
Whose youthful heat I have still sought in vain,
And his licentious riot to restrain.
But that his lewd life be no farther spread,
His lusts nor his corruptions publishèd,
I hold it fit that we the cause remove,
And bind him in the fetters of chaste love:
And since that he has made so good a choice
Of his own wife, let each god give his voice,

---

262 Ap. is precise, *decem millium nummum.*
267 i.e. His fine [*should*] &c.
274 There is much argument over the orig. '*Musarum* albo.' But if *albo* is correct it must mean 'in the book,' not 'with the stone.'

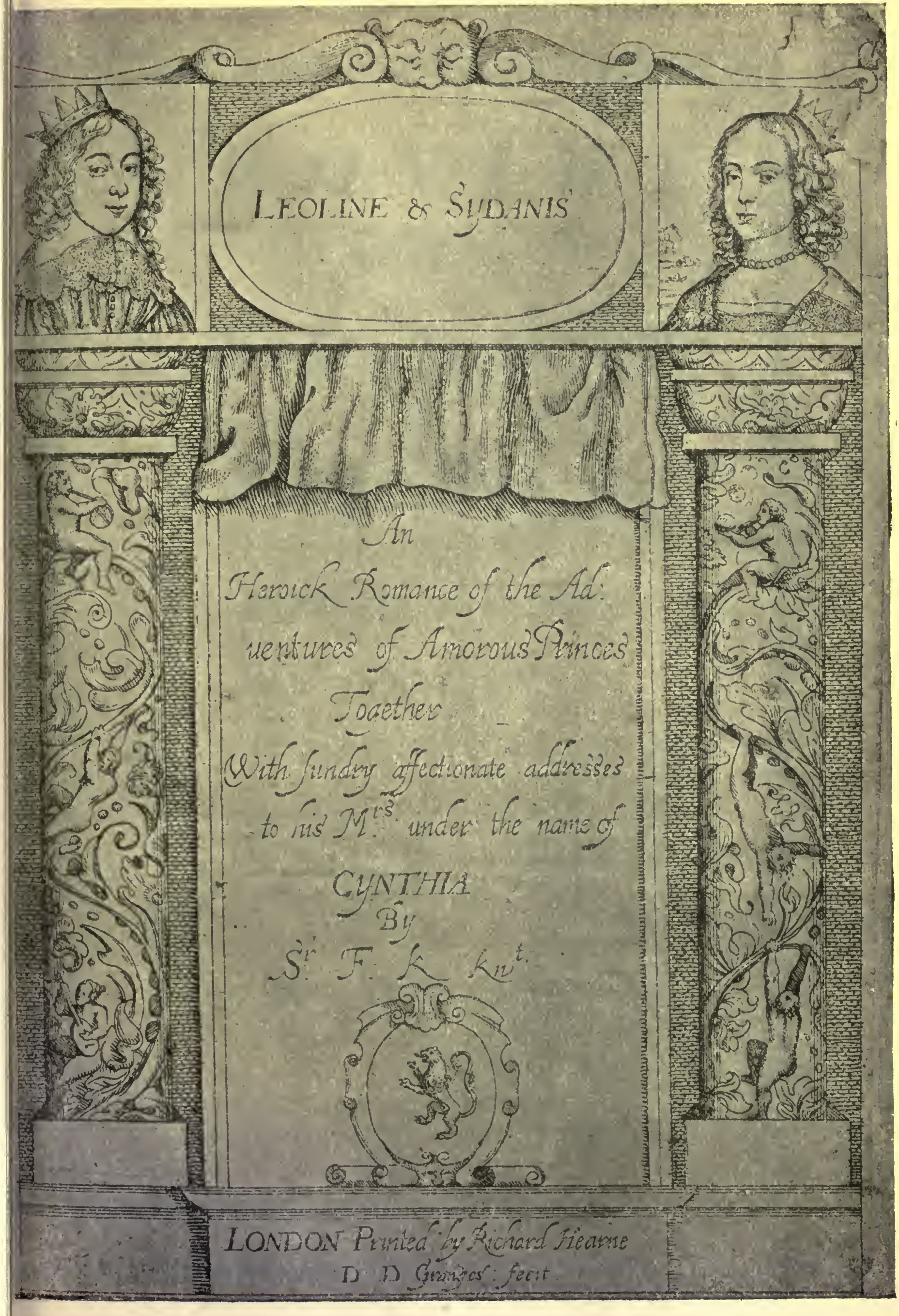
That he enjoy her, and for ever tie
Unto himself in bands of matrimony.'
Then unto Venus turning his bright face,
'Daughter,' he says, 'conceive it no disgrace
That Psyche marries with your son; for I,
That where I please give immortality,
Will alter her condition and her state,
And make all equal and legitimate.'
With that, command to Mercury was given,
That he should fetch fair Psyche unto heaven:
And when that she into their presence came,
Her wondrous beauty did each god inflame.
  Then Jove reach'd forth a cup with nectar fraught,
And bade her be immortal with the draught:
So join'd them hand in hand, and vow'd beside,
That she with her dear Cupid should abide,
Ne'er to be separated; and more t' enlarge
His bounty, made a feast at his own charge,
Where he plac'd Cupid at the upper end,
And amorous Psyche on his bosom lean'd.
Next sate himself and Juno, then each guest;
And this great dinner was by Vulcan dress'd.
The Graces strew'd the room, and made it smile
With blushing roses and sweet flowers, the while
The Spheres danc'd harmony. Apollo ran
Division on his harp, Satyr and Pan
Play'd on their pipes: the choir of Muses sang,
And the vast concave of Olympus rang
With pious acclamations to the bride,
And joy'd that Psyche was thus deify'd.
Hermes and Venus mov'd their graceful feet,
And did in artificial measures meet;
The Phrygian boy fill'd wine at this great feast
Only to Jove, and Bacchus to the rest.
  Thus Cupid had his Love, and not long after
Her womb, by Juno's help, brought forth a daughter,
A child by nature different from all,
That laugh'd when she was born, and men did call
Her Pleasure, one that does exhilarate
Both gods and men, and doth herself dilate
Through all societies, chiefly the best,
Where there is any triumph, or a feast.
She was the author that did first invent
All kind of sport, conceits and merriment:
And since to all men's humours does incline,
Whether that they be sensual or divine.

---

307 Vulcan as cook is Apuleian.

325 This odd use of 'dilate' in the sense of *se répandre* is not Apuleian, though it looks as if it might be. The orig. simply states this birth of Voluptas with no expatiation on it.

Is of a modest and a loose behaviour,
And of a settled and a wanton favour;
Most dangerous when she appears most kind,
For then she'll part and leave a sting behind:
But happy they that can her still detain,
For where she is most fix'd she is least vain.



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INTRODUCTION TO SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON

THE author of the poems that follow—poems never yet reprinted in modern times[1] and in their original edition among the very rarest of the things here collected—must have been an interesting person[2], and rather typical of the restless and eccentric flickers of genius or talent in which the great torch of Elizabethan poetry sank. Even in his University career, though it was not so very unusual then for a man to be a member of both Universities, there is something a little out of the common. He is probably known[3] to many students of English literature who have never read, perhaps to some who have never heard of, *Leoline and Sydanis*, as having embarked on the ultra-eccentric enterprise[4] of translating *Troilus* into Latin rhyme-royal, a venture in which he at least[5] showed that he had thoroughly saturated himself with the rhythm—

> Si non sit amor, Dî! quid est quod sentio?
> Et si sit amor, quidnam est vel quale?
> Si bonus est, malorum unde inventio?
> Si malus est, portentum non est tale,
> Quum omnis cruciatus et letale
> Vulnus sit gratum: misera quam conditio!
> Quanto plus bibo, tanto magis sitio.

Dr. Skeat 'prefers the English' (not in the case of this stanza, it is true, for he only quotes the opening one) and welcome; but why not like both? There is a great charm, and also a not small lesson, in the way in which Latin, not too classically treated, adapts itself to modern measures: and for my part I wish that Kynaston, instead of stopping at the second book, had come not only to the surrender of Cressid but the lament of Troilus.

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[1] Hazlitt quotes a reprint of four years later (1646) than the original (which is itself not in the Bodleian) as sold sixty years ago for £4 15*s*. 0*d*. The actual copy of the 1642 issue which is reproduced here I owe to the extreme kindness of Professor Firth, who lent it to me for the purpose, from his remarkable collection of books of this period.

[2] Francis Kynaston, or Kinaston, was born at Oteley in Shropshire as early as 1587; matriculated at Oriel in 1601; took his B.A. from its satellite St. Mary Hall in 1604; transferred himself to Cambridge, and took his M.A. from Trinity there in 1609; was reincorporated at Oxford two years later; was knighted in 1618; sat in Parliament for his native county from 1621; was proctor at Cambridge in 1635; and died in 1642.

[3] From the brief note of Professor Skeat in his *Chaucer*, vol. ii, p. lxxviii (Oxford, 1894).

[4] A fairly full account of this will be found, with numerous quotations, in the *Retrospective Review*, xii. 106 sq.

[5] I do not think this version of the famous 'If no love is' so contemptible.

In the very same year—1635—with this, he had embarked on a still more ambitious, and a much more costly enterprise by starting, in his own house in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, a private but chartered Academy or *Museum Minervae*, in which he and certain of his friends were Professors, which aimed at scientific as well as literary study, which was actually visited[1] by the two young princes (afterwards Charles and James the Second) and their sister Mary (afterwards Princess of Orange); and which seems to have continued in some sort of working order till he died, at a time when England began to trouble itself with worse things than Academies. This institution—so odd-looking now, so normal in its abnormality at the time between Bacon and Cowley, between the institution of the French Academy and of the English Royal Society—Kynaston seems to have taken very seriously, assuring the elder Universities (with one of which *v. sup.* he was at the moment officially connected) that no offensive rivalry was intended.

His English poems were not published till 1642, the year of his death, though the Imprimatur at the end of *Cynthiades* is dated a year earlier. Ellis gave two of these shorter things[2], both beautiful, in his *Specimens*, but with no critical remarks either upon them or upon the romance. The *Retrospective Reviewer* does not seem to have taken the trouble even to glance at *Leoline* or the *Cynthia* poems, dismissing the former with 'which Peck commends': and Sir Egerton Brydges in the *Censura Literaria*[3], justly calling Ellis's excerpts 'exquisite,' adding another, and giving an account of *Leoline*, supplies hardly any criticism, and never seems to have thought of adding, to his reprints of Hall and Stanley, Kynaston, whose poetical attraction is perhaps above that of the first and scarcely inferior to that of the second. Singer, at least in his more pudibund moods such as that in which he edited Marmion, would hardly have been likely even to attempt *Leoline and Sydanis*. So that this President of the Museum of Minerva and past master (despite his disclaimers in the overture) in the arts of her lovelier sister, has been left for us, almost unmeddled with.

There is, in fact, a certain amount of what is called 'loose' and 'free' handling in this Heroic Poem: and the looseness and freedom are not quite atoned for by the passionate beauty (not to say of *Venus and Adonis*) of such poems as *Britain's Ida:* though it is clear from the *Cynthia* pieces that Kynaston could have achieved this had he chosen. The defect, however, is not without its compensating interest. Of its very nature the kind lent itself to burlesque, as the Italians had seen and shown: and though *Leoline and Sydanis* is serious in the main, it is quite obvious that Kynaston has sometimes dropped, and only fair to him to conclude that he has dropped purposely, into passages at least of that mock-heroic which has always indulged itself in a certain 'breadth' of treatment. And after all there is no hanging matter in his licences of fancy and language.

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[1] Kynaston wrote for this occasion, and published, a masque entitled *Corona Minervae*.

[2] '*Do not conceal*' and '*April is past*.'

[3] ii. 333.

On the other hand, there is in *Leoline and Sydanis* much matter not for hanging but for crowning: while the *Cynthiades* are full of the special nectar of the period. The longer poem is said vaguely to be 'founded on the legendary history of Wales and Ireland' [Erinland in the poem], a point on which my extremely limited knowledge of the matter prevents me from giving any information or opinion. It is at any rate certain that any one, tolerably acquainted with romances, could have written it without knowing one item of the legendary history either of Ireland or Wales. The lovers, he the son of a king, she the daughter of a duke, are united at the very beginning—an exceptional, but not so very exceptional start—and defrauded of their union by a wicked French marquis (whose offensive name shows true English animus). Sydanis, who is falsely thought to have murdered her husband, escapes to Ireland, and is established, disguised as a boy (here the favourite seventeenth century touch imitated from Viola through Bellario comes in), as page to the Princess Mellefant under the name of Amanthis. Leoline also comes to Ireland and falls in love (thinking Sydanis dead) with Mellefant. He conducts his wooing through Amanthis, who turns it to her own advantage, and substitutes herself for the Princess. He discovers his mistake after a sufficient amount of confusion and knightly adventure: and all ends happily.

The grave and precise may be shocked at the freedom of treatment above referred to: and another class of critics may be as much or more offended by the oscillation between the serious and the comic, and the occasional flatness and bathos to which it partly leads. But Kynaston tells his story by no means ill[1]: and for all the affectation of nonchalance and something more which appears here, and in the Preface of *Cynthia* (a nonchalance which reminds us of Suckling, and which was to degenerate into something much worse in the next generation), shows that he is the same as the Cynthia-poet after all. I have barred myself citation: but if the reader will turn to the pages where Amanthis fears she has overreached herself, I am much mistaken if he will not find there some real passion, and what is more, some real delicacy. Indeed she—or rather Sydanis—is quite a nice girl—much too good for Leoline: and her proceeding, though in line with that of Helena in *All's Well that Ends Well*, seems to me to escape, almost if not altogether, the taint which hangs upon that of Shakespeare's only disagreeable heroine[1].

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[1] It runs very much more clearly than most of the Heroic plots. The weak point is the author's neglect to give a more plausible air (1) to Sydanis's continued concealment of herself when she is almost discovered by Leoline; (2) to her fabrication of a compromising statement against herself in connexion with the rascally Marquis; (3) to her extraordinarily rash handing over of the ring, when she has got it, to her rival. All these no doubt add to the interest of the story; and what is more, they could all be explained consistently with it; but Kynaston does not take the trouble to explain them. However, since similar lapses are common in the abundantly practised, and almost veteran, drama of the period, it is not wonderful that they should appear in the comparatively experimental and infantine narrative.

Kynaston's diction is, like his general *faire*, a little mixed: but on the whole it is Spenserian with a fresh dose of Chaucerisms, suiting his selection of the rhyme-royal as his stanza. He does not manage this consummately as a rule, but he manages it fairly: and though he never quite gets out of it its unrivalled powers of 'plangency,' or its full comic (at least burlesque) force, he makes of it a fluent and easy medium.

If, however, it were not for the *Cynthiades*, Kynaston would be chiefly interesting as a contributor, rather good than bad, to that corpus of 'Heroic' poetry of which we spoke in the general introduction, and for his Chaucerism. But 'Cynthia' is here regent of a choir which, with a few ugly exceptions, is worthy even of her name. An excellent judge, and one than whom none is less tainted with any drop of the blood of Philistia, expressed to me a slight fear that the length and solidity of the two poems which opened our first volume and made up some two-thirds of its substance, would appear to the general reader what in his lighter moods that reader himself calls 'stodgy.' I fear I have again dared this result by opening the present with another 'long' though a short-long poem. But most of its constituents will more than make up for this: and Kynaston, I think, does not ill deserve—considering his merit and his long occultation—to lead the way in this respect. He has, almost to the full, that intense *poignancy*, that ever-repeated pang of peculiar pleasure, which these poets give to the true lover of poetry, and which is hardly given by any others. And it is curious how in his masterpieces—those given (one imperfectly) by Ellis, that[2] added by Sir Egerton, and others—his favourite and most successful method of exhibiting this pang is that of *expostulation*, of negative imploring and deprecation, of as it were enumerating the blessings and the delights which his mistress can give, and spicing the enumeration with fear that she will *not* give them.

> Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,
> The star-light of serenest skies,

---

[1] Both have the excuses, first of legal and ecclesiastical right, and secondly of the legal and ecclesiastical importance attached to consummation. But Helena knows that Bertram would not knowingly have touched her: while Sydanis has Leoline's assurance of love and regret.

[2] The 'Dear Cynthia' cited *inf.*

and so forth, he cries in this poem—

> April is past: then do not shed,
> Nor do not waste in vain
> Upon the mother's earthy bed
> Thy tears of silver rain.

in another. Or hear him in a third entreat

> Dear Cynthia, thou that bearest the name
> Of the pale queen of Night,

not to change as her namesake changes. To me at least this shadow of anxiety, this nervous realization of the exquisite possibilities and the envious probability that may frustrate them, has an extraordinary charm. It is of course in itself fanciful, metaphysical, conceited, decadent, what you will: but it is intensely and essentially poetic. It is, in fact, only another form of that famous Renaissance mixture of the yew and the roses of Love and Death, which is the secret of Donne, and of many another singer: but it wears this mixed wreath with a sufficient difference. 'Morbid' if you like: 'false wit' if you like : 'insincere' if you like: 'ornament without substance' if you like: many other opprobrious epithets and phrases may be thrown at it. But they will all wither very soon: and the poetry at which they are flung will abide, and be ready to administer the sting of beauty, the 'faradization' of the imaginative-voluptuous, the *vis superba formae* in this particular variety, to the fit recipient, whensoever he presents himself[1].

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[1] The spelling of the original is rather modern for its date, the chief variations from norm, themselves most irregularly observed, being unnecessary final l's and e's, italic proper names, and initial capitals. But there is one peculiarity which is so much more uniform than in other cases that I have thought it desirable to retain it, and that is the use of the short *t* form in participles, so fondly dear to Tennyson and others. Kynaston is also constant to 'bin' in places where an over-ingenious excuse which occurred to me (*v. inf.*) will not hold: so this also is kept. The text is so utterly virgin of editing that I have ventured to make the notes rather fuller than elsewhere.—I may perhaps add that, while these pages were in the press, I was able to secure a copy of Kynaston's *Troilus*. I shall not say with 'Ed. Foulis Equitis et Baronetti filius Coll. Om. An. Socius' that 'none sees Chaucer but in Kinaston.' But I have found Chaucer by no means too much disfigured in Kynaston, and I do not think that Kynaston 'lost his Latin' upon Chaucer.

To the Reader

AN Epistle before a Book is as ordinary as a Bush before a Tavern, and as unnecessary if either the wine or the book be good: The Author would have written a Dedicatory[1] if he had known to whom; for the candid intelligent buyer, or reader of his book, there needs no compliment[2]: to the ignorant or malevolent he cannot descend so low as to use any. He therefore instead of an Epistle prefixes an Apology for the buyers of his book[3], and not the readers of freecost: first, for that he having by him many pieces of real and solid learning ready written for the press, he exposes this toy and trifle to the world's view and censure: next, that he being old[4] and stricken in years, doth write of love and such idle devices. For the first, he observes that Ballads, and twelvepenny Pamphlets, are a more current commodity than books of a greater bulk and better note, and like light French stuffs, are sooner bought than cloth of Gold or Tissue, which is not for every one's wearing: for the second, he considering that many elder men than he do wear lovelocks and fancies, he entering into his second and worst childhood may of course be excused, if as in his first he was taken with hobby-horses, rattles, and babies: so like old men, who do but *Clariùs ineptire*, he dotes[5] upon women and beauties, and such things, of which they can commonly make little or no use. It is very true, that a lady's beauty, with whom he was scarcely acquainted, begot these lighter fancies in his head, with whom if he had been really in love, perhaps he would have written more and better lines. It may be said of him, that *Agnoscit veteris vestigia flammae*, but those fires are now rak'd up in embers, his *Couvre-feu* Bell being already rung: since he that writ these lines could have writ worse, these perhaps may please some courteous[6] favourable judgements, to whom only he presents and recommends them.

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[1] 'Dedicatory' without 'epistle' occurs even in Milton, and might well have been kept.

[2] Orig. 'compl*e*ment,' which would make sense, but is probably not meant.

[3] A good instance of the futility of keeping spelling. 'Book' here, 'book*e*' above.

[4] He was only fifty-five; but his death was actually at hand.

[5] Orig. 'dote.'

[6] Orig. 'curteous.'

LEOLINE AND SYDANIS

A Romance of the
Amorous Adventures of Princes

STANZA I

Fortunes of Kings, enamour'd Princes' loves,
Who erst from Royal ancestors did spring,
Is the high subject that incites and moves
My lowly voice in lofty notes to sing
Of Leoline, son to a mighty King,
And of a Princess, Sydanis the fair,
Who were the world's incomparable pair.

II

You learned Sisters of the Thespian well,
That sweetly sing to young Apollo's lyre,
That on Parnassus' forkèd top do dwell,
And Poets with prophetic rage inspire;
Accept my humble Muse into your Quire,
My labouring breast with noble raptures fill,
And on my lines Castalian drops distill.

III

Your aid I need in this great enterprise,
Be you my guides, and give direction,
For all too weak are my abilities
To bring this Poem to perfection;
Let each Muse of her part then make election,
And while of Love Clio sings loud and clear,
Melpomene the tragic base must bear.

IV

And be not absent thou, all-puissant Love,
Thy favour I implore above the rest,
Thou wilt my best enthusiasms prove,
If with thy flames thou warm my trembling breast;
And though among thy servants I am least,
Yet thy high raptures may sublime my fame,
And blow my spark up to a glorious flame.

V

For without thee impossible it is,
Of lovers' joys, or passions to endite:
He needs of feats of arms must speak amiss,
That ne'er saw battle, nor knew how to fight,
Then how may I of lovers say aright,

24 enthusiasms] Orig. 'enthousiasmes.'

Or feelingly discourse of them, unless
Myself had known some joy, and some distress.

VI

Therefore since I for each true lover's sake,
And for the advancement of true love's affairs,
Am ready prest this task to undertake;
Assist me, all Love's servants, with your prayers,
That neither cold old age, with snowy hairs,
May cool or quench that pure aethereal fire.
With which youth's heat did once my soul inspire.

VII

And since, for every purpose under Sun,
There is a time and opportunity,
Pray that this work of mine may be begun
When as there be aspects of unity
'Twixt Mars and Venus, and a clear immunity
From frosty Saturn's dismal dire aspect,
And every Planet in his course direct.

VIII

When Mercury, Lord of the hour and day,
Shall in his house diurnal potent be,
Not slow, nor yet combust: then also pray
He may be in a fortunate degree,
And in no dark void Azimen, that he,
Conjoined with Sol, in the tenth house, may thence
Infuse invention, wit and eloquence.

IX

That so each love-sick heart, and amorous mind,
That shall this Romance read, remarking it,
May remedy, or some such passage find
As him, or her, in the right vein may hit.
And now having thus pray'd, I think it fit,
That you no longer should the story miss,
Of Leoline and beauteous Sydanis.

X

Before proud Rome's victorious legions knew
The Britains, by blue Neptune's arm divided
From the whole world, before they did subdue
The Island Albion, when as Consuls guided
Their Commonwealth, by whom it was decided
What tribute was impos'd on every State,
Tradition and old Annals thus relate.

---

38 prest] Not 'pressed,' but a duplicate of 'ready,' 'prompt.'

46, 47 'Immunity' and 'unity,' like 'election' and 'perfection' above, exhibit that licence of what we may call 'rhyme length' which is so common in Wyatt, and which even Spenser does not relinquish. It is not a beauty—but sometimes almost a 'beauty-*spot*.'

55 Azimen] Kynaston is as Chaucerian in his faithfulness to astrology as in other things. But Azi*men* is not in Chaucer.

65 Britains] Orig. 'Brittains.' K. *might* mean this as = 'Britanni*as*' : but the phrase is in favour of 'Britann*os*,' and 'Britons.' And so *inf.*

XI

On the Virgivian Ocean's foaming shore,
Down at the mountain Snowdon's rocky foot,
Whose cloud-bound head with mists is ever hoar,
So high, the sight can scarcely reach unto't,
Against whose brows the forkèd lightning shoot,
A stately Castle stood, whilome the seat
Of th'old Britains' King, Arvon the great.

XII

This King upon Beumaris, his fair Queen,
Begot a Prince, whose name was Leoline,
In whom so many graceful parts were seen,
As if the Heavens and Nature did combine
To make a face and personage divine,
For Jove and Venus I imagine were
Conjoinèd in his horoscope yfere.

XIII

By whose benign and powerful influence,
Which governs our affections here below,
And in Love's actions hath pre-eminence,
Prince Leoline incited was to go
(His Fortune and the gods would have it so)
To a fair city, in those days much fam'd,
Which from Duke Leon, Carleon was nam'd.

XIV

This city was not only celebrated
For riches brought by sea from all the West,
But for a Temple (as shall be related)
To Venus, unto whom a solemn feast
Was yearly made, to which the worthiest best
Of Knights and Ladies came, and who did come,
If not before, from it went Lovers home.

XV

And so unto this Prince it did befall,
Who viewing of those Ladies did repair
As votaries to this great festival;
He was aware of Sydanis the fair,
Duke Leon's only daughter, and his heir,
Who off'ring sacrifice at Venus' shrine,
Did seem the goddess to Prince Leoline.

XVI

More lovely fair she was than can be told,
So glorious and resplendent her array,
Her tresses flow'd like waves of liquid gold,
Burnisht by rising Titan's morning ray,

---

75 lightning] *sic* in orig. It may be either a misprint or intended as plural.

77 th'old] Here is another instance of the mania for elision and 'apostrophation,' in spite of the fact that the full syllabic value of 'the' is indispensable metrically.

87 yfere] = 'together,' Chaucerian and Lydgatian.

100 did] = '*that* did.'

From her eyes broke the early dawning day:
A coral portal plac'd above her chin,
Inclos'd a bed of orient pearl within.

XVII

A carquenet her neck encircled round
Of ballast rubies, cut in form of hearts,
Which were with true-love knots together bound,
Of gold enamel'd, pierct with Cupid's darts,
From which small pendants by the workman's arts
Were made, which on her naked skin did show
Like drops of blood new fallen upon the snow.

XVIII

More of her beauties will I not relate,
Of which the young Prince was enamourèd,
It was the Gods' decree, and will of Fate,
Prince Leoline fair Sydanis should wed,
And both be joinèd in one nuptial bed:
Nor speak I of their marriage royalties,
Which were as great as man's wit could devise.

XIX

The tiltings, jousts, and tournaments by day,
The masques and revels on the wedding night,
The songs to which prophetic Bards did play,
With many other objects of delight,
(All which this History embellish might,)
I will omit, since eachwhere of that kind
You may in books frequent descriptions find.

XX

For in this match the Fates seem'd to portend
Millions of joys, myriads of happy hours,
That on their heads and beds there might descend
All blessings that come down from heavenly powers,
No Star malignant on their nuptials lowers,
For Hymen all his virgin torches lighted,
When first these princely lovers' troths were plighted.

XXI

But O false world! O wretched state unstable
Of mortal men! O frail condition!
O bliss more vain than any dream, or fable!
O brittle joy, even lost in the fruition!
O doubtful truth! O certain true suspicion!
O bitter-sweetest love, that let'st us know,
That first or last thou never wantest woe!

XXII

For if there be no lets in the obtaining
Of a man's honour'd mistress, and her love,

---

113 carquenet] This form of the more common and correct 'carcanet' seems worth keeping, as well as 'ballast' for 'balas' in the next line. The latter at least may come from a real confusion as to the meaning and etymology.

133 frequent] The adjective with the verbal accent.

Yet still there are crosses enough remaining,
Which neither force nor foresight can remove,
That to his joys a sad allay will prove,
And make him know it is a truth confest,
That no one thing on every side is blest.

XXIII

But to the matter shortly now to go,
That day the Prince did wed his beauteous bride,
As then the custom was, he did bestow
Rich scarfs, and points, and many things beside,
Which in fine curious knots were knit and tied;
And as his royal favours, worn by those
Whom he to grace his princely nuptials chose.

XXIV

Favours are oft, unhappily, by chance
Bestow'd: for 'mongst those courtiers that did wear
The Prince's points, a Marquess was of France,
Who for some heinous fact he had done there,
Hang'd in effigie, fled from France for fear,
And so for refuge to Carleon came,
Monsieur Marquis Jean Foutre was his name.

XXV

Who though he had a farinee face,
Thereto a bedstaff leg, and a splay foot,
By angry nature made in man's disgrace,
Which no long slop, nor any ruffled boot
Could mend, or hide, for why, they could not do't,
Though his mouth were a wide world without end,
His shape so ugly, as no art could mend—

XXVI

Although his weatherwise autumnal joints,
As if they wanted Nature's ligaments,
Did hang together, as if tied by points,
Though most deformèd were his lineaments;
Yet fouler was his mind, and base intents,
His matchless impudence, which appear'd in this,
That he made love to beauteous Sydanis.

XXVII

So by the canker-worm the fragrant rose
Is tainted: so the serene wholesome air
By black contagion, pestilential grows,
As she by this base wretch, who thought to impair
The chastity of one so matchless fair;

---

166 effigie] The Latin form and case doubtless meant.

168 The offensiveness of this nomenclature and description may be noted.

169 farinee] The full syllabic value of the French kept. I do not know where else it occurs for 'powdered' or 'meal-*coloured*.'

172 slop] Remember that this word for long, loose *trousers*, not as sometimes = 'frock,' is specially noted as French in Shakespeare (*R. & J.* II. iv).

176 The 'weatherwise autumnal joint,' if not in the highest degree poetical, is all too certainly an acute and acutely phrased criticism of life.

But his foul base intents being once detected,
Were with all scorn and just disdain rejected.

XXVIII

In dire revenge thereof, that day the bands
Were made between Prince Leoline and his bride;
As the Arch-flamen joinèd had their hands,
And made them one, which no man ought divide,
Upon the Prince's point this caitiff tied
A magic knot, and mutterèd a spell,
Which had an energetic force from hell.

XXIX

For by it was he maleficiated,
And quite depriv'd of all ability
To use a woman, as shall be related,
For Nature felt an imbecility,
Extinguishing in him virility:
The sad events whereof to set before ye,
Is as the dire Praeludium to our story.

XXX

Now at that instant the Prince felt no change,
When as the charm was spoke, nor alteration
Within his mind or body; for so strange
Was the effect of the said incantation,
As that it wrought in him no perturbation.
But woe is me! the damnèd hellish spite
Was first discern'd upon the wedding night.

XXXI

For then this princely couple being laid
Together in their hymenaeal bed,
And prayers to all the nuptial gods being said,
To Domiduca, that her home had led:
To Virginalis, that her maidenhead
Might without pain be lost, and suddenly,
To Subiga, that she might quiet lie.

XXXII

And lastly, that Pertunda by her power
The Princess would endue with fruitfulness,
That she would still make fortunate the hour
Of her conception, and her labour bless,
Preventing all abortion, barrenness.
And now, all these devotions being said,
The Bride no longer was to be a Maid.

---

197 maleficiated] The correct technical expression. K. has also some justification in making a Frenchman select the form of magic malice for which *nouer l'aiguillette* is the best-known phrase.

218 Pertunda] This is the proper form for this member of the group of nuptial semi-divinities. But orig. has 'P*a*rtunda,' and K.'s assignment of her duty looks as if he confused her with 'Partula,' another of the bevy.

XXXIII

But though the Prince enjoy'd all sweets of sense,
Her rosy lips, which with sweet dew did melt,
And suckt her breath, sweet as their quintessence,
Which like to aromatic incense smelt,
Though he her dainty virgin beauties felt,
Embracing of soft ivory and warm snow,
Arriv'd at her Hesperides below:

XXXIV

Though Venus in Love's wars hath domination,
Sworn enemy to every maidenhead,
And sovereign of the acts of generation,
Whose skirmishes are fought in the field-bed,
Although her son a troop of Cupids led;
Yet thus much had the dismal charm effected,
As Venus' standard might not be erected.

XXXV

For when no dalliance nor provocation
That weak opiniator part could raise;
Which Fancy and a strong imagination,
Rather than a man's will or reason sways,
Which rebel-like it ever disobeys;
The Prince's heart with shame and rage was fill'd,
That willingly himself he could have kill'd.

XXXVI

For on a sudden he left off to'embrace
And kiss his lovely, and yet maiden bride;
And with a sigh he turn'd away his face
From her, and lying on the other side,
Under the sheet his face did eftsoons hide.
At which the princely Lady, much dismay'd,
After a while, with tears thus to him said:

XXXVII

'Dear Lord, if that a maid, whose innocence
Is such and so great, as she doth not know
How to commit a fault, or give offence
Towards you, to whom her best love she doth owe;
Nor yet the cause why you are alter'd so,
That on the sudden thus you do restrain
Your favours, turning love into disdain—

XXXVIII

You made me to believe, when you did woo,
That I was fair, and had some loveliness:
But ah, my beauties were too mean for you,
Or your esteem of them, I must confess;
Yet in a moment they could not grow less.
But woe is me, for now I plainly see,
That the world and my glass have flatter'd me.

XXXIX

For with the pleasures that you have enjoy'd,
As the chaste pledges of my nuptial bed,
Your appetite had not so soon been cloy'd,
Nor you on them so soon had surfeited,
Which have (it seems) a loathing in you bred:
By which I find, that human fond desire
Is like the lightning, at once cloud and fire.

XL

I cannot think, but that I do molest
Your Highness, who are us'd to lie alone,
I must not be the cause of your unrest,
And therefore crave your leave I may be gone,
And leave the bed wholly to be your own:
Only vouchsafe this case unto my sorrow,
That I may sit by you, until to-morrow.

XLI

For I will watch, and to the gods will pray,
And to your Angel tutelar, to keep
Your person, and from you to drive away
All thoughts and dreams of me, whenas you sleep.'
And with that word she bitterly did weep:
Who, as she was arising from his side,
Holding her down, thus Leoline replied:

XLII

'Most divine Princely Sweetness, do not waste
That precious odoriferous breath of yours
In vain, nor fruitlessly away it cast,
Whose scent excels all essences of flowers:
For could you sin against the heavenly powers,
Or could you do a thing that might displease them,
The incense of your breath would soon appease them.

XLIII

O be not of a breath then so profuse,
Can purify the air from all infection:
Nor yet profane it so, as to accuse
Yourself, of all rare beauties the perfection;
Of whom the gods themselves have made election,
To print their forms on, to let mortals see
What their Angel-like shapes and beauties be.

XLIV

Yet, dearest Lady, do not think it strange,
That though you are a paradise of bliss,
You are the cause of this my sudden change;
For why, some god of you enamour'd is,
And makes of me a metamorphosis:
For vent'ring to enjoy what is his own,
I find myself already turning stone.

XLV
Or you a goddess are, whose Deity
Till now I knew not; as Diana chaste,
Whose sacred heavenly sweets, without impiety,
By no man can be wantonly embrac't;
And therefore a just punishment is cast
On my presumption, which was so much more,
To touch you, whom I rather should adore.

XLVI
And therefore by your bed, as by a shrine,
I'll kneel, as penitent for my offence,
In my affecting of a thing divine,
Since you an object are, whose excellence
Is so exalted above human sense,
As like the Sun, it rather doth destroy
Sensation, than permit me to enjoy.

XLVII
Which though I do not, yet you still shall find,
There is no want of love in me, no more
Than want of beauty in your heavenly mind,
Which I religiously shall still adore:
And though I as a husband lov'd before,
I'll turn Platonic lover, and admire
Your virtue's height, to which none can aspire.'

XLVIII
With sighs, and such-like words, these Princes spent
The wearisome and tedious night away;
Prince Leoline by this his compliment,
T' excuse his want of manhood did assay:
Thus sorrowing one by the other lay,
Till Lucifer the morning did disclose,
Which when they saw, they from their bed arose,

XLIX
And drest themselves before that any one
Knew of it, or their rising was descried.
Away went Leoline, and left alone
The comfortless and lovely maiden bride:
Now towards the hour of eight it did betide,
An ancient matron to their chamber came,
The Lady's Nurse, Merioneth was her name.

L
Who for the bridegroom had a cullis brought,
And of sweet richest Candian wine a quart,
To cheer his spirits up: for why, she thought
Prince Leoline might over-act his part,
In too much using Cupid's wanton dart;
But seeing the blear eyes of Sydanis,
Her heart misgave her, something was amiss.

LI

And by the Princess, as she trembling stands,
'Madam,' quoth she, 'what causes your unrest,
That you sit weeping thus, wringing your hands?
Doth Hymen thus begin your marriage feast?
Is this the love your bridegroom hath exprest?
To rise so early, leaving you alone,
With tears and sighs his absence to bemoan.'

LII

Hereat the Princess, raining from her eyes
A shower of orient pearl, richer than gold
Jove pour'd on Danaë, to her thus replies,
'Dear Nurse' (quoth she), 'my grief cannot be told,
Words are too weak my sorrows to unfold;
Nor do I know a reason that might move
My Lord to leave me, unless want of love.

LIII

Our feast of love (if any) was soon done;
So soon all worldly joys away do fleet,
Which oft are ended as soon as begun;
Each earthly pleasure being a bitter sweet.
Ah, Nurse, my Lord and I must never meet:
Yet pray him that he would not her despise,
Who from his side did a pure virgin rise.'

LIV

Hearing these words, Merioneth straight fell down,
Opprest with grief unspeakable, and woe,
For fear she well near fell into a swoune:
For the experienc't matron did well know
Much mischief would ensue, if it were so,
Or were a truth that Sydanis had said;
That lying with the Prince, she rose a maid.

LV

For that the ancient Britons then did use,
When any bridegroom did a maiden wed,
(A custom they received from the Jews,)
To bring some linens of the bridal bed,
To witness she had lost her maidenhead,
Without which testimony there was none
Believ'd to be a virgin, although one.

LVI

The wedding smock, or linens of the Bride,
The married couple's parents were to see;
Whereon, if any drops of blood they spied,
Rejoicing, they persuaded were, that she
Had not till then lost her virginity.
If on the linens nothing did appear,
The bride and bridegroom straight divorcèd were,

LVII

And she with shame unto her father sent,
As one, whose chastity had been defil'd,
And of her body was incontinent,
Or else in secret had a bastard child;
And so for ever was to be exil'd
From all pure virgins' company, whose name
No tongue of slander justly could defame.

LVIII

Now what to do in this hard doubtful case
The poor perplexèd matron did not know;
To tell the truth, would Leoline disgrace:
And since of force the linen she must show,
If it were best to counterfeit or no,
(To hinder the divorce) a mark or spot,
In sign the Prince her maidenhead had got.

LIX

Yet this imposture, if it were disclos'd,
It might beget both danger and disdain:
For why, Merioneth wisely presuppos'd,
Although to others she a thing might feign,
Yet to Prince Leoline it was but vain;
Who knowing his own frozen impotence,
Would soon suspect the Lady's innocence.

LX

Nor was there hope the thing could be conceal'd,
Since to King Arvon and Duke Leon's eyes
The truth of all things was to be reveal'd,
This being one of the solemnities.
Which show'd how much our ancestors did prize
A virgin's chastity; which approbation,
What maid declin'd, was lost in reputation.

LXI

Yet thus the Nurse resolv'd in this distress,
Since Sydanis for three days was t'abide
Within her chamber's close retiredness,
As was the custom then for every Bride,
Till they were past, nothing should be descried
In the meanwhile it was her resolution,
To try some powerful magical conclusion.

LXII

Which was, to give a philtre or love-potion,
That should not only cure frigidity,
But to that secret part give strength and motion,
Imparting heat unto it, and humidity.
Both this and many another quiddity
These credulous old women do believe,
And to effect such purposes do give.

---

432 quiddity] Though it *might* bear its proper sense of 'essential quality,' the word seems here used as = 'oddity.'

LXIII

Amongst high horrid rocks, whose rugged brows
Do threaten surly Neptune with their frown,
When he at them his foaming trident throws,
Beating his high-grown surging billows down;
An aged learned Druid liv'd, far known
For magic's skill, who in a lonely cell
As hermit, or an anchorite did dwell.

LXIV

Merioneth posting to this Druid's cave,
When of her coming she the cause had told,
The aged sire unto the matron gave
A liquor far more precious than gold,
Of which the secret virtue to unfold,
It would not only cause a strong erection,
But working on the mind, procure affection.

LXV

Believing this with joy, she back returns,
And privately to Sydanis she went,
Who in her chamber like a turtle mourns:
She fully told to her all her intent,
And that successful would be the event,
That Leoline those pleasures should enjoy,
The want of which had causèd her annoy.

LXVI

Although affection, which Art doth create,
Is nothing worth, and of true love no part,
But lust, which, satisfied, doth end in hate,
Yet Sydanis to palliate the smart,
Rather than cure the wound of her sad heart,
Since of two evils she the least might choose,
Her Nurse's counsel she will not refuse.

LXVII

Heaven's glorious lamp of light, that all day burn'd,
Was now extinguisht in the western seas;
To dens the beasts, to nests the birds return'd,
And night arising from th' Antipodes,
Summon'd men from their labours to take ease,
And drowsy sleep so soon as they repose
With her soft velvet hands their eyes doth close—

LXVIII

Whenas the Prince the second night did lie
By lovely Sydanis as yet a maid,
Again in Venus' wars such force to try.
But when that he with her in bed was laid,
And had (but all in vain) all means essay'd,
Finding that his virility was gone,
He grievously began to sigh and groan.

LXIX

The Princess hearing, mildly pray'd him tell
His cause of grief, that she might bear her part.
'Madam' (quoth Leoline), 'I am not well,
I feel a deadly pain about my heart:
Oh might it please the gods, Death's ebon dart
(Ere the approach of the next rising morrow)
Might free me from this world, and you from sorrow.

LXX

For while I live you'll be unfortunate,
And in sad discontentment will grow old,
For (oh my stars) such is my wretched fate,
I like a miser keep a heap of gold,
For no use else, but only to behold;
Possessing an unvalu'd treasure, which
Being put to use, the whole world would enrich.

LXXI

But now of ladies you most excellent,
Be pleas'd to hear and pardon what I say:
In wars to seek a death is my intent,
For ere the beams of the next morning's ray,
I from your dearest self must part away,
And when that I am dead you shall see clearly,
That (though I leave you) yet I lov'd you dearly.'

LXXII

What tongue can tell the grief of Sydanis,
When as Prince Leoline, without remorse,
Had given her his last sad parting kiss,
And death must them eternally divorce,
So that unless the magic potion's force,
The Prince's resolution did prevent,
She thought nought else could alter his intent.

LXXIII

Therefore with broken sighs and many a tear,
She as the Prince was ready for to rise,
To speak to him once more could not forbear,
Though to her words, grief utterance denies,
She show'ring down a deluge from her eyes
Which down her cheeks in silver rivers ran,
With no less modesty than grief began:

LXXIV

'My Lord' (quoth she), 'your will is a command,
And shall by me most humbly be obey'd;
Which, though I could, I ought not to withstand.
But yet be pleas'd to think, that you have laid
Upon the frailty of a silly maid
So insupportable a weight of woe,
As our weak sex it cannot undergo.

LXXV

Whate'er is writ of Grissel's patience,
Or Roman Martia's, when she lost her son,
(Whose grief was lessened by the eloquence
Of Seneca) by me would be outdone.
Nay, all those ladies that such fame have won
For manly fortitude, I should outvie,
Could I endure my sorrow and not die.

LXXVI

But that's impossible, it cannot be;
Since you, who are my soul's soul, who instead
Of longer animating it or me,
Will straight depart, leaving me doubly dead,
You from my soul, it from me being fled:
By which you shall a demonstration see,
Proving a human soul's mortality.

LXXVII

Now when, like dear departing friends, the soul
And body from each other are to part,
The learn'd physician seeming to control
Th' approach of death, some cordial gives by's art,
That for a while revives the dying part:
Here is a drink, which if you please to taste
And drink to me, your pledge shall be my last.'

LXXVIII

Prince Leoline, with sighs and sorrow dry,
Only to quench his thirst with it did think:
But having drunk it, he immediately
(Such was the force of the enchanted drink)
As one stark dead into his bed did sink;
Where senseless without motion he did lie,
As one new fallen into an ecstasy.

LXXIX

Th' amazed Princess thinking he was dead,
Opprest with grief, she suddenly fell down,
The spectacle such horror in her bred,
That with a shriek she fell into a swoune:
Which her Nurse hearing, and the cause unknown,
Unto the Prince's bedside ran in haste,
Being ignorant as yet of what had past:

LXXX

And finding how these princes speechless lay,
It was no time nor boot for to complain.
To bring them back to life she doth assay,
And first with Sydanis she taketh pain,
Who after much ado reverts again.
Which being done, they both together join
Their labours, to revive Prince Leoline.

LXXXI

But all in vain; for after that they two,
For his recovery all means had tried,
And finding at the last nothing would do,
They thought it would be death there to abide,
And therefore some disguise they would provide,
That friended by the darkness of the night,
They might the more securely take their flight.

LXXXII

A woman's wit, which in extremities
Is present, and upon the sudden best,
For Sydanis, a proper neat disguise
To her old Nurse's thoughts doth straight suggest,
Who forthwith went and openèd a chest,
In an out-room near where the pages lay,
One of whose suits she eftsoons brought away.

LXXXIII

In this neat, fit, and handsome page's suit,
No sooner was fair Sydanis array'd,
But as she more advisedly did view 't,
Upon the sudden she was much dismayed,
And of herself began to be afraid,
When on the hose before (a fashion then)
She saw a thing was only worn by men.

LXXXIV

A shape undecent made by tailor's art,
Of secrecies, which Nature bids us hide,
Which as a case seem'd of that privy part,
Great Julius Caesar cover'd when he died:
To look upon it she could not abide,
It did so much her modesty perplex,
As now she wish'd to change both clothes and sex.

LXXXV

And needs she would undress herself again,
Of that immodest habit to be rid;
But her old Nurse her purpose did restrain;
Besides, the present danger did forbid
That act, since no way else she could be hid:
The doing of it therefore she forbears,
Which vex'd her mind, more than secur'd her fears.

LXXXVI

Accoutred thus, and ready to be gone,
The Princess only for her Nurse doth stay:
Who without scruple instantly put on
The clothes Prince Leoline on 's wedding day
Had worn, and drest herself without delay:
Nor were the breech or codpiece to her view
Unpleasing, who so well the linings knew.

LXXXVII

And now as they were ready for to go,
The reverend Nurse by reason of her age,
Had counsell'd, and had orderèd things so,
She should be Lord, and Sydanis her Page.
Thus like two birds new got out of a cage,
To fly away with all speed they intend,
And to the Druid's cave their course to bend.

LXXXVIII

Yet before that the woful Sydanis
Could part away, she could it not forbear
On Leoline's cold lips to print a kiss,
And wash his face with many a briny tear:
By all the gods she solemnly did swear,
(For her excuse) she never once did think
That she had given to him a deadly drink.

LXXXIX

To clear herself, the poor officious Nurse
Strong argument and many reasons brought,
But what was bad before, is now much worse.
She of the magic potion takes a draught,
Which on her vital powers so strangely wrought,
That all the spirits from her heart were fled,
And she upon the floor fell down as dead.

XC

Th' affrighted Princess, that before might think
Her Lord might on an apoplexy die,
Or some apostume, now is sure, the drink
Was th' only cause of this mortality:
Griev'd for her Nurse's fond credulity,
Who drinking it, had made her griefs far more,
Doubling the sorrows that she had before.

XCI

No tongue of rhetorician can express
Her patience, which such mischiefs could abide:
Her perturbations only one may guess
Who in perpetual fear to be descried
Must without any company or guide,
Through solitude and darkness of the night,
Unto a place uncertain take her flight.

XCII

But she must go: for fear now bids her fly,
And to the Druid's Cave to post in haste,
And so to put her life in jeopardy,
Rather than to be sure to die at last.
Through desert rocks, and byways having past,
Her Genius not permitting her to stray,
She there arrivèd ere the break of day.

---

620 draught] Orig. 'drought,' which is rather too large a licence of eye-rhyme.
625 This use of 'on' is noteworthy. 631 rhetorician] Orig. 'Rhethorican.

XCIII

Ent'ring with trembling feet the horrid cave,
Morrogh the Druid to her did appear,
Like a ghost sitting in a dead man's grave
Or darksome vault: who did no sooner see her,
But beck'ning to the Princess to come near,
The awful silence of his cell he brake,
And in few words to Sydanis thus spake.

XCIV

'Thou lovely-seeming youth, who in disguise
Art come, and art not what thou seem'st in show,
As if thou couldst deceive my aged eyes,
Who both thee and thy cause of coming know;
Oh let no fond belief delude thee so,
As make thee think thou canst not be descried,
Or that from me thy secrets thou canst hide.

XCV

Thou art a hapless lady, lately wed
Unto Prince Leoline, whose wretched state
(Wanting the pleasures of thy marriage bed)
I could relieve, and would commiserate,
Wer't not for the inveterate just hate
I bear King Arvon, who me here confin'd
To live a wretch exil'd from all mankind.

XCVI

Therefore to be reveng'd upon his son,
For his unjust and cruel father's sake,
Know, Sydanis, that I the deed have done:
I did the deadly poisonous potion make
Which thou didst cause Prince Leoline to take;
For whose dire murder thou wilt be detected,
Since no one else but thee can be suspected.

XCVII

Nor is thy nurse, that came unto my cell
(Whose death as well as Leoline's doth grieve thee)
As now alive, the truth of things to tell:
There is but one way left now to relieve thee,
And therefore take the counsel that I give thee,
Fly straight beyond seas, for before sunrise,
Men will be here thy person to surprise.'

XCVIII

The Druid's words, like the death-boding notes
Of the night raven, or the ominous owl,
Sent from their dismal hollow-sounding throats;
Or like the noise of dogs by night, that howl
At the departing of a sick man's soul:
Such terror into Sydanis did strike,
As never tender lady felt the like.

673 cell] Oddly misprinted in orig. 'Nell.'

XCIX

What she should do, or whither she should go,
The poor distressèd Sydanis not knew,
If undescried she could take ship or no,
And thereupon what dangers might ensue;
Therefore with visage deadly pale of hue,
'O Druid, let me die at once,' she says;
'And not so often, and so many ways.

C

And here I'll die; thy cell shall be my grave:
Before thee all my misery shall end.
So as if any come into thy cave
And find me here, they may thee apprehend
And with wild horses thee in pieces rend:
Inflicting several deaths on thy each limb,
For murdering a Prince, and me in him.'

CI

As Sydanis these passionate words spake,
All ready was her nimble flickering ghost
Her body's beauteous mansion to forsake,
And towards the blest Elysian fields to post;
All sense of this world's miseries were lost:
Yet this her sad departure seem'd most sweet,
That there again she Leoline should meet.

CII

But now the Druid, who unto the height
Had wrought her grief, resolv'd to hold his hand,
And suddenly to alleviate that weight
Of woe opprest her, takes a frozen wand,
With which, and magic spells, he could command
The Furies, Fates, Nymphs, Furies, and what else
In the Sea's deeps, or Earth's dark bosom dwells.

Explicit pars prima.

CIII

Bright beauty's goddess, Aphrodite styl'd,
From whitest froth of the sea billows sprung,
O Jove's most lovely, best-beloved child,
Who evermore continuest fresh and young,
Assistant be to that which here is sung,
And guide my Muse, which now the land forsakes,
And to the stormy seas herself betakes.

---

704 Elysian] Orig. 'Elisium.'

713 The repetition of 'Furies' may be a mere oversight, or more probably a misprint in one case for 'Fairies.'

CIV

Sweet-singing Sirens, you who so enchant
The pilot and the list'ning mariner,
As the one's head, the other's hand doth want
Abilities the rudder for to steer,
Receive a beauty to you without peer,
That puts to sea, whose orient teeth and lips
Doth shed your coral, and your pearl eclipse.

CV

For now the Druid took her in his arms,
Which never yet so sweet a burthen bore,
Waving his rod with strange and hideous charms,
Whilest near the water he stood on the shore,
A spectacle appear'd ne'er seen before:
For Amphitrite, the great Queen of Seas,
Appear'd with twelve Sea-Nymphs, Nereides.

CVI

Here I should tell you how this glorious Queen
Sate in a chariot, no man's eye e'er saw
So rare a one; her robes were of sea-green,
Her coach four Hippopotami did draw,
Who fear'd no gust, nor tempests' angry flaw.
But to describe things now I cannot stand,
I haste to finish what I have in hand.

CVII

Three steps into the sea the Druid wading,
The sleeping Princess to the coach he heaves,
Who proud to be enricht with such a lading,
Her Amphitrite joyfully receives,
With whom old Morrogh such directions leaves
As needful were, whither, and in what sort
She should the beauteous Sydanis transport.

CVIII

Leaving the firth whereas black Durdwye's streams,
Swifter than shafts shot from the Russ's bow,
Do enter and invade King Neptune's reams,
Justling the surly waves when as they flow,
Under Hilbree's high craggy cliffs doth row,
The sea's fair Queen, whom Tritons do attend,
While towards the main sea she her course doth bend.

CIX

The sea-bred steeds so swiftly cut the main,
As that the sight of every land was lost,
But a glass being turn'd, they see again

---

744 'Heaves' is not a bad example of the way in which poetic phrase acquires grotesqueness for which the poet is not responsible.

748 whither] Orig. 'whether.'

750 Durdwye] = 'Dyfyrdwy' = Dee. I do not know whether 'firth' occurs earlier in strictly English literature. For 'ream[e]s' below cf. Fr. and M.E. *reaume*.

759 i.e. 'in an hour's time.'

The island Mona's solitary coast,
Who of her learnèd Bards may justly boast
In music, and in prophecies deep skill'd,
Who with sweet Englens all the world had fill'd.

CX

And as the sun arose, they did descry
The lofty cliffs of the high head of Hoth,
A rocky promontory, which doth lie
Near Erinland, white with sea-billows' froth.
Here Amphitrite (though exceeding loath)
Was by the Druid Morrogh's strict command,
Her dearest lovely charge to set on land.

CXI

But yet before such time she would do so,
She sends three Sea-Nymphs down into the deep,
To bring her up such treasures from below,
As under rocks the wealthy Sea-gods keep.
Now all this while was Sydanis asleep,
And dream't that she was in some tempest tost,
And ship-wrack't, she and all her goods were lost.

CXII

But dreams fall out by contraries; for why?
The Sea-Nymphs with more speed than can be told,
Returning, brought from Neptune's treasury
A large heap of a wreckèd Merchant's gold,
More than a page's pockets well could hold.
The second coral brought: the third, a piece
Of the sea's richest treasure, Ambergris.

CXIII

Last, the sea's Empress, for to testify
How much her love and bounty did abound,
A rope of orient pearl did straight untie,
Which thrice her ivory neck encircled round,
Such as in deepest southern seas are found,
These pearls she knit on Sydanis her wrist,
And having done, a thousand times her kist.

CXIV

Then raining tears upon her curlèd head,
Which was on Amphitrite's bosom laid,
She wept o'er Sydanis as she were dead:
So much sleep (death's resemblance) her dismayed,
As that a man that saw them would have said,

---

760 Mona's] It may be worth observing that the apostrophe is orig., showing that its absence elsewhere is of no importance.

763 Englens] = W. *englynion*, 'short poems.'

765 Is 'Hoth' for 'Howth' merely a rhyme-licence, or does it answer to pronunciation?

774 wealthy] Orig. 'whealthy.'

782 page's pockets] This may be just worth indicating as a representative touch of the mock-heroic noticed in Introd. Also see *infra*.

That once more there was really again
Venus, and in her lap Adonis slain.

CXV

The sad Nereides with mournful cheer,
Taking their leaves, do kiss her whitest hand,
Grieving to leave her, whom they held so dear.
And now as they approachèd near the strand,
Within some dozen steps of the dry land,
Down div'd the Hippopotami: the Queen,
Her chariot, horses, Nymphs, no more were seen.

CXVI

Fair Sydanis now left to swim or sink,
Ashore the surges of the billows threw;
Who therewith waking, verily did think,
That what she dream't had really bin true;
The manner of her coming she not knew,
But howsoever, although cold and wet,
She was right glad she was on dry land set.

CXVII

There not full half an hour she did abide,
Wond'ring how she such gold and pearl had got,
But by a fisherman she was espied,
Who saw her page's cloak and bonnet float
Upon the waves, and towards her with his boat
(Taking them up) all possible speed he makes,
And Sydanis into his skiff he takes.

CXVIII

Two leagues thence distant was a famous port
Of a great city, that Eplana hight,
Where Dermot King of Erin held his court,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight:
To whom the fisherman told in what plight
He on the shore a shipwreckt youth had found,
And how the rest o' th' passengers were drown'd.

CXIX

When as King Dermot Sydanis beheld,
It doubtful was whether his admiration
Of her rare face, which others all excell'd,
Was greater, or his tender sad compassion
Of her mishap, which gave to him occasion
His royal bounty tow'rds her to express,
And to relieve her wants in this distress.

---

798 Adonis] Remember that Sydanis was in page's garments.

809 I keep 'bin.' K. may have meant it as *shorter* than 'been.' (But see Introd.)

811-812 This final couplet of st. 116 shows, as others have done and will do, the risk of *unintended* comic effect in rhyme-royal.

821 E*p*lana] *Sic* in orig.

825 Here 'shipwreckt,' elsewhere 'wrackt.' As in the case of 'bin' and 'been' there may be reasons for this, so I do not 'standardize.'

CXX

Desiring therefore first to have her name,
She told him that her name Amanthis was,
Page to a British Prince, who as he came
For Erinland (such was his woful case)
Was drown'd, as he those stormy seas did pass,
And that except her page's only suit,
She was of means and all things destitute.

CXXI

The royal Dermot forthwith gave command,
She should have anything that he could grant.
And now because the King did understand,
His only princely daughter Mellefant,
Of such a page at that time stood in want,
He to her chamber did Amanthis send,
The high-born lovely Princess to attend.

CXXII

The fair attendant by King Dermot sent,
The noble Princess kindly doth receive,
Whose page-like and discreet deportement,
Was such as no one did her sex perceive.
Now as a page Amanthis we must leave,
With the fair Princess Mellefant to dwell,
And you shall hear what Leoline befell.

CXXIII

Dionea early rising in the dark,
Sets open wide the opal ports of day,
In night's black tinder putting out each spark,
That twinkling shone with a faint flaring ray,
And now Nyctimene was flown away,
To the dark covert of a hollow tree,
Unwilling Phoebus' brightest beams to see.

CXXIV

The glorious rays of the next morning's light,
Which from the eastern ocean arose,
The dismal deeds of the preceding night
To the world's view were ready to disclose:
And Night unable longer to oppose
Bright Phoebus, or such things in secret keep,
Down sinking div'd into the western deep.

---

840 And the gold and pearls? But if we are to indulge all such cavillings it will be necessary to ask how the former floated: which would be absurd.

850 'Deport*e*ment' must be kept *metr. grat.* It is probable that the word had not long been introduced from France, where, indeed, in the oldest forms the *e* seems to be absent, but where it existed in K.'s time.

855 Dion[a]ea] = Venus in her form of morning star. With the next line cf. Benlowes' 'opal-coloured dawns.' There are other obligations or communities of obligation between B. and K. which I leave to the reader.

859 *Nyctimene*, who, victim of her father's incestuous passion, was changed by Pallas to an owl.

864 night] Orig. by a clear misprint 'might.'

CXXV

The sun's swift coursers upwards making haste,
From his first house in the east horizon,
Had now two more supernal mansions past,
And to the entrance of the third were gone,
Ere any of these things in Court had known.
But when nor Prince, nor Princess did appear,
Each one admir'd why they not stirring were.

CXXVI

King Arvon and Duke Leon gave command,
A page should to the Prince's chamber go,
And instantly should let them understand,
If that Prince Leoline were well or no:
And why his rising he deferrèd so.
The page he went, and finding the door lockt,
Softly at first, then louder call'd and knockt.

CXXVII

But when within, no answer he could hear,
Nor voice of any one that to him spoke;
The page unto the King relates his fear,
Who straight commands that with a mighty stroke
Of iron bars the door should down be broke.
Which having done, and broken down the door,
A dismal sight lay on the chamber floor.

CXXVIII

For there the aged Nurse along was laid,
Cold and stretcht out, as one that were stark dead,
In all Prince Leoline's best clothes array'd.
Which sight not only fear, but wonder bred.
The King and Duke straight went unto the bed,
And opening the curtains, there alone
The Prince lay dead, but Princess there was none.

CXXIX

Tearing their hairs with lamentable groans,
These two sad parents' eyes with tears abound:
The King his son; Duke Leon he bemoans
His daughter's loss, who nowhere could be found.
Men search for her above and under ground,
But all in vain: for she (you heard) was gone
The night before to Erinland, unknown.

CXXX

The ports are stop't: they search each boat and bark,
Thinking that in some ship they might her find:
But that unlikely was, when as they mark
How that contrary blew the north-west wind,

---

873 Court] i.e. the *Welsh* Court to which we return.
876 Arvon] Orig. misprints 'Ar*n*on.'
884 spoke] Orig. 'sp*a*ke.'
CXXVII. l. 5 'door,' l. 6 'dore,' in orig. And there are people who want such spelling kept!

Yet this her absence to King Arvon's mind
Was evidence enough it could not be,
That any one had kill'd the Prince but she.

CXXXI

Now as before a storm, the clouded sky
Blackens and darkens, sullenly it lowers,
Ere that the dreadful thunderer from on high
Roars in the clouds, and on the earth down pours
Another dismal cataclysm of showers,
Even so King Arvon's countenance did betoken
A storm of words, which afterwards were spoken.

CXXXII

For in the word of an enragèd King,
(Whose fatal anger is assurèd death)
He vow'd he would upon Duke Leon bring
Confusion; for his sword he would unsheathe,
Which ne'er should be put up whil'st he had breath,
Until that he a just revenge should take,
For Sydanis his murderous daughter's sake.

CXXXIII

You must imagine more than shall be said,
Touching Duke Leon's grief and his reply,
Unto whose charge a Prince's death was laid,
Against all laws of hospitality:
He told King Arvon that he did defy
His threats, and being free from all offence,
He knew Heaven would protect his innocence.

CXXXIV

Leaving Carleon, back the King return'd
Unto Carnarvon castle, with intent,
That since that he and all his Court now mourn'd,
The Prince's body thither should be sent.
To lay him by his ancestors he meant,
Whose funeral should not be long deferr'd,
But he with all solemnity interr'd.

CXXXV

Among these troubles and distractions,
That 'twixt King Arvon and Duke Leon fell,
The caitiff Marquis Foutre, all whose actions
Were form'd by some infernal fiend in hell,
Had learn'd, there was a Druid that could tell
Men's fortunes, and whate'er they did demand,
Could give a resolution out of hand.

---

908 Ar*n*on (not 'Ar*u*on') is now habitually printed in orig.
915 showers] Orig. 'shores.'
941 Here 'Marqu*is*': formerly 'Marqu*ess*.'

CXXXVI
To Morrogh went this Foutre for to know
The place to which fair Sydanis was fled,
And whether that she living was or no:
If not, and that she certainly was dead,
He needs would know where she was burièd.
To whom the Druid with a countenance grave,
Waving his wand, this sudden answer gave:

CXXXVII
'Know, Frenchman, if to satisfy thy lust
Of that fair Lady, whom thou dost pursue,
Thou do intend, to Erinland thou must:
There thou may'st find her, and thy suit renew.'
But seeing that the wind contrary blew,
Foutre demanded, 'Hast thou not a kind
Of trick in magic for to sell a wind?'

CXXXVIII
'Yea,' quoth the Druid, 'ere thou hence depart,
That I am my Art's master thou shalt know,
And am no ignorant in magic art;
For knots that on thy handkercher I'll throw,
Untied shall cause that any wind shall blow,
Or strong or gently; and as thou dost please,
Shall waft thy ship or bark along the seas.'

CXXXIX
On Foutre's handkercher three knots he knits,
Which when he was at sea should be untied:
This done, forthwith the Druid's cell he quits,
And to the haven of Carleon hied,
Himself there of such shipping to provide,
As at that time the haven did afford,
Where having got a ship he went aboard.

CXL
Untying the first knot, the wind, whose blast
Was contrary unto his going out,
And blew ahead, now blew abaft as fast,
And was upon the sudden come about:
Which causèd all the mariners to doubt
That they had got a passenger, whose art
Had no relation to the seaman's chart.

CXLI
The second knot unknit the merry gales,
The vessel's linen wings her sails did spread,
Which having past the dangerous coast of Wales,
Was sailing now athwart the Holy-head.
The skippers, without sinking of their lead,
Upon a sudden now are come so nigh
To Erinland, that they it do descry.

---

963 'Handkercher' *is* worth keeping.

CXLII

Here Foutre was the third knot to untie,
Who thought he had the winds at his dispose.
But having loos'd that knot, immediately
So hideous a storm at sea arose,
As if each several wind that fiercely blows
From two and thirty points at sea, had met,
Contending who the sovereignty should get.

CXLIII

The mariners observing that the storm
From any natural cause proceeded not,
Noting withal the superstitious form
And manner of untying of the knot,
Which now this raging tempest had begot,
Ready to sink with every stormy blast,
Marquis Jean Foutre overboard they cast.

CXLIV

No sooner was the miscreant thrown in,
And in the bottom drown'd, but straight the seas
Were calm again, as if the wretch had bin
A sacrifice, their anger to appease,
So that it did the Fatal Sisters please
That he that tied one knot, in the conclusion,
Should by another come unto confusion.

CXLV

The mariners now with a prosperous blast,
Their sea-toss'd vessel towards Carleon guide,
Which there I leave, all dangers being past,
At anchor in the harbour safe to ride:
For I must tell what fortune did betide
Unto Prince Leoline, whose various fate
Makes the strange story that I shall relate.

CXLVI

Twice had pale Phoebe in her silver wain,
Drawn with fell dragons, rode her nightly round,
Since that the prince with his face bare had lain,
Within an open coffin yet unwound
In 's winding sheet, his hands and feet not bound,
That when a prince was dead all men might see
And know for certainty, that it was he.

CXLVII

Now the third night, which was the night before
The Prince's body was to be convey'd
Unto Carnarvon, there were half a score
Of knights and squires in mourning black array'd,
That watching by the Prince's body stay'd,

1025 Carnarvon] Orig. as often 'Carnarv*an*.'

Who being fore-wak't they could no longer keep
Their eyelids open, but fell all asleep.

CXLVIII

Just at the hour of night the Prince did take
The potion which the Druid did compose,
Out of dead sleep did Leoline awake,
And like a ghost out of the coffin rose,
Which erst his princely body did enclose:
For now the potion had no more a force
To make a living prince a seeming corse.

CXLIX

For it was but a soporiferous potion,
Made of cold nightshade's, gladials', poppies' juice,
Which for a while suppress all sense and motion,
And of his members took away the use,
By a narcotic power it did infuse,
Which could no longer work on Leoline
But till the Moon pass'd to another sign.

CL

Nor ought this to seem strange, since as we read,
Inhabitants of the cold frozen zone,
Call'd Leucomori, for six months seem dead;
For as for sense or motion they have none,
And so remain till Phoebus having gone
Through the six southern signs, salutes the Twins,
At which time yearly their new life begins.

CLI

But pass we this: The Prince in dead of night,
Finding that those that should have watcht him slept,
Took up the morter, by whose small dim light
He silently unto the chamber stept
Of an esquire, who all his wardrobe kept,
Whom he in all important things employ'd,
And most relied upon: his name was *Ffloyd.*

CLII

Coming now near, and waking the esquire,
Whose hair for fear began upright to stand,
Thinking he saw a ghost, but coming nigher,
The Prince upon him gently laid his hand,
And beck'ned as he silence would command;
Then putting on a suit he lately wore,
They both at midnight went to the sea shore.

1028 for*e*-wak't] (it should of course be 'for-waked') = 'worn out with waking,' is another of K.'s Chaucerisms.

1030 'At which' or 'when' is conversationally ellipsed between 'night' and 'the.'

1038 Gladi*a*ls] *sic.* in orig. Has any kind of gladiolus a narcotic or poisonous quality?

1046 Leucomori] Orig. 'Le*w*comori.'

1053 morter] for 'night-light' is again Chaucerian: but it survived both as a trade- and a household word till quite recently, though literature seems to have lost it.

CLIII

Who being now informèd by the way
Of all the accidents that had fallen out,
He durst no longer in Carleon stay;
Duke Leon's faithfulness he did misdoubt,
Who (as he did conceive) had gone about
To poison him, and would some plot contrive,
That might of life him utterly deprive.

CLIV

No sooner were they come, but there they found
(Even as they wisht) then ready to hoise sail
A vessel that for Erinland was bound,
They so far with the mariners prevail,
To take them in; of which they did not fail:
And now the wind so large was, that ere day,
The ship quite out of sight was flown away.

CLV

Prince Leoline being loath it should be known,
What either he, or his associate were,
Desir'd the skippers, that they two alone,
On the next coast or creek that did appear,
Row'd in their cock-boat, might be landed there.
The mariners accordingly it did,
And the meantime the ship at anchor rid.

CLVI

As they were ready for to set their feet
Upon dry land, and so to take their way,
Upon the shore a ghastly sight they meet,
For there Jean Foutre's drownèd body lay,
In the same clothes, and in the same array,
He on the Prince's wedding day had worn,
Whose face and hands fishes had eat and torn.

CLVII

The Prince approaching nearer for to view
The sea-drown'd carcass, which he had descried;
That it was Foutre, instantly he knew;
For on his breast his bridal point he spied,
Which Leoline forthwith took and untied,
Unwilling that the mariners should have
A thing he as his wedding favour gave.

CLVIII

The magic knot undone by fortune strange,
And by this sad and yet glad accident,
In Leoline did work a sudden change:
For though it was undone with no intent,
But such as hath bin said; yet the event
Was such, and did so happily succeed,
He from th' enchanted ligature was freed.

1081 skippers] The plural use of this, as = 'shipmen' generally, might have been noticed before.

CLIX

The jewels, gold, and silver that he found,
Among the seamen he distributed;
Who making of a poor hole in the ground,
Such as is made for felons being dead,
(Who by the highway-side are burièd)
Jean Foutre's body they stark naked strip,
Which done they back do row unto their ship.

CLX

Prince Leoline and his esquire Ffloyd
In Erinland being safely set on shore,
The better all suspicion to avoid,
Would not unto Eblana come, before
They had conceal'd themselves a week or more:
In the meantime they purpose to devise
A way how they might pass in some disguise.

CLXI

Which while they are contriving, you shall hear
King Arvon and Duke Leon's sad estate,
Who equally in grief engagèd were,
And equally did one another hate:
With swords they mean the business to debate,
And thereupon make preparation,
One for defence, the other for invasion.

CLXII

For when the servants that King Arvon sent,
Missing the body, all about had sought,
And could by no means find which way it went,
Returning to the King they nothing brought
But only this conjecture, that they thought
Duke Leon (on whom all the blame they lay)
Whilest they did sleep, had stolen the corpse away,

CLXIII

And buried it obscurely in some place,
Where never any one should find his grave.
Th' enragèd King resenting this disgrace,
And now perceiving that he might not have
His son alive, nor dead, he straightway gave
Commissions forth an army to assemble,
Should make Carleon's city walls to tremble.

CLXIV

'Tis hard to say, whether was greater grown,
King Arvon's anger, or Duke Leon's grief;
On whom those black aspersions were thrown,
First of a murderer, and then a thief:
His patience yet (exceeding all belief)
And fortitude, were greater than his wrongs,
Or the foul malice of all slanderous tongues.

CLXV

So now it hap't as Leon went alone
To Venus' temple, and at midnight pray'd,
Down in that very vault he heard one groan,
Wherein two nights before the Nurse was laid:
Then afterwards he heard a voice, which said,
'Oh when will it be day? When will the light
Disperse the darkness of this endless night?'

CLXVI

The Duke at first amazèd, recollects
His fear-dispersèd spirits, and before
That he would speak, he earnestly expects
To hear what the sad ghost would utter more:
Whom he perceivèd wept, and sighèd sore:
Which made him on it such compassion take,
As that forthwith the vault he open brake.

CLXVII

And bowing down into the grot, he said,
'If thou a soul leaving th' Elysian rest,
Art back return'd, whereas thy corpse is laid,
To bring some comfort to a Prince distrest,
And with all manner injuries opprest;
Then in the dead more mercy doth abound,
Than here among the living can be found.

CLXVIII

For thou wilt tell me whether bale or bliss
Be now the sad condition or glad state
Of my late dear deceasèd Sydanis,
And where and how she yielded to her fate:
All which, I pray thee, gentle ghost, relate,
And ease my heavy heart, opprest with grief,
Which among mortals can find no relief.'

CLXIX

Grief hath few words. Th' amazèd Nurse that heard
Duke Leon's words, and knew it was his voice;
Of the vault's darkness being much afear'd,
And the dead silence where there was no noise;
Not knowing if she wak't, or dream't, the choice
That she did make, was rather to conceal
Herself awhile, than anything reveal.

CLXX

And therefore that opinion to maintain,
And fancy in Duke Leon, of a ghost
From the Elysian shades return'd again,
And had now twice the Stygian ferry crost,
To seek that body it before had lost;
She in a piteous voice Duke Leon told,
As yet she might not anything unfold.

1165 'corps' in orig., as usual, and as late as Dryden.

CLXXI

For Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamant,
The three grim Judges of th' infernal Court,
Would not unto the ghosts a licence grant,
The secrets of the dark world to report;
But to their tombs they nightly must resort,
Till seven nights were past, and there must stay
Till the cock's crow before the break of day.

CLXXII

But if that he on the eighth night would come
About the hour of twelve, when ghosts appear,
And call upon her at the silent tomb,
Of all things he the certainty should hear
Where Leoline and his fair daughter were,
And be inform'd of everything he crav'd,
And what the Fates on leaves of steel had grav'd.

CLXXIII

The Duke expecting at that time no more,
Up from the vault he silently arose,
Forgetting now to shut the temple door,
Unto his palace back again he goes;
And now the Nurse ere that the first cock crows,
Stole from the vault, and in her winding sheet,
Went to a beldam's house in a by-street.

CLXXIV

Who being a lone woman, was most fit
To keep her close, and what she had design'd;
Unto whose trust herself she doth commit,
And told to the old beldam all her mind;
Intending that as soon as she could find
An opportunity, she would go thence
To Morrogh, to get more intelligence.

CLXXV

Through darkness of the third ensuing night,
To the learn'd Druid Morrogh's cell she went,
Clad like a soldier, in a buff coat dight,
With hat, sword, gorget. This habiliment
Her hostess the old beldam to her lent,
Whose husband being a soldier long before,
Under Duke Leon, in his lifetime wore.

CLXXVI

Attired thus in habit of a man,
When she before the reverend Druid came,
To counterfeit men's gesture she began:
And to appear that she was not the same
She was, she alterèd her voice and name,
Thinking that Morrogh knew not who she was,
But that she for a soldier well might pass.

CLXXVII

But he well knowing she did counterfeit,
And to delude his cunning had a mind,
Resolvèd her finenesses should be met,
And quitted back to her in their own kind:
'Soldier,' quoth he, 'I by my skill do find,
Prince Leoline and Sydanis are fled,
And Merioneth, her old nurse, is dead.

CLXXVIII

More of the Princes I cannot unfold;
But by my art I certainly do know,
That ere three days be past, thou shalt behold
Carleon city walls beleagured so,
That out of it alive there none shall go;
By famine brought to that extremity,
As that the Duke himself thereof would die.

CLXXIX

But such a horrid death I must prevent,
And for thou seem'st one of Duke Leon's guard,
Tell him that I to him by thee have sent
An amulet by chymic art prepar'd,
Whose virtue told, will purchase thy reward,
For if that one but touch his lips with it,
'Twill satisfy the hungry appetite.'

CLXXX

The skilful Druid gave no more direction,
Nor of the secret properties more spake,
Of the Epimenidial confection.
The seeming-soldier doth the present take,
And towards Carleon all post-haste doth make,
Intending that if possible she may,
She would be back before the break of day.

CLXXXI

But ere 'twas day, King Arvon's legions were
So far advanc'd, as that he sent a scout
To make discovery if the foe were near,
Or that there were any ambushment without.
Now as the swift vaunt-couriers rode about
As sentinel perdu, the Nurse they caught,
And to King Arvon instantly her brought.

1233 counterfeit] 'counterf*et*' as usual in orig.

1235 'fineness' in the sense of 'finesse,' must be rare.

1256 Epimenidial] This 'blessed word' (obviously misprinted 'Epim*i*n*e*dial' in orig.) must refer to the purification of Athens by Epimenides from the Cylonian plague.

1265 vaunt-couriers] 'Vant-curriers' in orig.

1266 Orig. 'sentinell perdue,' and indeed it would perhaps be better to supply the 'e' to 'sentinell' to make the regular Fr. phrase. But I do not know why K. used the singular.

CLXXXII

Who forthwith gave command she should be sent
Unto Carnarvon, and there should be cast
Into the deepest dungeon, to th' intent
That she in links of iron fettered fast,
Being hunger-starv'd to death, should breathe her last.
His angry doom is straight accomplishèd,
And to Carnarvon is Merioneth led;

CLXXXIII

Of all poor creatures most unfortunate:
For while that in the dungeon she did lie,
She with herself did oftentimes debate,
Whether was better, hunger-starv'd to die,
Or for to take the Druid's remedy,
'Twould but prolong her misery to use it,
And it was present death for to refuse it.

CLXXXIV

But here I leave her and King Arvon's host
Carleon city walls besieging round.
My tale must follow them, who having crost
The British seas, for Erinland were bound,
Where Leoline fair Sydanis hath found,
But so transform'd, as (though he did her see)
He little did suspect that it was she.

Explicit pars secunda.

CLXXXV

Latona's twins, bright Cynthia, and her brother,
Resplendent Phoebus, with his glorious rays
Had seven times given place to one another,
And fully had accomplisht seven days
Ere Leoline, through devious woods and ways,
Accompanied by Ffloyd as his consort,
Came to Eblana to King Dermot's court.

CLXXXVI

On the eighth day, sacred to Venus' name,
It fortunèd at court there was a feast
To welcome an Embassador that came
From Albion, which they two (among the rest)
Coming to see, like two French monsieurs drest,
They, noted to be strangers, were so grac't,
As next to the King's table to be plac't.

CLXXXVII

At midst whereof under a cloth of state,
To which one must by three degrees ascend,
In a rich chair the royal Dermot sate,
Th' Embassador and Princess at each end;
On Mellefant, Amanthis doth attend,
As cup-bearer, the while that she did dine,
And when she pleas'd to call, did bring her wine.

CLXXXVIII

Whenas six several courses serv'd had bin,
The royal dinner drawing towards an end,
A rich and sumptuous banquet was brought in,
Which did such kinds of sweetmeats comprehend,
As might with fruits of Paradise contend.
Of which the choicest and most excellent
The Princess to the seeming Frenchmen sent,

CLXXXIX

Giving her page Amanthis a command
To let them know, that if they did desire,
They should be brought to kiss King Dermot's hand.
Prince Leoline and Ffloyd, his faithful Squire,
These unexpected courtesies admire:
Which taking, they a low obeisance make,
Admiring the pure French Amanthis spake.

CXC

To whom Prince Leoline in French replied,
And told her, such an unexpected grace,
Their duties and affections so tied,
As that they all occasions would embrace,
To testify their service; and in case
They might receive such honour, that it would
Oblige them more than any favour could.

CXCI

The table taken from before the King,
And all the royal ceremonies ended,
Amanthis eftsoones did the strangers bring,
And told him that two French Lords there attended,
By Mellefant the Princess recommended,
To have the honour for to kiss his hands,
And to receive his Majesty's commands.

CXCII

King Dermot, full of royal courtesy,
Not only gave his hand, but more to grace 'em
Descended so below his Majesty,
As that he did in friendly wise embrace 'em,
Commanding his Lord Chamberlain to place 'em
In his own lodgings, that they might not want
Conveniency to wait on Mellefant.

1312 Remember that 'banquet' at this time means especially 'dessert.'

CXCIII

Whose hands they kissing with all reverence
The Princess doth them kindly entertain:
Now while the King had private conference
With the Embassador, the Prince did gain
An opportunity for to detain
The Princess in discourse: 'twixt him and her
Amanthis was the sweet interpreter.

CXCIV

Prince Leoline's discourses pleas'd so well
The Princess, that she oftentimes did send
To have him come, fine romances to tell,
To which she would so sweet attention lend,
As Dido-like she seemèd to depend
Upon his lip, and such delights did take,
She wisht to speak French only for his sake.

CXCV

But whatsoever by the Prince was said
Of love, or of adventures of that kind,
Must by Amanthis be interpreted,
Whose eyes the Prince's language could not blind,
For he was known, and how he stood inclin'd,
Nor was discreet Amanthis ignorant
That Leoline made love to Mellefant.

CXCVI

But to what end she could not yet discover:
For if to marry her was his intent,
It seem'd most strange that he should be a lover,
Who in love's actions was so impotent;
And if he were not so, then that content
Should Mellefant enjoy, and that delight
In Hymen's sports, which was Amanthis' right.

CXCVII

But ere a month was past, it fortun'd so,
The Princess Mellefant Amanthis sent
To the Prince Leoline, to let him know
And carry him this courtly compliment,
That if he pleas'd to ride abroad, she meant
(Since that the weather was so calm and fair)
To ride into the fields to take the air.

CXCVIII

Amanthis with this message being gone,
Prince Leoline was in his chamber found
Sitting upon his bedside all alone:
His countenance sad, his eyes fixt on the ground,
As if he did with careful thoughts abound:
But seeing of Amanthis, he acquir'd
A happiness that he had long desir'd.

1354 Here and elsewhere the value 'rōmănces' is noticeable.
1359 said] Orig. has the odd form 'se'd.'

CXCIX

For he now got an opportunity,
His mind unto Amanthis to disclose:
Whose message being told, immediately
The Prince began and said, 'Fair youth, suppose
I told a secret, might I not repose
So much in thee as never to reveal it,
But in thy faithful bosom to conceal it?'

CC

To whom Amanthis straight replied, 'You may
A privacy unto my trust commit,
Which if it touch the Princess any way,
Or King, to hide it were nor safe nor fit;
For in my duty I must utter it:
But if so be that it touch none of these,
You may securely tell me what you please.'

CCI

Quoth Leoline, 'That which I have to say
Concerns the Princess, but in such a kind,
As if that thou my counsel should'st bewray,
After that I have utter'd all my mind,
It may be I with thee no fault should find:
For say I should desire thee to prove,
Whether the Princess Mellefant could love.

CCII

My fortunes and my birth perchance may be
Greater than yet they seem; 'tis often seen,
Mean clothes do hide high-born nobility.
And though she be a Princess, nay a Queen,
Great Princesses have oft enamour'd been
Of gentlemen; so fortune did advance
Medor above the Paladins of France.

CCIII

And so Queen Clytemnestra, as we read,
Before King Agamemnon did prefer
And took into her royal nuptial bed
Aegisthus, her sweet-fac'd adulterer,
In birth and fortunes far unworthy her,
And so fair Helen did young Paris make
Her choice, and Menelaus did forsake.

CCIV

But these, thou'lt say, were precedents of lust,
And such as virtuous ladies should detest:
But what I seek is honourably just;
Which since I have committed to thy breast,

1414 Orig. 'Palladines.' It is morally rather hard on Angelica to put her in line with the Tyndaridae, though it may be a compliment in another way. And neither Aegisthus nor Paris was a simple gentleman. But here as elsewhere, on Spenserian even more than Chaucerian pattern, K. is apt a little to drag in mythology.

1422 precedents] Orig. 'presidents,' as usual. Again, this is hardly fair to Angelica.

If thou, fair lovely youth, wilt do thy best
My suit to thy sweet Princess to commend,
Be sure that thou hast gain'd a thankful friend.'

CCV

To which Amanthis answerèd, 'You are
(My Lord) a stranger and as yet unknown,
You must upon your honour then declare
Whether you have a lady of your own
Living; and if that she from you be gone,
Or you from her; if either should be true,
None knows the inconvenience would ensue.'

CCVI

These speeches startled Leoline, whose heart
Being conscious, made him answer, ''Tis a truth
I had a lady once, to whom thou art
So like in feature, personage, beauty, youth,
And every lineament, as if she doth
Yet live, I should my state and life engage,
That thou wert she in habit of a page.

CCVII

For woe is me, away from me she fled,
Being ignorant of what the cause might be,
And left me lying fast asleep in bed;
And now for aught I know thou mayst be she;
For her true image I behold in thee:
But to believ't were fondness.' Here he stopt,
And from his eyes some crystal tears there dropt.

CCVIII

Amanthis weeping for to see him weep,
'My Lord,' quoth she, 'if you a lady had
That parted from you when you were asleep,
(Though loath) I shall unto your sorrows add
Such a relation shall make you more sad,
For if your lady can nowhere be found,
It is too true, I fear, that she is drown'd.

CCIX

For now it is some twenty days and more
Since mariners arriv'd here, who do say
How that they found sailing along the shore
The body of a Frenchman cast away,
On whom were letters found that did bewray
That he had stol'n a lady, who together
Perisht with him, as they were coming hither.

1435 The line is a little bathetic: but the speech elicited from Leoline is artistic enough, both as a justification of Amanthis in her conduct later, and as a provocation of her rather rash immediate experiment.

CCX
And if one may believe the common fame
That 'mongst the people hath divulgèd this,
The lady was of quality, her name,
If I remember right, was Sydanis.
Now if that this were she that did amiss,
And so much wrong'd your love, I must confess
Your sorrow for her ought to be the less.'
CCXI
Prince Leoline hearing this sad relation,
Like serpents to him were Amanthis' words,
Stirring both jealousy and indignation,
And pierc't his heart like to so many swords,
His grief this only utterance affords,
'Ah, Sydanis was she, whom I deplore,
Who seem'd a saint, but ah me! died a whore.'
CCXII
'Well,' quoth Amanthis, 'if I may amend
What is amiss, or may your woe relieve,
You may be sure I shall my furtherance lend,
And to your suit my best assistance give:
For Sydanis no longer shall you grieve,
For being free to marry whom you please,
I shall endeavour to procure your ease.'
CCXIII
This said, Amanthis Leoline did leave,
And back return'd to act that was design'd.
Now here a man may easily conceive
What perturbations vext the Prince's mind,
Who knowing he Jean Foutre dead did find,
And that part of the story he well knew,
He might well think, that all the rest was true.
CCXIV
Perplext with doubts, whether his impotence
Was the sole cause made Sydanis to fly
Before that he could have intelligence
Of such unfeignèd marks as might descry
The truth, or loss of her virginity,
For though she as a virgin was reputed,
Yet by Jean Foutre he might be cornuted.
CCXV
On th' other side one probably may guess
The trouble that perplext Amanthis thought,
Since Leoline must Mellefant possess,
Who might deny him nothing that he sought:
And all this by Amanthis must be wrought,
Who by a kind unkind, and courteous wooing,
Must be the author of her own undoing.

1478 quoth, &c.] The double meaning is rather ingeniously maintained throughout this speech.

CCXVI

But since Amanthis had a promise made
To further his love-suit in all she might:
It must be done, therefore she did persuade
Prince Leoline, in the French tongue to write
To Mellefant; for what he did indite,
She said the Princess would show none but her,
Who was betwixt them both interpreter.

CCXVII

And thereby she should find occasion
Fitly to speak of Leoline's true love,
And by a gentle amorous persuasion
She might all lets (if any were) remove.
Prince Leoline her counsel doth approve,
And writes, who by Amanthis was assur'd
An answer to his lines should be procur'd.

CCXVIII

Now after courtship and kind compliment,
And many courteous visits of respect,
Amanthis came, as if she had bin sent
To Leoline, to tell him the effect
Of her proceedings (which he did expect)
And brought a letter with her, which she feign'd
She had from Princess Mellefant obtain'd.

CCXIX

Th' effect whereof was this: she first desir'd
It might not seem a lightness in a maid,
To yield so soon to that which was requir'd
For Cupid, whose commands must be obeyed,
Had by her eyes into her heart conveyed
His lovely shape, his worth and every grace,
Where never man but he had yet a place.

CCXX

But now her amorous bosom was a shrine,
Devoted wholly to the god of Love,
In which the saint was lovely Leoline.
She writ, That in affection she would prove
More constant than the truest Turtle-dove.
What more for modesty might not be told,
She left it to Amanthis to unfold.

CCXXI

In fine, Amanthis did the Prince persuade
So powerfully, that if he pleas'd, he might
The maiden fort of Mellefant invade,
And enter in that fortress of delight:
For she, Corinna-like, the following night
Would come unto Prince Leoline his bed,
And offer there her princely maidenhead.

1515 gentle] Orig. 'g*l*entle.'
1545 The Ovidian Corinna.

CCXXII
Provided always, when that she did come,
A promise must be made, might not be broken,
That they in their embraces should be dumb,
And that between them no word should be spoken.
For on the morrow, by a private token,
He should be sure, so that he would not vaunt,
He had enjoy'd the Princess Mellefant.

CCXXIII
The Prince, that heard with joy and admiration
Amanthis' words, impatient of delay,
On the Sun's horses lays an imputation,
That they were lame, or else had gone astray,
And Sol in malice had prolong'd the day,
That drove so slowly down Olympus' hill,
And wingèd Time he chid for standing still.

CCXXIV
But at the last the long'd-for hour grew near,
The evening sets, and the steeds of the Sun
Were posted to the other hemisphere,
On this side having their last stage y-run,
Bright things beginning to wax dim and dun,
And night uprising from dark Acheron,
O'er all the sky a pitchy veil had thrown.

CCXXV
About the hour of twelve, when all was still,
And Morpheus sealèd had all mortal eyes,
Amanthis, who was ready to fulfil
Her promise, softly from her bed doth rise,
And in her smock and a furr'd mantle hies
To Leoline's bedchamber, where in stead
Of Mellefant, she goes to him to bed.

CCXXVI
No sooner did they touch each other's skin,
And she was in his fragrant bosom laid,
But that the Prince love's onset did begin,
And in his wars the valiant champion play'd:
What faint resistance a young silly maid
Could make, unto his force, did quickly yield;
Some blood was lost, although he won the field.

CCXXVII
For no hot Frenchman, nor high Tuscan blood,
Whose panting veins do swell with lively heat,
In Venus' breach more stoutly ever stood,
Or on her drum did more alarums beat,
But Cupid at the last sounds a retreat:
Amanthis at his mercy now doth lie,
Thinking what kind of death she was to die.

CCXXVIII

But she must now endure no other death,
For standing mute, but either must be prest,
Or smothering kisses so should stop her breath,
As that Love's flames enclos'd within her breast,
Should burn the more, the more they were supprest.
And so she as Love's Martyr should expire,
Or Phoenix-like, consume in her own fire.

CCXXIX

These pleasant kind of deaths Amanthis oft
And willingly did suffer ere 'twas day,
Nine times the lusty Prince did come aloft:
But now Amanthis could no longer stay;
For while 'twas dark she needs must go away:
On her, Prince Leoline bestow'd a ring,
Man's eye did ne'er behold so rare a thing.

CCXXX

For in it was an admirable stone,
Whose colour (like the carbuncle) was red,
By day, it with its native lustre shone,
And like the sun-bright beams abroad did spread.
But that which greatest admiration bred,
It had a quality ne'er seen before,
First to keep light, then after to restore.

CCXXXI

For if one to the sunbeams did expose it,
And hold it in them but a little space,
And in a box would afterwards enclose it,
Then after go into some darksome place
Whereas one could not see one's hand, nor face,
Opening the box, a beam of light would come,
Pyramid-like, would lighten all the room.

CCXXXII

But she was gladder of the consequence,
Than of the precious stone she did receive.
For now, without suspicion or offence,
She knew how she might Leoline deceive,
Whom she at parting from his bed did leave,
Recounting with himself, how by that deed
He might as King of Erinland succeed.

1590 In this one stanza K. rises to something not too far below the cadence and the spirit of *Venus and Adonis* itself.

1597 These pleasant kind] Worth noting as yet another instance of a true English idiom which grammaticasters stigmatize.

1599 Is perhaps rather too faithfully borrowed from *F. Q.* III. xlviii. 5.

1624 The author is not very complimentary to Leoline: but this is possibly due to the mock-heroic *nuance.* Amanthis is much better treated in the long passage which follows. See Introd.

CCXXXIII

Amanthis being come to her own bed,
Lay down, but sleep she could not: Jealousies
Concerning Leoline disturb'd her head;
For having now tried his abilities,
She thought the Prince her sweetness did despise,
But that he no virility did want,
To enjoy his princely mistress Mellefant.

CCXXXIV

Oh Jealousy in love, who art a vice
More opposite in every quality,
Than is penurious sordid avarice,
To the extreme of prodigality.
[*Line missing.*]
Besides, thou sufferest no man to enjoy
What he possesses, without some annoy.

CCXXXV

So many cares, so many doubts and fears
Upon thee do continually attend,
As the two portals of the soul, the ears,
Which to all rumours do attention lend,
Dire perturbations to the heart do send,
Procuring such unquiet and unrest,
As should not harbour in a lover's breast.

CCXXXVI

And to that pass Amanthis thou hast brought,
With fear of losing that delight and pleasure
Which she hath tasted, as her troubled thought
And perturbations one may rightly measure
By a rich miser, who hath found a treasure,
Who is solicitous, and vext with care,
Lest any one of it should have a share.

CCXXXVII

Further she thought, if Mellefant but knew
Prince Leoline to be King Arvon's son,
He needed not his love-suit to pursue,
For he already had the conquest won.
Such cogitations in her head did run,
And with such thoughts she entertain'd the time,
Till Sol began Night's starry arch to climb.

CCXXXVIII

But when the feather'd herald of the light,
Stout Chantecleer the Cock, with trumpet shrill
Had now proclaim'd darkness was put to flight,
And Phoebus driving up the eastern hill,
With glorious golden beams the world did fill;

1636 Line missing. This incomplete stanza has no gap in orig. It probably should contain the protasis of 'besides.'

From 'twixt her sheets, as 'twixt two Groneland snows,
Amanthis like a new-sprung lily rose.

CCXXXIX

And in her page's habit neatly fine,
Her beauteous self she curiously did dight,
As if she had not lain with Leoline,
Nor had not lost her maidenhead that night:
Venus and Cupid pleas'd were with the sight;
And how she did Prince Leoline beguile,
Even made the old austere Saturnus smile,

CCXL

For Jupiter in lovers' witty sleights,
Which they contrive and cunningly devise,
(Himself having bin one) so much delights,
As that he oftentimes with them complies,
And doth but laugh at lovers' perjuries:
For now Amanthis was a part to act,
Which to perform, she no invention lackt.

CCXLI

For the next morn about the hour of ten,
To Princess Mellefant she had access,
Who seeing her, demanded of her, When
That the French Lord such courtship would express,
As unto her a visit to address?
To whom Amanthis said, 'I am to blame,
That I no sooner to your highness came,

CCXLII

To tell you that it is the Lord's intent,
(If so it please your Highness and the King)
This night a Masquerado to present,
Where you shall see him dance, and hear him sing.
Your answer I again to him must bring,
Who hopes your Highness graciously will take,
A service only done for your dear sake.

CCXLIII

He further hopes you'll honour him thus much,
As to receive this ring, and so to grace it,
As that it may your princely finger touch,
On which he humbly prays that you would place it:
This fair occasion, if you please t' embrace it,
And cherish it, may the beginning prove
Of a most happy honourable love.

CCXLIV

For, Madam, his brave parts and excellence,
Which other men's perfections far outgoes,

1665 The form 'Gr*one*land,' undoubtedly derived from the Dutch, should evidently be kept.

1690 Masquerado] K. makes this form (which is unique) on English analogies: without regard to S. 'mascarad*a*' or I. 'mascherat*a*.'

1703 The unexpectedness of this is rather agreeable: for Amanthis seems to be throwing the helve after the hatchet with a vengeance.

His valour, learning, wit, and eloquence,
Which like a flood of nectar from him flows,
That he is some great Prince most plainly shows:
And let one presuppose that he were none,
Yet your most honour'd service makes him one.'

CCXLV

Fair Mellefant, whose breast th' Idalian fire
Had gently warm'd, unto her thus replied:
'Amanthis,' quoth she, 'I do much admire
How that a stranger can so soon have spied
An advocate, that cannot be denied;
Those in their suits of eloquence have need,
That seek unjust things, and so fear to speed.

CCXLVI

But thou who art a young and lovely youth,
Might'st well have sparèd that which thou hast said,
For to converse with thee (such is thy truth)
A Vestal Virgin would not be afraid:
Thy looks are Rhetoric to persuade a maid;
And be assur'd, I willingly shall grant
Whatever thou shalt ask of Mellefant.

CCXLVII

Therefore to him who (as thou sayst) doth seem
A noble Prince, this message thou shalt bear:
Tell him his love we highly do esteem,
And for his honour'd sake the ring I'll wear,
Which next himself shall be to me most dear.'
Having thus said, straight to the King she went,
And for that time broke off her compliment.

CCXLVIII

Now some will say, 'twas too much forwardness
In Mellefant, that with so small ado,
She did her love unto the Prince express:
For bashful maids do let their suitors woo,
And that same thing they have most mind unto,
Lest men their maiden coyness should suspect,
They seem to shun, at leastwise to neglect.

CCXLIX

But since great Virgil writes, That Dido lov'd
At the first sight the wand'ring Knight of Troy,
Whose story much more her affections mov'd,
Than could the torch of Venus' wanton Boy:
Let Mellefant, in that she was not coy,
Be blameless, since we by experience find
Those women are not fair, that are not kind.

1719 The irony here is again ingenious—if the poet meant it.

1730 It is curious that K. as he *does* digress, draws no attention to the apparent rashness of Amanthis, and some to what is, to us, much less striking.

1735 Lest] Orig. as often 'least.'

CCL

For Heaven itself, that is a thing most fair,
While it is gently calm, serene and clear,
While Zephyrus perfumes the curlèd air,
With gladness it the heart of man doth cheer:
But if it gloomy, dark, and sad appear,
It never on us mortals showers a storm,
But blackness doth heaven's beauteous face deform.

CCLI

Nor do I say she lov'd but as a friend,
Giving the Prince a courteous sweet regard,
Which had not yet so far as love extend,
Though more for him than other men she car'd,
Her gracious looks were only his reward:
For why, as yet she only did incline,
And not resolve, to love Prince Leoline.

CCLII

But time and opportunity of place,
Which clerks assign for all things that are done,
Did consummate within a little space
That part of love was happily begun.
The evening now approach't, and that day's Sun
Himself below the horizon had set,
And had in western waves his chariot wet:

CCLIII

Whenas those high supernal Deities
That all men's actions do foresee and know,
And do preside at all solemnities,
Assembled were to look on things below,
A Masque before King Dermot, which doth show,
That 'tis a part of their celestial mirth,
To see how men do personate them on earth.

CCLIV

In Heaven's tenth house, bright Honour's highest throne,
On starry studded arches builded round,
Great Jupiter the Thunderer bright shone,
His brows with beams of radiant lightning crown'd:
Just opposite to him, low under ground
His melancholy sire Saturnus old
Did sit, who never pastimes would behold.

CCLV

Next Jove sate Mars, the fiery god of war,
In arms of burnisht steel completely dight:
By him Apollo, who had left his car,
And for a while laid by his robes of light:
Next him sate Venus, goddess of delight,

1753 A slip of 'had' for 'did' is perhaps more likely than 'extend' for 'extended.'

1770 celestial] Orig. 'coestiall.'

1781 car] Orig. 'car*e*,' no doubt for 'carr*e*,' as usual.

Whose golden hair in curious knots was tied:
Then Mercury, and Luna by his side.

CCLVI

With these assembled were those Heroes,
Whose fixèd lights the eighth Sphere do adorn,
Stormy Orion, and great Hercules,
With skin from the Nemean Lion torn,
August's bright Virgin with her ear of corn.
Near Berenice combing of her hair,
Sate Cassiopaea in her starry chair.

CCLVII

As these spectators sitting in the skies
Made Jove's high palace glorious; even so
As they cast on King Dermot's court their eyes,
Another heaven they beheld below:
Such art and cost did Leoline bestow
Upon the masquing scenes, as no expense
Could add more beauty or magnificence.

CCLVIII

For to a high and spacious stately room
Prepar'd for presentations of delight,
King Dermot in his royal robes being come,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
With his fair daughter Mellefant the bright,
Where under a rich pearl-embroider'd state,
She like a glorious constellation sate.

CCLIX

The ladies hid with jewels, who had seen
On arras-covered scaffolds sitting there,
He would have thought that he so high had been,
As he at once saw either hemisphere,
So like a starry firmament they were,
And all that space that was below, between
The hemisphere, lookt like the earth in green.

CCLX

For all the floor, whereon the masquers' feet
Their stately steps in figures were to tread,
And gracefully to sunder, and to meet,
A carpet of green cloth did overspread;
Which seem'd an even flow'ry vale, or mead,
On which the hyacinth and narcissus blue
So naturally were stain'd, as if they grew:

CCLXI

The violet, cowslip, and the daffodill,
The tulip, the primrose, and with them

1787 eighth] in the Ptolemaic system.
1805 state] = 'canopy.'
1813 Only those who have not read the actual stage-directions of Ben's and other masques will require assurance that Kynaston had probably seen things quite as elaborate as he describes.

The daisy sprung from the green camomill,
The flow'ry orchis with its tender stem,
The goddess Flora's crown, the meadows' gem,
Which seem'd the masquers' dancing did commend,
Who trod so light they did not make them bend.

CCLXII

More might be said, but let thus much suffice,
For to say more of flow'rs but needless were.
The King being set, and all spectators' eyes
Fixt on the scene, the first thing did appear
Were clouds, some dusky blue, and some were clear,
As if it seem'd a sky were overcast,
Which all did vanish, with Favonie's blast.

CCLXIII

These clouds disperst, down dropping the May dew,
Aurora rose, crown'd with the morning star,
Four snow-white swans her purple chariot drew,
And gently mounted up her rosy car.
Next that in perspective was seen from far
The rolling Ocean, and as there had bin
Waves of a flowing spring-tide coming in—

CCLXIV

Which as they rolled nearer on the sand,
Upon the tumbling billows was descried
Arion with a golden harp in 's hand,
Who a huge crooked dolphin did bestride,
And on the dancing waves did bravely ride.
Before him Tritons, who in shells did blow,
And were as the loud music to the show.

CCLXV

Sea-monsters, who up from the deep were come,
Presented a delightful antic dance,
Who on the waters' surface nimbly swome,
Making odd murgeons with their looks askance,
Sometimes they dive, sometimes they did advance,
Sometimes they over one another leapt,
And to the music time exactly kept.

CCLXVI

Between each dance Arion with his lyre,
That with sweet silver sounding chords was strung,
Sitting in midst of a melodious quire
Of sixteen sirens, so divinely sung,
That all the room with varied echoes rung.
Arion's part was acted by the squire,
Whose singing all that heard him did admire.

1850 antic] Orig. as usual 'antique.'

1851 'Swome' for 'swam' seems worth keeping on the Spenserian system.

1852 murgeon] = 'grimace,' 'quaint gesture,' seems not only Northern but Scots. Kynaston must have picked it up.

1861-2 Had Scott, who read everything, read Kynaston? If Kynaston could have read Scott 'murgeon' would present no difficulties.

CCLXVII

The music ended, to delight the eye,
Another scene and spectacle begun,
For there aloft in a clear azure sky
Was seen a bright and glorious shining sun,
Who to his great meridian had run,
O'er whom the asterisme was represented
Of Leo, whose hot breath his flames augmented.

CCLXVIII

Under his beams, as flying o'er the seas,
Did Daedalus and Icarus appear;
The sire in the mid-way did soar at ease,
But Icarus his son mounting too near,
His wax-composèd wings unfeathered were:
So headlong to the sea he tumbled down,
Whose billows the foolhardy youth did drown.

CCLXIX

Now the sea going out, which erst had flow'd,
Did leave a bare and golden yellow sand,
Whereon rare shells, and orient pearls were strow'd,
Which gathered by twelve Sea-Nymphs out of hand,
In scallop-shells, were brought unto the land
Unto the King, and Mellefant, as sent
From him that did Arion represent.

CCLXX

The first scene vanishing, and being past,
And all things gone, as if they had not been;
The second scene, whereon their eyes they cast,
Was the Hesperides, with trees all green,
On which both gold and silver fruits were seen.
Apollo there amidst the Muses nine
Sate, personated by Prince Leoline.

CCLXXI

Who playing on a rare theorbo lute,
The strings his fingers did not only touch,
But sung so sweet and deep a base unto 't,
As never mortal ear heard any such:
The Muses did alternately as much,
To sound of several instruments, in fine,
They in one chorus all together join.

CCLXXII

Besides them, there was sitting in a grove
The shepherds' god Pan, with his pipe of reed,
Who for the mast'ry with Apollo strove,
Whether in Music's practice did exceed.
Between them both, King Midas, who decreed

1893 base] *sic* in orig.

1900 for] Orig. 'far.'

That Pan in skill Apollo did surpass,
Had for his meed two long ears of an ass.

CCLXXIII

These with ten Satyrs danc'd an antic round
With voltas, and a saraband: which ended,
They suddenly all sunk into the ground,
And with Apollo they no more contended.
Thus done, he and his Muses down descended
From their sweet rosy arbours, which did twin
The honey-suckle and sweet jessamin.

CCLXXIV

The stately Grand-Ballet Apollo led,
Wherein most curious figures were exprest,
Upon the flow'ry carpet as they tread,
The Muses in fine antique habit drest,
Unto their nimble feet do give no rest,
But in neat figures they the letters frame
Of Mellefant's, and of King Dermot's name.

CCLXXV

This done, the Muses like nine ladies clad
(For so they did appear unto the eye)
Their antique habits chang'd, and as they had
Bin metamorphosèd, they suddenly
Their neat disguise of women did put by,
And like to nine young gallants did appear,
The comeliest youths that in Eblana were.

CCLXXVI

The Prince, too, putting off his masquing suit,
Apollo representing now no more,
His habit gave, his vizor, ivory lute
To pages, that sweet cedar torches bore,
Appearing now a Prince as heretofore,
Who with the nine young gallants went about
New dances, and to take the ladies out.

CCLXXVII

Now as the Prince did gracefully present
Himself to Mellefant, it did betide
As he did kiss her hand in compliment,
Upon her finger he the ring espied
He gave in bed, which to her wrist was tied
With a black ribbon, as if she did fear
To lose a jewel she did prize so dear.

CCLXXVIII

Prince Leoline assur'd was by that ring,
That he with Princess Mellefant had lain,
Whereas indeed there ne'er was such a thing;
Such was his courage he could not refrain
To court the Princess in an amorous strain:

1906 voltas] More commonly '*la*voltas.' 1910 twin] Better kept than altered to 'twin*e*.' 1915 antique] is perhaps better kept here.

For while he danc't with her, his eyes exprest
Those flames of love that burnt within his breast.

CCLXXIX

But now it growing late, and night far spent,
The Bransles being danc't, the revels ended,
The Prince's Masque did give all eyes content,
Who by King Dermot highly was commended,
On whom both he and masquers all attended,
Who to a stately room were forthwith guided,
Whereas a sumptuous banquet was provided.

CCLXXX

Which being finisht, the late hour of night
Requir'd, that all the company should part,
Prince Leoline adjourn must his delight
Until next day, for now his amorous heart
Was quite shot through with Cupid's golden dart:
Nor could he pleasure or contentment want
Who thought he enjoy'd the beauteous Mellefant.

Explicit pars tertia.

CCLXXXI

THE crescent-crownèd empress of the flood
Had veilèd thrice her face from mortals' sight,
And having thrice in opposition stood
Unto her brother, borrow'd thrice his light
Since that auspicious happy pleasant night,
That beautiful Amanthis first had bin
A bedfellow unto Prince Leoline.

CCLXXXII

But well away! for like a man that stands
With unsure footing on the slippery ice,
Or one that builds a house upon the sands,
Such is this world's joy: Fortune in a trice
Can alter so the chances of the dice,
Our clearest day of mirth ere it be past,
With clouds of sorrow oft is overcast.

CCLXXXIII

And now, alas! quite alter'd is the scene
From joy to sadness, and from weal to woe;
The purblind goddess Fortune knows no mean,
For either she must raise or overthrow:
Our joy no sooner to the height doth grow,
But either it is taken quite away,
Or like a withering flow'r it doth decay.

1948 Bransles] K. does not use 'brawls' because he wants the disyllable. He may have followed *F. Q.* III. x. viii. 5 (the Hellenore passage, *v. supra*), but it is not certain that the Fr. value is kept there.

CCLXXXIV

Oh you sad daughters of dark Night and Hell,
You Furies three, that shunning of the light,
Among the buried world's pale people dwell,
And guilty consciences with ghosts affright,
Assistants be to that I now must write!
Alecto, with thy dim blue-burning brand,
Lend fatal light to guide my trembling hand:

CCLXXXV

For cheerful daylight will not lend a beam,
My tear-down-dropping dreary quill to guide,
By which that may be read, which now 's my theme,
In dusky clouds the Sun his face will hide,
And to behold these lines will not abide,
For they will make the rosy blushing morrow
Look deadly pale, to see Amanthis sorrow.

CCLXXXVI

For why, it fortun'd so, that the next day
After the masque and revels all were done,
That Leoline as fresh as flowers in May,
To prosecute that victory he had won,
And finish that was happily begun,
Unto the Princess Mellefant he went,
His love and humble service to present.

CCLXXXVII

Whom happily he found (his luck was such
Through his kind favouring star) sitting alone
Upon an imbrocated tissue couch,
Enricht with pearl and many a precious stone:
As then attendants near her there was none
Save only fair Amanthis, who had bin
Discoursing to her of Prince Leoline.

CCLXXXVIII

Who seeing him, rose whence that she was set,
And he with low obeisance kist her hand:
'My Lord,' quoth Mellefant, 'since we are met
If 'twere my happiness to understand
The French, that I might know what you command,
And that we two together might confer,
Without Amanthis our interpreter.'

CCLXXXIX

The Prince upon the couch set by her side,
Making his face more lovely with a smile,
In her own language to her thus replied:
'Madam,' quoth he, ''twere pity to beguile
You any longer, for though all this while
I seem'd a Frenchman; yet truth shall evince,
That I your faithful servant am a Prince.'

2005 Note 'imbrocated' for 'brocaded.'
2010 Who] Not Amanthis but Mellefant.

CCXC

Fair Mellefant with sudden joy surpris'd,
A rosy blush her dainty cheeks did stain.
'My Lord,' quoth she, 'although you liv'd disguis'd,
How is it, that so soon you did obtain
Our British tongue?' He answered her again,
'Madam,' quoth he, 'causes must not be sought
Of miracles by your rare beauty wrought.

CCXCI

But wonder not, for though King Dermot's throne
Is sever'd by green Nereus' briny main
From the firm British continent, yet one
Are both the laws and language those retain,
O'er whom the King of Erinland doth reign,
And those, who great King Arvon do obey,
Who doth the old Symerian sceptre sway.

CCXCII

Whose kingdom all those provinces contains
Between swift Deva's streams upon the east,
Who tumbling from the hills frets through the plains,
And great Saint George's Channel on the west,
Where the fierce Ordovices and the rest
Of the ne'er conquer'd warlike Britons bold,
In hills and caves their habitations hold.

CCXCIII

Nor hath his spacious kingdom there an end,
But from the stormy northern Ocean's shore,
Unto the fall of Dovy doth extend,
Whose springs from highest mountains falling o'er
Steep rocks, like Nile's loud catadups do roar,
Whose crystal streams along the river's brink
The stout Dimetae, and Silures drink.

CCXCIV

Whose ancestors after Deucalion's flood,
First peopled Erinland long time agone,
Whose offspring is deriv'd from Britons' blood,
And is thereof but an extraction:
Now both these nations may again be one;
And since they are deriv'd from one stem,
They may be joinèd in one diadem.

2023 If Mellefant had been, or known, French she would probably have replied, *Cela n'empêche pas.* It is curious how the final couplet seems to invite bathos of various kinds in K.

2037 Symerian] for 'Cimmerian' or 'Cymbrian' seemed worth keeping.

2043 warlike] Orig. 'warlick.'

2047 Dovy] i.e. Aberdovey.

2049 cata*dups*] for 'cata*racts*,' that the President of the Academy of Minerva may show his knowledge of Κατάδουποι.

2052 This historic excursus is very Spenserian.

CCXCV

If you, most fair of Princesses, shall deign
A kind alliance with the British crown,
And in your bed and bosom entertain
A lover that shall add to your renown:
For such a noble match will make it known
For an undoubted truth, that Princes' hands
Do not alone join hearts, but unite lands.'

CCXCVI

To this the beauteous Mellefant replied,
And said, 'Fair Prince, were the election mine,
Your noble motion should not be denied:
For little rhetoric would suffice t' incline
A lady to affect Prince Leoline.
Few words persuade a heart already bent
To amorous thoughts, to give a fit consent.

CCXCVII

But my choice is not totally my own,
Wherein we Princes are unfortunate:
Fit suitors to us there are few or none
We must be rul'd by reasons of the state,
Which must our lives and actions regulate:
The country maids are happier than we,
To whom the choice of many swains is free.

CCXCVIII

But we must woo by picture, and believe,
For all the inward beauties of the mind,
Such lineaments the painter's colours give:
We ought be physiognomers, to find
Whether the soul be well or ill inclin'd:
Besides, when kingdoms do ally as friends,
They know no love, nor kindred, but for ends.

CCXCIX

Yet I have had the happiness to see
And to converse with you, wherein I am
More fortunate than other Princes be,
Seeing your person e'er I knew your name:
And now your virtues, greater than your fame,
Needs not the treaties of Embassadors,
To make the heart of Mellefant all yours.

CCC

Only my father's leave must be obtain'd,
Ere we our nuptial rites do celebrate,
Whose liking and consent when you have gain'd,
(Wherein I with you may be fortunate)
You are his kingdom's heir, and this whole state
Shall do you homage, and the race that springs
From us shall reign in Erinland as Kings,

CCCI
And rule those ancient Septs, which heretofore
Had sovereign power, and petit Princes were,
The great O'Neale, O'Dannel and O'More,
O'Rocke, O'Hanlon, and the fierce Macquere,
MacMahon erst begotten of a bear,
Among those woods not pierc't by summer's sun,
Where the swift Shenan, and clear Leffy run.
CCCII
Under those shades the tall grown kerne, content
With shamrocks and such cates the woods afford,
Seeks neither after meat, nor condiment,
To store his smoky coshery, or board,
But clad in trouses, mantle, with a sword
Hang'd in a weyth, his feltred glib sustains
Without a hat, the weather, when it rains.
CCCIII
The lordly Tanist with his skene and dirk,
Who placeth all felicity in ease,
And hardly gets his lazy churls to work,
Who rather chose to live as savages,
Than with their garrons to break up the lease
Of fertile fields, but do their ploughshares tie
To horses' tails, a barbarous husbandry.
CCCIV
But as it is foretold in prophecies,
Who writ on barks of trees, a maiden Queen
Hereafter Erinland shall civilize,
And quite suppress those savage rites have been
Amongst us, as they never had been seen:
This Queen must of the British blood descend,
Whose fame unto the world's poles shall extend.
CCCV
Who reigning long, her sex's brightest glory,
All after ages ever shall admire:
True virtue's everlasting type and story,
Who than her, when it can ascend no higher,
She like a virgin Phoenix shall expire.

2101 Septs] Orig. 'Scepts.' K., by the way, writes O not O'.

2102 petit] This form still stands for 'petty' in ordinary as well as legal language much later than K. 'O'Rocke' is of course 'O'Rourke.' Is 'Macquere' 'Macquarrie'?

2107 Leffy] = 'Liffey' I suppose.

2108 Stanza 302 is no doubt purposely packed with Irish terms. Everybody knows 'glib' and 'kerne,' though I did not know that the latter *ate* shamrocks. 'Coshery' is used, not as commonly of non-paying guestship, but of the quarters on which the guest quarters himself. 'Trouses' for 'trousers' or 'trews' is in Spenser. 'Weyth' is I suppose 'withe,' and 'feltred,' which Fairfax also has, is an interesting form.

2119 garrons] Orig. 'garoones.' 'Chose' above is probably a misprint.

2123, 2132 Who] K., though not a very careful writer, does not often write quite so loosely as this.

2132 than] Orig. 'then.' '*A*scend' v. inf. 2135 is orig.

And if old wizards' ancient saws be true,
This royal Princess must ascend from you.'

CCCVI

Who hath observ'd the gentle western wind,
And seen the fragrant budding damask rose,
How that it spreads and opens, he will find
When Zephyrus' calm breath upon it blows,
Even so the Prince's heart one may suppose
Dilated was with joy within his breast,
Hearing the speeches Mellefant exprest.

CCCVII

To whom with looks and countenance debonaire,
He only made this short, but sweet reply:
'Madam,' quoth he, 'were not you the most fair,
That ever hath bin fam'd in history,
Or shall be seen by late posterity,
There might remain a hope, that there might be
An age hereafter happier than we.

CCCVIII

But since that you are Nature's paragon
Not by herself e'er to be parallell'd,
Since Heaven 's the ring, and you the precious stone,
Yet never equall'd, therefore not excell'd,
Those happy eyes that have your form beheld,
Must close themselves in darkness, and despair
Of ever seeing one so heavenly fair.

CCCIX

For when to liberal Nature she had spent
The quintessence of all her precious store,
To make one glorious Phoenix, her intent
Perchance was to have formèd two, or more;
But wanting of materials she forbore:
So is she now enforc'd not to make two
Such as yourself, but by dissolving you.

CCCX

Therefore that glorious Queen of all perfection,
That is foretold in after times to reign,
Will be but of yourself a recollection:
Who Aeson-like, will be reviv'd again;
For your divinest parts will still remain

2144 Not so very short: but considering what he thought had occurred, not a little curious. The passage is, however, an example of K.'s failure to do justice to himself as a taleteller which has been noticed, or else (perhaps and also) of the insensibility to romantic and chivalrous feeling which begins to be noticeable in Bacon, accounts for the crudities of the Restoration, and reaches its acme in the reign of William III. Even in the rapture-scene, *supra*, Leoline has been represented as chiefly thinking of his chances of the kingdom. Mellefant has put him still more on these thoughts: and they drive everything else out of his head.

2160 formèd] Orig. 'form'd,' but the disyllable is needed.

Unmixt, and the uniting of your frame
Will alter nothing of you, but your name.

CCCXI

For as a sovereign Prince doth honour give
To 's presence-chamber, though he be not there;
So you, though for a while you do not live
On earth, but in some bright celestial Sphere,
Yet is your presence-chamber everywhere.
For that it is the whole world here below,
To which your servants do obeisance owe.'

CCCXII

This interchange of courtship 'twixt these lovers
Continued till the day was well near spent,
And Venus setting in the west, discovers
The path and track where Phoebus' chariot went.
To get King Dermot's fatherly consent,
Was now the only business to be done,
To consummate those joys that were begun.

CCCXIII

But O you weird stern fatal Sisters three,
O Lachesis, that mortals' threads dost twine!
O influence of stars, that causes be,
Though not compulsive, yet our wills incline:
You yet disclose not to Prince Leoline,
Of this his forward love the sad event,
Nor of his match the strong impediment.

CCCXIV

For now Amanthis either must oppose
His marriage, for by her it must be crost,
And consequently must herself disclose,
Or she is utterly undone, and lost.
Thus like a ship 'twixt wind and tide sore tost,
Not knowing how to tack about or veer,
She wanted skill to wield the stern or steer.

CCCXV

For first she thought such was the Prince's truth,
As that he would rejoice that he had found
Amanthis retransformèd from a youth
To Sydanis, whom he believ'd was drown'd,
With double joys their hearts should now be crown'd,
For all the bitterness they both did taste,
Should with contentment sug'red be at last.

CCCXVI

And though we be no better for delight
That 's done and gone, nor yet the worse for pain,
When it is past, no more than is the sight,

2192 And now the poem rises again: as, if ever, it does when Sydanis-Amanthis is concerned.

2197 tack] Orig. 'take,' which perhaps should be kept.

2208 i.e. 'the sight the better—the ear the worse.' These two stanzas are rememberable and show what K. could do when he chose.

For glorious species, which it did retain:
Or ear for hearing some harsh music strain,
The present being that, which we enjoy,
Whether it be of pleasure, or annoy—

CCCXVII

Yet as in dreams the memory suggests
Unto the fantasy things that have been,
But are no more, so a remembrance rests
In her, of all her anguish and her teen;
And of those sorrowful days that she had seen,
Which like a fearful dream once passèd o'er
That 'twas not true makes her rejoice the more.

CCCXVIII

For she not knowing of the fascination
Was practis'd on the Prince in 's marriage bed,
Might think an over-strong imagination,
Sending venereal spirits to the head,
Had left the part of generation dead,
Too much desire in love being oft a let
And makes that fall, which men upright would set.

CCCXIX

But passing that, the Princess having tried
With Leoline, whom she so oft beguil'd,
Completely all the pleasures of a bride,
And by him being young conceiv'd with child,
She thought she should be fully reconcil'd
Unto King Arvon, when it did appear
That Leoline and she both living were:

CCCXX

And that the war King Arvon had begun,
(Of which she had but lately heard) should cease,
She bringing to him a young Prince, a son,
And all should be concluded with a peace,
Before their two old parents did decease.
These pleasant thoughts, like shapes seen in a glass
Set in a street, through her clear soul did pass.

CCCXXI

But as in March the sun then shining fair,
Is often by the south wind's stormy blast,
Chasing the clouds, and troubling the air,
With black and gloomy curtains overcast,
Which longer than serenity doth last,
So some sad thoughts o'erspread Amanthis' soul,
Which all her thoughts of pleasure did control.

2227 A momentary confusion may beset the reader, inasmuch as K. has not recently called Sydanis 'the Princess,' and *has* constantly so called Mellefant. But Sydanis of course is meant. 'Young conceived' below seems to mean 'newly,' 'lately.'

2240 Set in a street] i. e. a 'spion,' a mirror reflecting objects outside in a window.

CCCXXII
For to declare herself, she was afraid,
To be the consort of the Prince's bed,
Since she should cross herself, who had averr'd
To Leoline, that Sydanis was dead,
And so for lying should be censurèd,
Or should as an impostor be accus'd,
Who with false shows had all the Court abus'd.

CCCXXIII
Besides, this circumstance augments her fear,
If she should say she from Carleon fled,
She must discover what had hap'ned there;
She knew no other but her Nurse was dead,
For whom her life might well be questionèd,
And therefore in this case it her behov'd,
To say something that might not be disprov'd.

CCCXXIV
But she not knew nor ship, nor Prince's name
Pretended to be shipwreckt, nor could give
Account how she unto Eblana came,
So probably that men might her believe:
This exigent her very soul did grieve,
That she must say it with a serious brow,
That she was come, and yet could not tell how.

CCCXXV
Besides, she did imagine if she said
She was Duke Leon's daughter, none did know
Her to be such, and being now no maid,
Though formerly the Prince had left her so,
When from her bridal bed he meant to go,
Though she assumèd Sydanis her name,
The Prince might think her like, yet not the same.

CCCXXVI
Or presuppose Prince Leoline did know
That she was Sydanis, yet having set
His love on Mellefant, he might not show
That he did know her, and so she might get
The reputation of a counterfeit:
Besides, she coming closely to his bed,
She could not prove he got her maidenhead.

CCCXXVII
Moreover, if all truths should be disclos'd,
And things known really which she did feign,
That all this while Prince Leoline suppos'd
That he with Princess Mellefant had lain:
For such a foul aspersion, and a stain

2266 exigent] for 'exigence.'
2281 closely] 'secretly.'

Cast on her honour, (although not intended)
Fair Mellefant might justly be offended.

CCCXXVIII

And so on every side perplext and grievèd,
She of all liars should have the reward,
As when they speak truth not to be believ'd,
She could not easily mend what she had marr'd.
Thus with the woful Sydanis it far'd,
Who trusting overmuch to her disguise,
Falls by it into these calamities.

CCCXXIX

O aged father Time's fair daughter, Truth,
Of all divine intelligences best,
What Sages erst have said of thee is sooth,
Thou hast a window made in thy white breast,
And art most lovely when thou art undrest.
Thou seek'st no corners thy bright self to hide,
Nor blushest though thou naked art espied.

CCCXXX

Thou needst not a *fucus* or disguise,
To cover thee thou putt'st on no new fashion,
Nor with false semblance dost delude men's eyes,
Like thy base zany, damn'd Equivocation,
Thou want'st no comment, nor interpretation,
And for maintaining thee, though men be blam'd
And suffer for a while, yet ne'er art sham'd.

CCCXXXI

Yet what thou art must not always be told,
For 'tis convenient thou thyself should'st hide,
Till thy old Sire thy beauties do unfold:
Then as pure gold upon the touchstone tried,
That finer's hottest furnace doth abide,
Or like a palm-tree thou dost flourish best,
When thou hast bin by ignorance suppress.

CCCXXXII

And so although necessity requir'd
That truth of things should now be brought to light,
That period of time was not expir'd,
Wherein this Lady Sydanis the bright
Should show herself, for which she often sight.
Who now with showers of tears her eyes had made,
As if two suns in watery clouds did wade.

2296 I do not think the handling of the systole and diastole of self-comfort and self-torture in these last stanzas can be called contemptible, though, as usual, K. has a few flat lines.

2310 art] One would rather expect 'are' = 'they are.' But 'art' will construe.

2316 palm-tree] Cf. Dryden, *Heroic Stanzas*, 13.

2322 sight] K. would not, probably, have hesitated to make this form. But, as it happens, it occurs (with the *e*) frequently in his favourite *Troilus and Creseide*.

CCCXXXIII
But as the lily whenas Bartholomew,
Summer's last Saint, hath ushered in the frost,
Wet, with the long night's cold, and chilly dew,
Her lustre and her verdure both are lost,
And seems to us as she were dead almost:
So grief and sorrow quickly did impair
The lovely face of Sydanis the fair,

CCCXXXIV
Who weeps away her eyes in pearly showers,
Rais'd by her sighs, as by a southern wind.
She prays to Venus and the heavenly powers,
That they in their high providence would find
Some means to ease her sad and troubled mind:
And though despair unto the height was grown,
She might enjoy that yet, which was her own.

CCCXXXV
Her prayers are heard, for the next dawning day
Prince Leoline and Mellefant both went
(True love not brooking any long delay)
Unto King Dermot, with a full intent
To ask and get his fatherly consent.
These Princes' loves on wings of hope did fly,
That the King neither could, or would deny.

CCCXXXVI
But their design they brought to no effect,
Being commenc't in an unlucky hour,
No planet being in his course direct,
And Saturn who his children doth devour
From his north-east dark adamantine tower
Beheld the waning moon and retrograde,
A time unfit for such affairs had made.

CCCXXXVII
They should have made election of a day
Was fortunate, and fit to speak with Kings,
When the King's planet, Sol's propitious ray,
Who great affairs to a wisht period brings,
And is predominant in all such things;
When Jupiter aspecting with the trine,
His daughter Venus did benignly shine.

CCCXXXVIII
This was the cause proceeding from above,
Which clerks do call inevitable fate:
That was the hindrance of these Princes' love,
And made them in their suit unfortunate:
But yet there was another cause of state,

2326 If 'Summer's last Saint' (a pleasing phrase) seem unreasonably associated with 'frost,' &c., let Old Style be remembered. Even then it is a gloomy view.

Which was so main an obstacle and let,
That they the King's consent could never get.

CCCXXXIX

For that Embassador which lieger lay,
Sent to Eblana in King Albion's name,
Who as you heard was feasted that same day
That to the court Prince Leoline first came,
And Mellefant conceiv'd her amorous flame,
A treaty of a marriage had begun
For her, with Prince Androgios, Albion's son;

CCCXL

And had so far advanc't it, that the King
With all his privy council's approbation,
Had condescended unto everything
That might concern the weal of either nation:
For this alliance would lay a foundation
Of a firm future peace, and would put down
That enmity was erst 'twixt either crown.

CCCXLI

And now the time prefixt was come so near
Th' Embassador had got intelligence,
Within ten days Androgios would be there
In person, his own love-suit to commence,
And consummate with all magnificence
His marriage, and perform those nuptial rites
Wherein bright Cytherea so delights.

CCCXLII

This weigh'd, King Dermot could not condescend,
Nor give way to Prince Leoline's affection,
Unless he should Androgios offend,
Who now of his alliance made election,
The breach whereof might cause an insurrection
Among his people, if that they should see
Him break a King's word, which should sacred be.

CCCXLIII

And now although Prince Leoline repented
He ever love to Mellefant profest,
Yet because no man should go discontented
From a great King, he as a Princely guest
Was us'd with all the noblest, fairest, best
Respects of courtesy, and entertain'd
While that he in King Dermot's court remain'd.

2367 lieger] Cf. K. Philips, i. 551 and note. Here the term is quite technical for 'resident.' It may be observed that there is some ingenuity in making the usual Romance-rival instrumental, not in ruffling but in smoothing the course of true love.

2376 condescend] in the simple sense of 'consent,' is not so very uncommon in Elizabethan English.

2387 Cytherea] Orig. Cy*n*therea.

CCCXLIV

But like to one that 's into prison cast,
Though he enjoy both of the eye and ear
All choicest objects, and although he taste
Ambrosial cates; yet while that he is there
Wanting his liberty, which is most dear,
He nothing relishes, for nothing cares,
Even so now with Prince Leoline it fares.

CCCXLV

Who now disconsolate, and being barr'd
All hopes of marrying Mellefant the fair,
Missing that aim he nothing did regard,
And since he must not be King Dermot's heir,
He thought that nought that damage could repair,
Himself as one he captivated deem'd,
And Dermot's court to him a prison seem'd.

CCCXLVI

Now as a tempest from the sea doth rise,
Within his mind arose this stormy thought,
How that the Princess justly might despise
His cowardice, who by all means had sought
To win her love, if he not having sought
A combat with Androgios, he should go
Or steal away from her that lov'd him so.

CCCXLVII

Although to fight, no valour he did want,
Nor wisht a nobler way his life to end,
If vanquisht he should lose both Mellefant
And he King Dermot highly should offend,
Who all this while had bin his royal friend,
Love well begun should have a bad conclusion,
And kindness find an unkind retribution.

CCCXLVIII

But more, if he should secretly attempt
By means to take King Dermot's life away,
Nothing his guilty conscience would exempt
From terror that so foully would betray,
Fowls of the air such treason would bewray:
For ravens by their croking would disclose
(Pecking the earth) such horrid acts as those.

CCCXLIX

If he with Mellefant away should steal,
And carry her where they might not be found,
Yet time at last such secrets would reveal:

2412 I may be excused for again noting the frankness with which Leoline's purely mercenary aims are stated. It is odder that it should never have occurred to him to urge the dangerous but almost irresistible claim which he *thought* he possessed.

2423 The valour, however, a little resembles that of Mr. Winkle, both in its arguments and in its conclusion.

For by that act he should her honour wound.
Who for her modesty had bin renown'd,
And he than Paris should no better speed,
Of whose sad end you may in Dares read.

CCCL

One while in him these noble thoughts had place,
Which did reflect on honourable fame:
Another while he thought how that in case
He stole away, men could not him more blame,
Then erst Aeneas, who had done the same
To Dido, and that very course had taken,
Leaving the lovely Carthage Queen forsaken.

CCCLI

Injurious Story, which not only serv'st
To keep the names of heroes from rust,
But in thy brazen register preserv'st
The memories, and acts of men unjust,
Which otherwise had bin buried with their dust,
But for thy black dark soul there no man had
Examples to avoid for what is bad.

CCCLII

For had it not in annals bin recorded,
That Theseus from the Minotaur was freed
By Ariadne, time had not afforded
A precedent for such a horrid deed,
For when King Minos' daughter had agreed
To steal away with him, his beauteous theft,
Asleep on Naxos desert's rocks he left.

CCCLIII

An act deserving hell's black imprecation
So cruel, that it cannot be exprest,
To leave a princely lady in such fashion,
That had receiv'd him to her bed and breast,
All after ages should this fact detest:
For this his treason render'd him all o'er
A greater monster than the Minotaur.

CCCLIV

Returning home to Greece he had not taught
Demophon, by fair Phaedra his false son,
When he had King Lycurgus' daughter brought
Unto his bowe, and her affection won,
Perfidiously away from her to run,
Leaving fair Phillis, and so caus'd that she
Did hang herself upon an almond tree.

2451–2 Story] Orig. 'story,' but as it is obviously for 'History' personified, a capital seems needful. 'Heroes' trisyllabic as before.

2461 precedent] In orig. 'president,' as often.

2464 desert's] 'desarts' in orig. Perhaps the 's' should go.

2475 'Bowe' (*sic* in orig.) means 'will,' or 'yoke.'

CCCLV

Yet these examples scarce mov'd Leoline,
And scarce his resolution chang'd at all
For Mellefant, for he could not divine,
If she by tasting sorrow's bitter'st gall,
Upon the sharp point of a sword should fall:
Or Phillis-like, impatient of delay,
Would with a halter make herself away.

CCCLVI

It may be she like Ariadne might
(Though she her virgin bloom had Theseus given)
Marry god Bacchus, and her tresses bright
Be afterward exalted up to heaven,
There for to shine among the planets seven:
For justice is not so severe and strict
As death on all offenders to inflict.

CCCLVII

Besides he did remember, should he look
On authors, he should many women find,
That had their loves, and paramours forsook,
And prov'd to them unconstant, and unkind.
'Mongst other stories he did call to mind
That of the fairy Creseid, who instead
Of faithful Troilus lov'd false Diomed.

CCCLVIII

And if there were as many women found
As men, in love unconstant, and untrue,
He thought, that he in conscience was not bound
To render love for love, but while 'twas due,
And so might leave an old love for a new;
Besides he thought Androgios might be
A braver, and a comelier man than he.

CCCLIX

And being higher both in birth and place
Then he, and heir to a more ancient crown,
He thought that Mellefant in such a case
Will do like women, all prefer their own
Pre-eminence, precedence, and renown,
And so she in a short time would forget
All that affection she on him had set.

CCCLX

And as for Prince Androgios, though he could
Have wisht he had not Mellefant defil'd,
With whom he thought that he had bin too bold:

2479 In other words he did not care what happened to her. K. is certainly industrious in blackening his hero with whitewash.

2498 Cressida as a fairy is rather agreeable, but I fear we should read 'fair[e] Creseid.'

2506 'Braver' is unlucky.

Yet if 'twere so, that she was not with child,
The Prince as other men might be beguil'd,
As surf'ting water, or such art might hide
Secrets by midwives not to be descried.

CCCLXI

And therefore he resolvèd not to fight,
Unless Androgios challeng'd him, for so
Such privacies he thought might come to light,
That were unfit for any man to know.
He therefore did determine he would go
Unto Carnarvon, and there would abide,
Till fortune show'd what after should betide.

CCCLXII

Our purposes, and things which we intend,
Have not subsistence of themselves alone,
For on the heavenly powers they do depend,
As the earth gives birth to every seed is sown,
Which after to maturity is grown:
For stars not only form all our intents,
But shape the means to further the events.

CCCLXIII

For now to further this his resolution,
Those stars, which at his birth benignly shone
In his first house, by annual revolution,
Unto his mirth, the House of Dreams was gone,
Of journeys and peregrination
Significator, and the Moon now new,
To Phoebus' bosom her dark self withdrew.

CCCLXIV

All this conspir'd to further a design
Which Sydanis resolv'd to put in act,
For understanding by Prince Leoline
That there had never bin any contract
'Twixt him and Mellefant, she nothing lackt
But some fine neat device, whereof the doing
Should be the cause of Leoline's speedy going.

CCCLXV

For he once being from Eblana gone,
It was her resolution and intent
(In claim of that which justly was her own)
To follow him wherever that he went,
All thoughts of future marriage to prevent;
For rather than endure such storms as those
She had abid, herself she would disclose.

2519 surf'ting] = 'surfeiting.' By this time, and perhaps still more with CCCLXI. 1, the mock-heroic undercurrent is hardly to be denied, if Cynthia is to save her poet.

2538 I must leave it to astrologers to expound this passage, only remarking that the 'House of Dreams' has found surprisingly little use in literature.

CCCLXVI

And thus it hap't, when from the frozen North
Night and her consort dull dew-dropping Sleep
Arose, and drowsy Morpheus had let forth
Fantastic dreams which he in caves doth keep,
When mortals all their cares in Lethe steep,
And darkness with Cimmerian foggy damp,
Extinguisht for a while heaven's glorious lamp.

CCCLXVII

What time the silent hours their wheels had driven
Over the sable clouds of dusky night,
And were arriv'd as high as the mid-heaven,
Dividing from the hemisphere of light,
The other half in robes of darkness dight:
As Leoline lay sleeping in his bed,
A pleasant vision did possess his head.

CCCLXVIII

He dreamt he saw Duke Leon's palace, where
There was all pomp and bravery exprest,
All objects might delight the eye or ear
With preparation for a sumptuous feast,
Which unto Coelum's honour was addrest.
For in a temple, that was high and wide,
He thought he first Duke Leon had descried.

CCCLXIX

Kneeling he seem'd by the high altar's side
With eyes upcast, and hands to heaven upspread,
All which the Duke devoutly having ey'd,
High in the clouds appearèd overhead
Jove's mighty eagle carrying Ganymede,
Who gently down descending from above,
Did seem as sent unto the Duke from Jove.

CCCLXX

Lighting upon the ground the Eagle set
Her lovely load, in presence of the Duke,
Which eftsoons did a wonder strange beget,
For while he steadfastly did on it look,
The person that for Ganymede he took,
Was Sydanis his daughter, and so seem'd
Unto the sleeping Prince, who of her dream'd.

CCCLXXI

From whom as now the Eagle was to part,
And touring to return up to the skies,
She suddenly seiz'd on Sydanis her heart,
And having rent it out away she flies:
This sight with such a horror did surprise

2561 Cimmerian] Orig. 'Cymerian.'

2578 upcast] Orig. 'u*n*cast,' which must be a misprint.

2592 I am not sure whether 'touring' is for 'tow'ring' or whether it means 'turning.' It is odd that Milton (*P. L.* xi. 185) has 'tour' of 'the bird of Jove.'

The sleeping Prince, that every member quakes,
And in a cold sweat Leoline awakes.

CCCLXXII

Awak't with fear Prince Leoline beheld
A stranger and a far more ominous sight,
Which all his dream and fantasies expell'd, 2600
For by his bedside in a glimmering light
Stood Sydanis in fairy habit dight,
To whom she did a low obeisance make,
And afterwards to this effect she spake.

CCCLXXIII

'Illustrious Prince,' quoth she, 'whom various Fate,
Guiding the helm of thy affairs in love,
Did first make happy, then unfortunate,
Yet at the last to thee will constant prove,
And will eftsoons those errors all remove,
Which heretofore have been, or else may be, 2610
Impediments to thy felicity.

CCCLXXIV

Fate wills not that thou longer shouldst remain
In false belief, thy Sydanis is dead,
Or that thou with fair Mellefant hast lain,
Or hast enjoy'd her virgin maidenhead.
'Twas I by night came to thee in her stead,
Who am a Fairy, an inhabitant
Of another world, for 'twas not Mellefant.

CCCLXXV

For 'twixt the centre and circumference
Of this great globe of earth, Prince, thou shalt know 2620
There is another fairy world, from whence
We through the earth, as men through air, do go
Without resistance passing to and fro,
Having nor sun, nor moon, but a blue light,
Which makes no difference 'twixt our day and night.

CCCLXXVI

In this our world there is not a thing here,
Upon this globe of earth, man, woman, tree,
Plant, herb, or flower, but just the same is there,
So like it hardly can distinguisht be,
Either in colour, or in shape, for we 2630
Are all aërial phantoms, and are fram'd,
As pictures of you, and are Fairies nam'd.

CCCLXXVII

And as you mortals we participate
Of all the like affections of the mind.
We joy, we grieve, we fear, we love, we hate,

2617 I fear it may be observed of Sydanis, as it was of Clarissa, that 'there is always something she prefers to the truth.' But these things will happen.

And many times forsaken our own kind,
We are in league with mortals so combin'd,
As that in dreams we lie with them by night,
Begetting children, which do Changelings hight.

CCCLXXVIII

To those we love, and in whom we take pleasure, 2640
From diamantine chests we use to bring
Gold, jewels, and whole heaps of fairy treasure,
Sums that may be the ransom of a king;
On those we hate, we many times do fling
Blindness, and lameness, that unhallow'd go
To crop of fairy branch, the mistletoe.

CCCLXXIX

Amongst us is thy Sydanis, of whom
I am the Genius, for erst so it chanc't,
As flying from Carleon, she did come,
And too near our fairy rounds advanc't, 2650
Whereas at midnight we the Fairies danc't;
King Oberon straight seiz'd her as his prey,
As Pluto erst took Proserpine away:

CCCLXXX

And carrying her down to Fairy-land,
Hath on a downy couch laid her to sleep,
With orange blossoms strow'd, with a command,
Queen Mab, and all her Elves should safe her keep,
Till thou repassing o'er the briny deep,
Shalt to King Arvon thy old sire return,
Whom causeless thou so long hast made to mourn. 2660

CCCLXXXI

Which if you do not instantly perform,
Black elves shall pinch thee, goblins shall affright
Thy restless soul; at sea an hideous storm,
With death's black darkness, shall thy days benight.'
Having thus said, that borrow'd beam of light,
Which as you heard did from the stone arise,
Vanisht, and hid her from the Prince's eyes.

CCCLXXXII

Who now believing he had seen an Elf,
A messenger by Oberon employ'd,
He forthwith rose, and eftsoons drest himself 2670
(The better all suspicion to avoid)
In a black habit of his Squire Ffloyd,
And ere the sun toucht the east horizon,
Putting to sea, he out of ken was gone.

Explicit pars quarta.

2636 forsaken] 'forsak*ing*'? an absolute with kind?

2643 ransom] Orig. 'ranso*n*,' which may be right, as, independently of the French, 'raunson' is Chaucerian.

2666 But how did she get the ring back?

CCCLXXXIII

And now old Saturn, whom clerks Chronos call,
Of nature cold and dry, of motion slow,
Author of all misfortunes that befall
To men and their affairs, malignant so,
Was shortly from his Apogee to go,
To his exile, and Jove was to ascend,
And so these lovers' troubles all should end.

CCCLXXXIV

Benign bright King of stars, who hast forsook
Juno, the stately consort of thy bed,
And down-descending to the earth, hast took
Strange shapes, of mortals be'ng enamourèd,
Who were not only metamorphosèd
By thee, but taken up into the skies,
And shining, sit amongst the Deities;

CCCLXXXV

Hasten thy rising to thy glorious throne,
And sitting on thy sapphir'd arch in state,
Look on those princes that have undergone
The dire effects of thy stern father's hate,
Which, as thou art a King, commiserate,
And when that thou hast ended everything,
My Muse unto this story's period bring.

CCCLXXXVI

For yet the storm is not quite overpast,
Nor suddenly will all these troubles end:
With Saturn's frowns the heaven is overcast,
And clouds of sorrow, show'rs of tears portend:
For while that Leoline his course doth bend,
And is arrived at Carnarvon's port,
The scene of woe lies in King Dermot's court.

CCCLXXXVII

For now no sooner did the rosy morn
(Which summons drowsy mortals from their rest)
Her dewy locks in Thetis' glass adorn,
And Phoebus' steeds in flaming trappings drest,
From the low North, ascended up the East,
But it through all the court was forthwith known,
How that Prince Leoline away was gone.

CCCLXXXVIII

Of which a messenger did tidings bring
To Sydanis, and Princess Mellefant:
Who forthwith did relate them to the King:
Who of his going's cause being ignorant,
Affirm'd, that he civility did want,
Who did so many courtesies receive,
And went away without taking his leave.

CCCLXXXIX

Wonder possest King Dermot's royal heart
With much regret, the Prince should leave him so:
But Mellefant, she acts another part,
Of doubtful sorrow in this scene of woe,
For after him she was resolv'd to go:
And under the black veil of the next night
She did determine for to take her flight.

CCCXC

The very same fair Sydanis intends,
Who in Eblana would no longer stay:
Having on Leoline now had her ends,
Glad that her princely lord was gone away,
Too long and wearisome she thought the day:
And blamed as slow the russins of the Sun,
That tow'rds the West they did no faster run.

CCCXCI

But at the last, Night with a sable robe,
Rising from Taenarus her dark abode,
O'erspread this half of th' universal globe,
Making the wolf, bat, scritch-owl, and the toad,
(The haters of the light) to come abroad,
When, wearied with his work the day before,
The heavy ploughman doth at midnight snore.

CCCXCII

Now Mellefant and Sydanis, who had
To fly away that night the same intent;
That like a page, this like a ship-boy clad,
The better all suspicion to prevent,
As they were wont unto their beds they went:
Whenas a gentle sleep did soon surprise
Fair Sydanis, and clos'd her dove-like eyes.

CCCXCIII

But Mellefant, whose eyes and heart receiv'd
No dull impressions of the night, nor rest,
To Sydanis' bedside stole unperceiv'd,
And got away the page's suit; so drest,
Therein she fled away, for that she guest,
That for the Prince's page she should be taken,
That had of late King Dermot's court forsaken.

CCCXCIV

Passing the *corps de gard* the watch did keep,
And place where Master Constable still sate,
(For they were all most cordially asleep)
She forthwith came unto the city gate,
And by the porter was let out thereat,

2729 russins] Fr. *roussin*, 'nags,' with a slight touch of contempt. Does it occur elsewhere? One would rather have expected the Chaucerian 'rouncey.'

2754 'Cordially asleep' is *very* good.

Passing unquestion'd, for whenas she said
She was the Prince's page, she was not stayed.

CCCXCV

Come to the key, where ships at anchor ride,
An unexpected spectacle befalls,
For on the shrouds of a tall ship she spied
Two lights, that seem'd like two round fiery balls,
Aëreal twins, the which the seaman calls
Castor and Pollux, who being seen together,
Portend a happy voyage, and fair weather.

CCCXCVI

But if that only one of them appears
Upon the hallyards of the ship, or masts,
It is an ominous osse the seaman fears,
If not of shipwreck, yet of gusts and blasts:
While she beheld, one of the balls down-casts
Itself from the mainyard upon the shore,
And as a walking fire went on before.

CCCXCVII

This apparition somewhat terrified
The Princess, who had now no power to go
Elsewhere, but follow her fantastic guide,
And thus as they had wandered to and fro,
About the time that the first cock did crow,
They came unto a woody hill, so high,
The top did seem to gore the starry sky.

CCCXCVIII

For like Olympus he did lift his head
Above the middle region of the air,
Where thunders, hail, and meteors are bred:
For there the weather evermore was fair:
Unto the top hereof this wand'ring pair
Being arriv'd, by many a passage steep,
The wearied Princess was cast in a sleep.

CCCXCIX

On strowings laid, of never-fading flowers,
Which on this hill's serenest top had grown,
She in sweet dreams did pass the silent hours;
Upon her a light coverlet was thrown,
Made of the peach's soft and gentle down:
Whom there I leave in no less great a bliss
Than was the sorrow of fair Sydanis.

2759 key] of course = 'quay.'

2768 osse] an omen or portent. Nares gives three examples from Holland. I suppose it is connected with the dialectic *v.* 'oss'—to 'begin,' 'promise,' 'incline to.' See *Dialect Dictionary.*

2791 Is this elegant substitution of peach-down for thistle-down K's. own?

CD

Who having overslept herself, did wake
But half an hour before the break of day;
To dress herself she all the speed did make,
Herself in skipper's habit to array,
And tow'rds the port she forthwith takes her way:
But night and darkness her no longer hide,
For ere she got aboard she was descried.

CDI

Night's cloud upon the eastern horoscope,
Which like a sleeping eyelid hid the sky,
Uplifted seem'd to wake, and set wide ope,
Disclos'd unto the world Heaven's glorious eye:
The watch her apprehends immediately,
Conceiving her no skipper's boy to be,
Whose face and habit did so disagree.

CDII

Whether it were the then near dawning day,
Or else a native lustre of her own,
Which through her clothes her beauty did bewray,
Which like a carbuncle in darkness shone,
It is uncertain; but she yet unknown,
About the hour King Dermot us'd to rise,
Was brought unto the court in this disguise.

CDIII

O envious Light, betrayer of each plot,
Lovers in darkness silently contrive!
Disturb not their affairs, they need thee not,
Nor do not them of wishèd joys deprive,
Who to avoid thy piercing eye do strive:
Converse with gravers, who cut seals in bone,
Or threescore faces on a cherry-stone.

CDIV

What hath this innocent beauty done to thee,
That thou her life to danger should'st expose?
But Light, we know it is thy property
To conceal nothing, but all things disclose:
For now about the time King Dermot rose,
First a suspicion, after, a report
Was spread, that Mellefant was fled from court.

CDV

What miseries can Fate together twist,
When she to ruin mortals doth intend!
For now no sooner Mellefant was mist,
Whose loss King Dermot highly did offend,
Who messengers to seek her straight doth send,

2801 'Horoscope' seems used rather loosely. The next line is pretty and reminds one of Chamberlayne's atmosphere. K. seems to have been inspirited in his task by the 'sight of land.'

And while that they for the fair Princess sought,
Poor Sydanis is to King Dermot brought.

CDVI

Who seeing her in ship-boy's clothes disguis'd,
Was more enragèd than he was before:
For now King Dermot instantly surmis'd,
By that concealing habit which she wore,
She was confederate, and therefore swore,
Unless she told where Mellefant was fled,
Upon a scaffold she should lose her head.

CDVII

After dire threats, and strict examination,
Sweet Sydanis (as was the truth) denying,
She neither knew the time, nor the occasion,
Nor manner of Princess Mellefant her flying,
Grown desperate, she cares not now for dying,
Nor any other kind of torment, since
She may not go to her belovèd Prince.

CDVIII

For Sydanis is into prison thrown,
In durance, and in fetters to remain,
Till where the Princess were it should be known,
Or that she to the court should come again.
Her keeper doth her kindly entertain
In his best lodgings, whereas her restraint
Gave birth and vent to many a thousand plaint.

CDIX

Which here should be related, but you may
Conjecture what a wight in such a case,
Hopeless of comfort and relief, would say,
Confin'd unto a solitary place,
In her life's danger and the King's disgrace:
Unless through grief she speechless were become:
Small sorrows speak, the greatest still are dumb.

CDX

But as a woodman shooting with his bow,
And afterwards pursuing with his hound
An innocent and silly harmless doe,
Doth kill her not so soon, as if astound
He suffer her to grieve upon her wound,
And tapisht in a brake, to see the flood,
And scent the crimson torrent of her blood.

2867 Spenser has 'astound' for 'astounded' (but in pret. not part.), *F. Q.* IV. viii. 19, 9. Scott in *L. of the L.*, ii. 31, has the part. itself—another coincidence with K. It is of course nothing more, for anybody might make the contraction: yet our poem is exactly what Scott would have read if he came across it.

2869 tapisht] 'Tapish' (Fr. *tapir*), to 'hide oneself,' 'lurk,' is a technical hunting term, also found in Fairfax, Chapman, &c.

CDXI

So Sydanis, sad and disconsolate,
Hath now an opportunity to grieve
The dire affects of her malignant fate,
Which nought but death could possibly relieve:
Time only seems to her a sad reprieve:
To speak of her we for a while shall cease,
Till some good hap procure her glad release.

CDXII

For now from women's passions and slight woe,
After the drums' and clarions' haughty sound,
To speak the rage of Kings marching we go,
Who roaring like to lions being bound
With horrid grumblings do our ears confound:
Blue-eyed Bellona, thou who plumèd art,
The soldiers' warlike mistress, act this part.

CDXIII

And thou, stern Mars, whose hands wet and imbru'd
With raw fresh bleeding slaughters thou hast made
Of foes, whom thou victorious hast subdu'd,
Whirling about thy casque thy conquering blade,
Help me out of this lake of blood to wade,
And smooth the furrows of thy frowning brow,
As when thou erst didst lovely Venus woo.

CDXIV

King Dermot, highly enragèd for the loss
Of Princess Mellefant, his kingdom's heir,
Resolv'd, that with an army he would cross
The British seas, and straight his course would steer
Unto besieg'd Carleon city, where
He would assist the Duke against his foe,
King Arvon, and his son that wrong'd him so.

CDXV

For now he thought he might be well assur'd,
His daughter with Prince Leoline combin'd,
Since his consent no ways could be procur'd
For marrying her, he did a season find
To steal away, and with a favouring wind,
He to his royal sire's, King Arvon's court,
His prize like beauteous Helen would transport.

CDXVI

Therefore to be reveng'd was all his care,
And for that purpose he a fleet would man,
Greater then Menelaus did prepare,

2881 Who] Orig. 'whom.'

2888 casque] Orig. 'caske.'

2891 woo] Orig. 'woe.'

2899 There is again a certain ingenuity (call it idle or perverse if you like) in the way in which the triple imbroglio of the conclusion (Leoline—Mellefant—Sydanis) is set against the triple imbroglio of the overture (Leoline—Sydanis—Nurse).

When he the bloody Trojan war began,
And after ten years' siege the city wan,
Putting to sea from Aulis' port in Greece,
Or Jason's fleet that fetcht the golden fleece.

CDXVII

Upon the beating of King Dermot's drum,
From Ulster's shrubby hills and quagmires foul,
Of slight-arm'd kerne forthwith a troop doth come,
Who in the furthest North do hear the owl
And wolves about their cabins nightly howl,
Which to all hardness have inurèd bin,
Eating raw beef, half boil'd in the cow's skin.

CDXVIII

Ere these were civiliz'd, they had no corn,
Nor us'd no tillage that might get them food,
But to their children's mouths were newly born,
They put upon a spear's point dipt in blood
Raw flesh, that so it might be understood,
That children grown-up men should never feed,
But when that they had done some bloody deed.

CDXIX

These savages whilst they did erst possess
Like Tartars, or the roving Scythian nation,
Coleraine's, or Monaghan's wide wilderness,
Having no towns or any habitation,
They and their cattle still took up their station
In grassy plains, and there a while abide,
Where the deep Eagh and fishfull Dergh do slide.

CDXX

More forces from the borders of Lough Erne
Do come, which in small islands doth abound,
In whose clear bottom men may yet discern
Houses and towers under the water drown'd,
Which divine justice sunk into the ground,
For sodomy, and such abomination,
Men using beasts in carnal copulation.

CDXXI

From Conagh's pleasant and more civil parts,
Where arbute trees do grow upon the coast,
Horsemen well arm'd with glaves and with their darts,
Unto the army of King Dermot post,
Making complete the number of his host:
Who like old Romans on their pads do ride,
And hobbies without stirrups do bestride.

2912 The President forgets that Argo was not exactly a *fleet*.

2915 kerne] used as pl. by Spenser in the *State of Ireland* (though he has 'kerns' elsewhere, as Shakespeare always) and by others.

2936 This legend, common to other Celtic countries, is more usually told of Lough Neagh than of Lough Erne, I think.

2941 Conagh] The uncomplimentary proverb yoking Connaught with another place had evidently not arisen.

CDXXII

What counties, or what towns Munster contains,
Through whose fair champian the smooth Boyne doth pass,
Send forces from their well-manurèd plains,
Arm'd with the halbert, and the gally-glass.
The county that great Desmond's country was,
With that of the most ancient peer Kildare,
Join'd with MacArte, for this war prepare.

CDXXIII

To them the province Leinster doth unite
Her trainèd bands and warlike regiment,
Who use the pike and partisan in fight,
And who are from those towns and counties sent,
Whose fields the Barrow, Nore, and Shore indent:
Three sister rivers, whose clear source begins
In the high woody mountains of the Glins.

CDXXIV

Unto these forces rais'd in Erinland,
Are join'd the Highland redshank and fierce Scot,
Of whom there comes a stout and numerous band,
Which up steep hills, as on plain ground do trot,
As for steel armour they regard it not;
Their barbèd arrows clos'd in a calf's skin,
To their yew bows the quivers still have bin.

CDXXV

The army being shipt, the winds that blow
Over the vast Atlantic Ocean,
Bred in high hills westward of Mexico,
Who with their waving wings do cool and fan
The sunburnt Moor and naked Floridan,
Sending forth constantly their favouring gales,
Waft Dermot's ships unto the coast of Wales.

CDXXVI

For now Mars occidental in the West,
Meridional descending from the Line,
Of the Moon's mansion Cancer was possest,
And sliding down into an airy sign,
Rais'd winds, that furrow'd up the western brine.
Corus and Thracius blowing still abaft,
King Dermot's ships do to Carleon waft.

CDXXVII

But yet those blasts that were so prosperous,
And Dermot in Carleon's harbour set,
Contrary were to Prince Androgios,

2951 gally-glass] The form is common, but the use is odd. Holinshed indeed does define the gallow-glass as armed with a particular kind of poleaxe: but this hardly justifies the substitution of soldier for weapon in this phrase.

2959 Shore] = Suir.

2967 calf's] Orig. 'calves,' and in next line 'yew' is 'eugh,' as so often.

And did his much desirèd voyage let:
His ships out of the harbour could not get,
But in it for full six weeks' space they stay'd,
Waiting a wind, and never anchor weigh'd.

CDXXVIII
To pass for Erinland was his intent,
With all the gallantry coin could provide,
And there to consummate his high content,
In making beauteous Mellefant his bride:
But Aeolus his passage hath deny'd,
And unexpected, with succours unsought,
King Dermot to Carleon's walls hath brought.

CDXXIX
Whose coming was no sooner told the Duke
And Prince Androgios, but both went to meet
King Dermot at the port, whereas they took
In arms each other, and do kindly greet:
Then through a long and well-built spacious street,
They to a stately castle do ascend,
Where for that night their compliments they end.

CDXXX
Next morrow from the castle's lofty towers,
Whose mighty ruins are remaining yet,
The Princes did behold King Arvon's powers,
Which had Carleon city round beset:
To whom Duke Leon, full of just regret,
And sorrow for his daughter, doth relate
His wrongs and cause of his distressèd state.

CDXXXI
King Dermot, swol'n with ire and indignation,
And being no less sensible of grief,
Of his unheard-of injuries makes relation,
Telling that he was come to the relief
Of Leon, to be wreckèd on a thief,
Who albeit that he were a King's son,
A base and injurious fact had done.

CDXXXII
The noble Prince Androgios now resenting
His sufferings in the loss of Mellefant,
Whose marriage (as he thought) was past preventing,
With high-born courage which no fear could daunt,
Besought the King and Duke, that they would grant

2995 Note accent of 'succoùrs,' orig. 'succors.' 2999 whereas] = 'where.'

3001 spacious] So in orig., though these adj. usually have the *t*. Which is to the point on the question of spelling.

3015 wreckèd] = 'wreaked,' 'revenged.'

3017 injurious] K. would hardly have accented the *i*, and probably wrote or meant to write '*most* injurious' or something of that sort.

To him a boon, which was this, That he might
Challenge Prince Leoline to single fight.

CDXXXIII

For by this time fame all abroad had spread,
Prince Leoline was back return'd again,
Whom erst King Arvon did believe was dead,
And in Carnarvon Castle did remain,
So now there nothing was that did restrain
The noble Prince Androgios, to demand
A single combat with him hand to hand.

CDXXXIV

And to that end an Herald straight was sent
To Leoline, who in his right hand wore
A blood-red banner, as the argument
Of the defiance-message that he bore;
Behind upon his taberd, and before,
A lion rampant, and a dragon red,
On crimson velvet were embroiderèd.

CDXXXV

The Herald, whose approach none might debar,
Doth with a trumpet through the army ride,
Who bravely sounded all the points of war,
Until he came to the pavilion side,
Whereas Prince Leoline did then abide,
And then the trumpeter eftsoons doth fall
In lower warlike notes to sound a call.

CDXXXVI

The which no sooner Leoline had heard,
But bravely mounted on a barbèd steed,
He like a princely gallant straight appear'd,
To whom the Herald doth the challenge read:
Which having done, he afterward with speed,
(As is the form when challenges are past)
Androgios' gauntlet on the ground he cast.

CDXXXVII

Prince Leoline commanding of his page
To take the gauntlet up, briefly replied,
'Herald! I do accept Androgios' gage:
Tell him the sword the quarrel shall decide,
Of him, whom he unjustly hath defied:
For three days hence in both our armies' sight,
We will a noble single combat fight.'

3024 Again one must suspect some mock-heroic purpose in this turning of the tables on Leoline's elaborate resolution *not* to fight.

3033 wore] A scholastic in the use of words might be troubled to draw an exact line between 'wear' and 'bear.' Here K. probably used 'wore' for no reason except that he wanted 'bore' below. A 'red' banner in opposition to the usual white flag. But red upon crimson in the taberd—is this justifiable?

3058 Leoline, it will be observed, is in no great hurry even now.

CDXXXVIII

The Herald back return'd unto the King,
Related how his message he had done,
And to Androgios doth the answer bring
Of Leoline: King Albion's princely son
Hath for his forward valour honour won:
Of whose resolves, and warlike preparation,
Till the third day I respite the relation.

CDXXXIX

Meantime the Druid Morrogh, who hath bin
Thus long unmentioned, now chief actor was;
Who though that he were absent, yet had seen
All that in Erinland had come to pass,
By means of a most wond'rous magic glass,
Which to his eye would represent and show
All that the wizard did desire to know.

CDXL

Which glass was made according to the opinion
Of chymists, of seven metals purified,
Together melted under the dominion
Of those seven planets do their natures guide:
Then if it polisht be on either side,
And made in form of circle, one shall see
Things that are past as well as those that be.

CDXLI

In this said glass he saw the sad estate
Of Sydanis, who was in prison kept,
Who weeping in her silent chamber sate,
And Mellefant, who on the mountain slept,
Whose pass the wand'ring fire did intercept:
And now this story must not end, before
The Druid both these ladies do restore.

CDXLII

For they be those must put a happy end
To discords, and bring all to a conclusion,
And all that is amiss they must amend,
And put in order things are in confusion:
They of much blood must hinder the effusion:
Such virtues ladies have, who are the bliss,
Which here in this world among mortals is.

CDXLIII

Thrice ten degrees of the Ecliptic line,
Phoebus ascending up had overpast,
And now had ent'red in another sign,
From Gemini, whereas he harbour'd last,
Since Mellefant into a trance was cast,

3067 The perseverance of 'bin' even in rhyming to 'seen' may be noted.

3085 'Pass' for 'passage' is not I think common, though the ordinary senses of the two words are of course very close.

And thirty journeys through night's silent shade
O'er her nocturnal arch the Moon had made.

CDXLIV

Who nightly riding o'er the mountain's top,
Where Mellefant the sleeping Princess lay,
Her silver chariot there she still did stop,
And by the sleeping body us'd to stay,
Kissing, caressing, till near break of day,
Of her rare beauties now enamour'd more
Than of her lov'd Endymion heretofore.

CDXLV

No longer could the Queen of Night refrain
From kissing of her sweet and ruby lips:
Her kisses ended, she begins again,
With gentle arms her ivory neck she clips:
Her hands sometimes tow'rds parts more private slips,
Curious-inquisitive for to know the truth,
If one so rarely fair could be a youth.

CDXLVI

But as a thief, that doth assurance lack
At his first pilfering from a heap of gold,
Doth oft put forth his hand, oft pulls it back,
Then puts it forth again, then doth withhold;
So at the first Cynthia was not so bold
To let her hand assure her by a touch,
Of that which she to know desir'd so much.

CDXLVII

Yet at the last fortune did things disclose,
And gave contentment to her longing mind,
For in the pocket of the page's hose
Putting her hand, she did a letter find,
Which all the clue of error did unwind,
Written by Mellefant to Leoline,
In case that she should fail of her design.

CDXLVIII

The letter specified her sex and name,
And whole scope of her amorous intent,
Laying on Leoline a gentle blame,
That he unkindly from Eblana went:
It specified to follow him she meant,
And to Carnarvon castle she would go,
To meet with Leoline, her dear-lov'd foe.

CDXLIX

The Empress of the wat'ry wilderness
Reading the lines, was straight with pity mov'd,
Compassionating Mellefant's distress,

3109 Whether the indelicate beginning of a situation quite delicately ended, or the ultra-human limitation of Cynthia's divine intelligence, be the odder here, may be left to the reader to decide.

The rather for that she herself had lov'd.
Now the third day since Mellefant behov'd
To be in Britain, a way was prepar'd
For her transport, which then shall be declar'd.

CDL

For we must speak of Sydanis her wrongs,
Of her sad prison, and her glad release,
Which to the Druid Morrogh's part belongs,
Who to attend her fortunes ne'er did cease,
But after troubles would procure her ease,
Of which the manner briefly to relate,
Much wonder in the hearers will create.

CDLI

There's nothing truer than that sapience
Of wise and knowing men prevails o'er fate,
Ruling the stars, and each intelligence,
O'er which their wisdom do predominate;
They can advance good fortune, ill abate:
And if that in the heavens they can do so,
They can do much more here on earth below.

CDLII

As soon as Phoebus had behind him shut
The ruby leaves of Heaven's great western gate,
And to that day an evening period put,
And now began it to be dark and late,
As Morrogh in his lonely cabin sate,
He put in act a course, that should be sure
Fair Sydanis enlargement to procure.

CDLIII

For by his learning understanding all
The languages that fowls and ravens speak,
He to him did an ancient raven call,
Commanding her, that she her flight should take,
And to Carleon's walls all speed should make,
Unto the limbs of one late quarterèd,
On which the day before the bird had fed.

CDLIV

Adding withal this strict injunction,
That instantly, ere any man it wist,
She should bring back to him a dead man's bone,
The which that she should pick out of his wrist.
The raven of her message nothing mist,
But suddenly she fled, and unsuspected,
The great magician's will she straight effected.

CDLV

Thieves say, that he that shall about him bear
This bone, and means by night men's goods to take,

3179 This limitation of the powers of the 'Hand of Glory' to a single bone must be very convenient for burglars.

All that are sleeping (the while he is there
Stealing and breaking the house) shall not wake,
For any noise that ever he shall make:
But shall so soundly sleep, as that he may
Securely rob, and unknown pass away.

CDLVI

Unto this bone the Druid he did add
A shining grass, that grows among the rocks,
Which a strange kind of secret virtue had,
For it would straight undo all bolts and locks:
The blacksmith's skill in shoeing it so mocks,
That if a horse but touch it with his shoes,
Though ne'er so well set on, he doth them loose.

CDLVII

Strange tales there are which history affords,
Of bones, and stones, of herbs, and minerals,
The knowledge of whom hath bin found by birds,
Beasts, insects, and by other animals:
Witness the stone Albertus Magnus calls
Aldorius, the virtues of which stone,
But for the eggs of crows had not been known.

CDLVIII

For if one take crows' eggs out of the nest,
And boil them in hot water till they be
Stone hard, the old crow never will take rest,
Until the stone Aldorius she see,
Which she brings back with her unto the tree
Where her nest was, which a while having lain
Upon the eggs, it turns them reare again.

CDLIX

Rare secrets are in nature, which we'll pass,
As to this matter little pertinent:
The dead-man's wrist-bone, and the shining grass,
From Morrogh to fair Sydanis were sent,
And of their natures an advertisement,
Which on a beech's rind, as on a note,
With a sharp-pointed steel the Druid wrote;

CDLX

Advising her, that she without delay,
Through the dark shade of that approaching night,
From her confinement straight would hie away,
And come to him before the morrow's light,
And that she should not fear for any sight

3206 'reare' must be 'rare,' in the sense of 'raw,' 'uncooked.' The spelling has A.S., M.E., and plentiful dialectic justification; but the close presence of 'rare' in the other sense is noteworthy.

She should behold, nor should not be dismay'd,
For she to him should safely be convey'd.

CDLXI

Having enclos'd within the beech's bark
The bone, and grass, he in the raven's ear
Whisper'd some words, who flying through the dark,
With wings that blacker than night's darkness were,
Ere threescore minutes past she was come there,
Where Sydanis (though it were very late)
Lamenting, in her chamber window sate.

CDLXII

Where suddenly the window being ope,
The raven ent'red in without control,
And into Sydanis her lap did drop
The things enclos'd within the beechen scroll:
Thus she, who still was held an ominous fowl,
And fatal her presage in everything,
Yet news of joy to Sydanis doth bring.

CDLXIII

Who having read the writing, out she goes,
Intending to take shipping at the kay:
But fate of her did otherwise dispose,
For she must be convey'd another way:
For at the gate Night's sable coach did stay,
Which by the Druid had directed bin,
As she came out of doors to take her in.

CDLXIV

This chariot by four black steeds was drawn,
First Nicteus burn'd with Pluto's pitchy mark;
Then black Alastor with his snaky mane,
With Metheos, Phobos, who do love the dark:
Which four at singing of the early lark,
Vanish away, and underground are gone,
Drenching their sooty heads in Acheron.

CDLXV

Thus Sydanis in Night's black coach being set,
Before Fortuna Major did arise,
Show'd like Love's Queen upon a throne of jet,
Who suddenly was hurried through the skies,
And all the residue of that night lies
In Morrogh's cave, until the dawning East
Disclosèd fair Aurora's rosy breast.

3236 Note here 'kay,' not 'key.'

3242 I have not examined the *Scriptores Mythologici* elaborately enough to be certain whether K. invented some or borrowed *all* of his Horses of the Night. Alastor and Nicteus figure among the horses of Pluto himself in Claudian, *De Raptu Proserpinae*, I *sub fin.* Phobos requires no explanation. Is Metheos from μέθυ or from μεθίημι? Either might suggest it to a loose scholar; and either supplies a good name for a 'night*mare*.'

CDLXVI
Who risen from her saffron-colour'd bed,
Perfum'd with Indian spices where she lay,
And Phoebus lifting up his golden head,
Light's universal banner did display;
In glorious robes himself he doth array,
And every cloud he far away doth chase
From the bright front of heaven's clear shining face.

CDLXVII
For now as he the mountain tops did gild
With burnisht ore of heaven's celestial mine,
The Kings' two armies came into the field,
Led by Androgios and by Leoline;
Who like the star of Gemini did shine:
Brave twins of Honour, for who them beheld,
Could not affirm which of the two excell'd.

CDLXVIII
In midst of their main battles the two Kings,
As in their safest fortresses, were plac't:
Great Dukes and Colonels did lead the wings,
Who with their several commands were grac't:
Now as the Princes did to combat haste,
A wondrous thing appear'd to all the host,
Which all their warlike resolution crost;

CDLXIX
For high in skies there instantly appears
A chariot, which eight white swans as they flew,
Yokèd in golden chains and silken gears,
Soaring an easy pace after them drew:
But who was in the chariot no man knew,
For that an airy and bright shining cloud
The party carried, from their sight did shroud.

CDLXX
By flow'ry colours which the swans did bear
About their necks, where emonies were blended
With myrtles, and with pinks entwinèd were:
Some thought that Venus was again descended,
As when her son Aeneas she defended
From furious Turnus, and as then she did,
Androgios in a cloud should so be hid.

CDLXXI
But it was otherwise, this clouded coach
Was sent by the fair Princess of the Night,
With a command, that when it did approach
The place where the two Princes were to fight,
The swans upon the ground should down alight.
The wingèd team accordingly did do 't,
And set the coach at Prince Androgios' foot.

3285 emonies] Probably = 'anemones,' but perhaps 'haemonies.'

CDLXXII

The cloud then vanishing away that kept
The fair and long'd-for object from the eye,
Bright Mellefant appear'd, who long had slept,
As in a trance now wak't immediately,
Whose beauty when Androgios did descry,
He gave command, that till that he had fought,
She unto royal Dermot should be brought.

CDLXXIII

All this did brave Prince Leoline behold,
And all the army (it was done so nigh)
Who eftsoons to his sire King Arvon told,
That there was come an enchantress from the sky:
But all enchantments he did then defy,
As things ridiculous, which he did not fear,
And forthwith he prepar'd to couch his spear.

CDLXXIV

Now as these valiant Princes had begun
To couch their lances, and put them in rest,
And each at other fiercely for to run,
Aiming the points at one another's breast,
Prince Leoline's courageous noble beast
Began to tremble, and to snort, and prance,
But one foot forward he would not advance.

CDLXXV

The Prince enrag'd with anger and disdain,
Did strike into his sides his spur of steel,
And still he urg'd him on, but all in vain,
For that for all the strokes that he did feel
From the brave noble Prince's sprightly heel,
He went not on, but rather backward made,
As if that he had bin a restive jade.

CDLXXVI

Which now did make Prince Leoline conceive,
He had indeed with some enchantment met:
Morrogh the Druid he did not perceive,
Nor Sydanis, who both their hands had set
Upon the bridle, and the horse did let,
For fern-seed got upon St. John his night,
Made them invisible to all men's sight.

CDLXXVII

But when the fern-seed they had cast away,
And Leoline his Sydanis did see,
He from his steed alights without delay,
And with such joy as may not utter'd be,
Embracing, kisses her soft lips, and she
That had no other magic, but love's charms,
Circled his neck with her soft ivory arms.

3318 Leoline is certainly, like Lord Glenvarloch, 'the most unlucky youth'—especially in regard to fighting.

CDLXXVIII

With Leoline she to King Arvon goes,
Whose almost infinite astonishment
May not be told; now Sydanis he knows,
Far greater is his joy, and his content.
The Druid is recall'd from banishment,
That he unto the King and Prince might tell
The history of all things that befell.

CDLXXIX

It being known how all things came about,
And how that both the Princesses were found,
Both armies rais'd a universal shout:
The trumpets, clarions flourishes do sound,
All hearts are now with high contentment crown'd,
The heralds with white flags of peace are seen,
And civic garlands of oak's leafy green.

CDLXXX

For by this time the brave Androgios knew
His princely mistress Mellefant the fair,
For joy whereof his arms away he threw,
And with deportement most debonair
Saluteth old King Dermot's beauteous heir:
Intending at Carleon with all state,
His hymeneal rites to celebrate.

CDLXXXI

Whereas two Kings, two Princes, and their Brides,
And old Duke Leon, had an interview:
There now was full contentment on all sides,
Which fortune seemèd daily to renew,
And by the Druid's telling greater grew:
Of all the great adventures that had past,
And Merioneth in the dungeon cast.

CDLXXXII

Who albeit that she long dead was thought,
And in the dungeon starv'd for want of food,
Yet to Duke Leon she again was brought,
From whom he divers stories understood,
And now in fine all sorted unto good:
Whose wonderful relations serve in Wales
To pass away long nights in winter's tales.

CDLXXXIII

And lastly for to consummate all joy,
Ere Phoebe nine times had renew'd her light,
Fair Sydanis brought forth a Prince, a boy,
Heaven's choicest darling, and mankind's delight:
Of whose exploits some happier pen may write,
And may relate strange things to be admir'd:
For here my fainting pen is well near tir'd.

3367 The nurse—not at all a Wicked Nurse—may seem rather hardly treated.
3372 sorted] In the sense of 'harmonized,' 'got into shape.'

CYNTHIADES

or, Amorous Son[n]ets

Addressed to the honour of his Mistress, under the name of
CYNTHIA

On her fair Eyes[1]

LOOK not upon me with those lovely Eyes,
From whom there flies
So many a dart
To wound a heart,
That still in vain to thee for mercy cries,
Yet dies, whether thou grantest, or denies.

Of thy coy looks, know, I do not complain,
Nor of disdain:
Those, sudden, like
The lightning strike,
And kill me without any ling'ring pain,
And slain so once, I cannot die again.

But O, thy sweet looks from my eyes conceal,
Which so oft steal
My soul from me,
And bring to thee
A wounded heart, which though it do reveal
The hurts thou giv'st it, yet thou canst not heal.

Upon those sweets I surfeit still, yet I,
Wretch! cannot die:
But am reviv'd,
And made long liv'd
By often dying, since thy gracious eye,
Like heaven, makes not a death, but ecstasy.

Then in the heaven of that beauteous face,
Since thou dost place
A martyr'd heart,
Whose bliss thou art,
Since thou hast ta'en the soul, this favour do,
Into thy bosom take the body too.

---

[1] I do know how it seems to others, but to me there is something magical about the way in which, at the touch of the lyre, these Carolines become quite different poetic persons. Here is Kynaston, who in heroic poetry can be sometimes almost below prose, 'far above singing' in the mere verbal and rhythmical cadence of his very first lyric.

Cynthiaades

To Cynthia

On a Mistress for his Rivals[1]

CAN I not have a mistress of my own,
But that as soon as ever it is known
That she is mine, both he, and he, and he
Will court my Cynthia, and my rivals be?
The cause of this is easily understood,
It is because (my Cynthia) thou art good.
And they desire, 'cause thou art good, and woman,
To make thee better, by making thee common.
Well, I do thank them: but since thou canst be
No subject fit for this their charity,
As being too narrow and too small a bit.
To feed so many mouths, know I will fit
Their palate, with a mistress, which I'll get,
The like whereof was never seen as yet.
For I for their sakes will a mistress choose,
As never had a maidenhead to lose,
Or if she had, it was so timely gone,
She never could remember she had one.
She by antiquity, and her vile face,
Of all whores else and bawds shall have the place;
One whose all parts, her nose, eyes, foot, and hand,
Shall so far out of all proportion stand,
As it by symmetry shall not be guest,
By any one, the feature of the rest.
She shall have such a face, I do intend,
As painting, nor yet carving, shall not mend:
A bare anatomiz'd unburied corse
Shall not more ghastly look, nor yet stink worse:
For at the general resurrection
She shall lay claim to hell as to her own
Inheritance and fee, for it is meant,
She comes not there by purchase, but descent:
One whose sins were they to be reckonèd
By number of the hairs upon her head,
There were but two to answer for at most,
One being the sin against the Holy Ghost.
And if a physiognomer should eye,
And judge by rules of metoposcopy,
Of vices and conditions of her mind,
He, as a face hid with the small pox should find

---

[1] And as far below it again!

27 anatomiz'd—corse] Orig. 'anotomiz'd' and 'co*a*rse,' which latter word is indeed hardly out of place.

38 metoposcopy] Orig. 'Met*a*poscopy,' for which, as it is a possible though non-existent word, one struggles to find a meaning, in spite of the obvious emendation. This (inspection of the forehead) is a recognized term.

As there one ulcer, so, but one vice there,
Spreading the whole, and that is everywhere:
Yet shall she have so many vices sow'd
In every limb, as pain shall be bestow'd,
By scholars and logicians, to invent
A larger, and a wider predicament,
To comprehend her cardinal vices all,
Which under no one notion can fall.
Her shape shall be like th' earth, so round and rude,
As the beginning of her longitude
To find, and to set down, men shall be fain
T' importune the Pope's judgement once again:
Her cheeks and buttocks shall so near agree
In shape and semblance, they shall seem to be
Twins by their likeness, nor shall it be eath
To know, which is which by their fulsome breath:
When palmisters or gypsies shall but look
Upon her palm, they'll think they have mistook,
And say they see some cripple's wither'd hand,
Or mummy, stol'n from Egypt's parchèd sand:
And lastly, when she dies, if some device
Make her not dirt, but dust being turn'd to lice,
Shall make graves lousy, and dead bodies, which
Lie near her, to be troubled with the itch,
Which shall exceed the lice in Egypt bred,
Which only plagu'd the living, these the dead.
She shall be rottener than last autumn's pears,
And more contagious than two plaguy years.
The College of Physicians shall not
'Gainst her infection make an antidote.
This mistress will I have, rather than one
Whom I may not enjoy myself alone:
And such a one I'll hate as faithfully,
As (dearest Cynthia, I have lovèd thee.

To Cynthia

On her being an Incendiary

SAY (sweetest) whether thou didst use me well,
If when in my heart's house I let thee dwell
A welcome inmate, and did not require
More than a kiss a day, for rent or hire:
Thou wert not only pleas'd to stop the rent,
But most ungrateful, burnt the tenement;
Henceforth it will ensue, that thou didst carry
The branded name of an incendiary:

---

52 It is noteworthy to find K., who can write smoothly enough as a rule, following his satiric patterns by rough insertion of syllables.

55 eath] 'easy.'

No heart will harbour thee, and thou, like poor
As I, may'st lodging beg from door to door.
If it be so, my ready course will be
To get a licence, and re-edify
My wasted heart. If Cupid shall inquire,
By what mishap my heart was set on fire;
I'll say, my happy fortune was to get
Thy beauty's crop, which being green and wet
With show'rs of tears, I did too hasty in,
Before that throughly withered it had bin:
So heating in the mow it soon became
At first a smoke, and afterwards a flame:
At this Love's little King will much admire,
How cold and wet conjoin'd can cause a fire
Having no heat themselves, but I do know
What he will say, for he will bid me go,
And build my heart of stone: so shall I be
Safe from the lightning of thine eyes, and thee,
The cold, and hardness of stone hearts, best serving
For coy green beauties, and them best preserving.
Yet here is danger; for if thou be in't
My heart to stone, and thine harder than flint,
Knocking together may strike fire, and set
Much more on fire, than hath bin burned yet.
If so it hap, then let those flames calcine
My heart to cinders, so it soften thine:
A heart, which until then doth serve the turn
To enflame others, but itself not burn.

To Cynthia

On Concealment of her Beauty

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies,
Lest wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to Chaos' endless night.

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy curl'd hair,
Lest finding neither gold, nor ore,
The curious silkworm work no more.

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,
More snow-white, than the Apennine,
Lest if there be like cold or frost,
The lily be for ever lost.

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent
Perfumes, lest it being suppressed,
No spices grow in all the East.

---

17 show'rs] Orig. 'shores.' 22 conjoin'd] Orig. 'cojoyned.'

36 Very agreeably metaphysical, with that half-intentional grotesque in it which is characteristic of Kynaston. But note the difference which the *form* gives to the next poem!

15 Perfumes] An eighteenth-century editor would have confidently read 'its perfume,' or something of that kind. But besides the general objection to promiscuous 'mending,'

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,
Which makes the hearts of gods rejoice,
Lest Music hearing no such thing,
The Nightingale forget to sing.

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips,
Lest that the seas cease to bring forth
Gems, which from thee have all their worth.

Do not conceal no beauty-grace,
That 's either in thy mind or face,
Lest virtue overcome by vice,
Make men believe no Paradise.

To Cynthia

On her Embraces

If thou a reason dost desire to know,
My dearest Cynthia, why I love thee so,
As when I do enjoy all thy love's store,
I am not yet content, but seek for more;
When we do kiss so often as the tale
Of kisses doth outvie the winter's hail:
When I do print them on more close and sweet
Than shells of scallops, cockles when they meet,
Yet am not satisfied: when I do close
Thee nearer to me than the ivy grows
Unto the oak: when those white arms of thine
Clip me more close than doth the elm the vine:
When naked both, thou seemest not to be
Contiguous, but continuous parts of me:
And we in bodies are together brought
So near, our souls may know each other's thought
Without a whisper: yet I do aspire
To come more close to thee, and to be nigher:
Know, 'twas well said, that spirits are too high
For bodies, when they meet to satisfy;
Our souls having like forms of light and sense,
Proceeding from the same intelligence,
Desire to mix like to two water drops,
Whose union some little hindrance stops,
Which meeting both together would be one.
For in the steel, and in the adamant stone,
One and the same magnetic soul is cause,
That with such unseen chains each other draws:
So our souls now divided, brook't not well,
That being one, they should asunder dwell.

---

the term commonly accents 'perfûme.' One may just note the fact that the *Spanish* form *perfúme* is identical with the English in spelling, but trisyllabic and amphibrachic, while all these poets affect foreign locutions.

25 The double negative needs no explanation, but may find a special one in the parallelism with 'no Paradise.' There is no printed hyphen in orig. between 'beauty' and 'grace,' and they may be in apposition; but I think the double word is better and more of the time.

On her Embraces. 26 For] Orig. 'fro.'

Then let me die, that so my soul
being free,
May join with that her other half in
thee,
For when in thy pure self it shall abide,
It shall assume a body glorified,
Being in that high bliss; nor shall
we twain
Or wish to meet, or fear to part
again.

To Cynthia

On a Kiss

Being thy servant, Cynthia, 'tis my duty
To make thy name as glorious as thy beauty.
Of which things may be writ far more and high,
Than are of stars in all astronomy,
Nay, natural philosophy, that contains
Each thing that in the Universe remains;
Nor more, nor such materials affords,
Could we for the expression find but words.
But surely of thy kindness I'm afraid,
Or bounty, very little can be said:
A page in decimo sexto will suffice
For them, which if one should epitomise
Like an arithmetician, that hath wrought,
And hath a unit to a cipher brought,
He certainly no other thing should do
Than cleave a geometrical point in two.
Thy bounty on a half-penny may be set,
And they that serve thee, sure do nothing get:
For when thy faithful servant's wages is
No more from thee than quarterly a kiss,
Penurious thou unjustly dost detain
His salary so long, that he is fain,
(Because thou dost thy lips so strictly keep)
To take it from thee when thou art asleep:
And if that thou art waking, by some slight
Or stratagem he must come by his right:
There is no justice, where there's no way left
To get our own, but violence, or theft:
And therefore, Cynthia, as a turquois[e] bought,
Or stol'n, or found, is virtueless, and nought,
It must be freely given by a friend,
Whose love and bounty doth such virtue lend,
As makes it to compassionate, and tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well.

---

17 penny] Orig. has the well-known spelling 'peny,' which I have half a mind to keep. The lines following are delightful.

34 Compare Benlowes (i. 374), whose

No sympathizing turkise there, to tell
By paleness th' owner is not well,

is almost too close in phrase not to be borrowed, though the *materies* is *publicissima*.

So one kiss given shall content me more,
Than if that I had taken half a score:
Thy ruby lips, like turquoises, ne'er shall
By giving kisses wax, or dry, or pale.

To Cynthia

On Seeing and Touching

Wert thou as kind as thou art fair,
All men might have a part,
And breathe thee freely as the air:
For, Cynthia, thou art
In the superlative degree,
More beauteous than the light,
And as the Sun art made to be
An object for the sight.

But since thou hast some sweets unknown,
Ordainèd for the touch,
Particular for me alone,
Then favour me thus much;
When to my touch thou dost allow
Thy cheeks, thy lips, thy breast,
Thy noblest parts: then do not thou
Exclude me from the rest.

To Cynthia

On her Looking-glass

Give me leave, fairest Cynthia, to envy
Thy looking-glass far happier than I,
To which thy naked beauties every morn
Thou showest so freely, while thou dost adorn
Thy richer hair with gems, and neatly deck
With oriental pearls thy whiter neck,
Which take the species of thy naked breast—
So white, I doubt if it can be exprest
By the reflection of the purest glass,
Which swans, snows, ceruses doth so surpass,
As in comparison of it, these may
Rather than white, be termèd hoar or gray:
Besides, all whites but thine may take a spot,
Thine, the first matter of all whites, cannot:
Maybe thou trusts thy glass's secrecy
With dainties, yet unseen by any eye:
All these thy favours I will well allow
Unto my rival glass; but so, that thou

4 Cynthia] It may be just worth while to note, for those not familiar with books of the period, that the name of the person addressed is here (as often, though by no means always) enclosed not by commas but by brackets.

7 take] i.e. 'pearl' as plural.

10 ceruses] Orig. 'Cerusces.' The word is here quite correctly used for a *white* cosmetic: some later English writers seem to have mistaken it for 'rouge.'

18 so] Unluckily misprinted 'to' in orig.

Wilt not permit it justly to reflect
Thy eye upon itself: I shall suspect,
And jealous grow, that such reflex may move
Thee (fair Narcissus like) to fall in love
With thine own beauty's shadow: Love's sharp dart
Shot 'gainst a stone may bound, and wound thy heart:
Which if it should, alas! how sure were I
To be past hope, and then past remedy.
This to prevent, may'st thou when thou dost rise,
Vouchsafe to dress thy beauties in my eyes.
If these shall be too small, may, for thy sake,
Hypochondriac melancholy make
My body all of glass, all which shall be
So made, and so constellated by thee,
That as in crystal mirrors many a spot
Is by infection of a look begot,
This glass of thine if thou but frown, shall fly
In thousand shivers broken by thine eye:
Since then it hath this sympathy with thee,
Let me not languish in a jealousy,
To think this wonder may be brought to pass,
Thy fair looks may inanimate thy glass,
And make it my competitor: 'tis all one
To give life to a glass, as make me stone.

To Cynthia

On Expressions of Love

Must I believe, sweet Cynthia, that the flame
Hath light and heat, had I ne'er felt the same?
Must I believe the cold and hardest flint
(Had I ne'er known 't) had fiery sparkles in 't?
Must I believe the load-stone e'er did draw
The steel, when such a thing I never saw?
Must I turn Papist by implicit faith,
To believe that, which thou, or woman saith?
Thou sayest thou lov'st me, but thou dost not show
Any the smallest sign that it is so:
All emanations of thy soul thou keep'st
Retir'd within thy breast, as when thou sleep'st:
True love is not a mere intelligence
That 's metaphysical, for every sense
Must see and judge of it; I must avow,
That senseless things are kinder far than thou:

---

33 mirrors] Orig. 'mirroirs,' which is clearly worth noting.

Thou neither wilt embrace, nor kiss; thy hand
(Unless I kiss it) doth each touch withstand:
Learn therefore of the flame not to profess
Thou lov'st, unless thou love in act express:
Learn of the flint which being once calcin'd,
Becomes a white soft cement, that will bind
Learn of the load-stone, let it teach thy heart
Not only to draw lovers, but impart
Thy favours to them; let thy servants feel
Thy love, who are more sensible then steel

To Cynthia

When I behold the heaven of thy face,
And see how every beauty, every grace
Move, and are there
As in their sphere,
What need have I, my Cynthia, to confer
With any Chaldee or Astrologer:
Since in the scheme of thy fair face I see
All the aspects of my nativity.

For if at any time thou should'st cast down
From thy serenest brow an angry frown,
Or should 't reflect
That dire aspect
Of opposition, or of enmity,
That look would sure be fatal unto me,
Unless fair Venus' kind succeeding ray,
Did much of the malignity allay.

Or if I should be so unfortunate
To see a look though of imperfect hate,
I am most sure
That quadrature
Would cast me in a quartan love-sick fever,
Of which I should recover late, if ever,
Or into a consumption, so should I
Perish at last, although not suddenly.

But when I see those starry Twins of thine,
Behold me with a sextile, or a trine,
And that they move
In perfect love

---

17 An interesting time-mark, hand-kissing being regarded as more a matter of course than hand-shaking or holding. If Mr. Browning had written 200 years earlier we should have had

I will *kiss* your hand but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer!

mutatis et aliter mutandis.

6 Chaldee] Orig. 'Chalde.'

With amorous beams, they plainly do discover,
My horoscope markt me to be a lover:
And that I only should not have the honour
To be borne under Venus, but upon her.

To Cynthia

An Apology

Expect not, lovely Cynthia, yet from me
Lines like thy fairest self, so clear, so free
From any blemish, for what now I write,
Is like a picture done in a dim light,
A night-piece, for my soul is overcast,
As is a mirror with a humid blast,
Or breathing on it: and a misty cloud,
Thy beauties, brightness in a veil doth shroud.
These lines of mine are only to be read
To make thee drowsy when thou go'st to bed,
For the long gloomy dark, and clouded sky,
That the Sun's brightness to us doth deny,
Darkens all souls, and damps all human sense,
That to his light hath any reference,
And quenches so those hot and amorous flames,
That would have made the water of the Thames
Burn like canary-sack, more dull, and cold,
Than wine at Court, which is both small and old:
Give me a little respite then to end
That romance, which to thy name I intend,
Till Hampton Court, or Greenwich purer air,
Produce lines like thyself, serene and fair:
Meantime imagine that Newcastle coals,
Which as (Sir Inigo saith) have perisht Paul's,
And by the skill of Marquis would-be Jones,
'Tis found the smoke's salt did corrupt the stones:
Think thou I am in London where I have
No intermission, but to be a slave
To other men's affairs more than my own,
And have no leisure for to be alone:

---

32 It is necessary here to keep 'born*e*,' though modern practice has rather arbitrarily and unnecessarily discriminated the spelling of the participle in the two senses. I suppose this final *gaillardise* frightened Ellis and Brydges from giving this poem, one of Kynaston's prettiest and most characteristic. The sudden 'tower' of the last stanza

> But when I see those starry Twins of thine,

is a joy for ever. 'Only should not' of course = 'should not only.'

13 Darkens] Orig. by a clear misprint 'Darkenesse.'

20 rómance] As before.

24 Inigo] Orig. 'In*e*go.' Had Kynaston taken up Ben Jonson's quarrel? or had he, as President of the Museum, an opposition-theory of stone-corruption? There is clearly some animus.

Yet, dearest Cynthia, think thus much of me,
By night I do both think, and dream of thee,
And that which I shall write in thy high praise,
Shall be the work of fair and sunshine days:
Nor to describe thee will I take the pains,
But in the hour when Jove, or Venus reigns.

To Cynthia

LEARN'D lapidaries say the diamond
Bred in the mines and mountains of the East,
Mixt with heaps of gold-ore is often found,
In the half-bird's half-beast's, the Griphon's, nest,
Is first pure water easy to be prest,
  Then ice, then crystal, which great length of time
  Doth to the hardest of all stones sublime.

I think they say the truth, for it may be,
And what they of the diamond have said,
My brightest Cynthia, may be prov'd by thee,
Who having liv'd so long, so chaste a maid,
Thy heart with any diamond being weigh'd,
  Is harder found, and colder than that stone,
  Thy first year's virgin-softness being gone.

For now it is become impenetrable,
And he that will, or form, or cut it, must
(If he to purchase such a gem be able)
Use a proportion of thy precious dust,
Although the valuation be unjust:
  That pains which men to pierce it must bestow,
  Will equal dear in price unto it grow.

But thou, it may be, wilt make this profession,
That diamonds are soft'ned with goats' blood,
And mollified by it will take impression.
This of slain lovers must be understood:
But trust me, dearest Cynthia, 'tis not good,
  Thy beauties so should lovers' minds perplex,
  As make them think thee Angel without sex.

To Cynthia

On his being one with her

WHEN pure refinèd gold is made in coin
And silver is put to 't as the allay,
Unless they both do melt, they will not join,
There being to mix them both no other way.

28 This conclusion is rather lame.

So bars of iron in like kind will not
Be piec'd together, nor be made in one,
Unless they both be made alike red-hot:
Then join they as they had together grown.
By this I find, there is no hope for me,
Ever to be united as a part
Of thy sweet self, or to be mixt with thee:
Breast join'd to breast, and heart commix'd with heart,
For that thy hard congeal'd and snow-white breast,
Cold as the North, that sends forth frosty weather,
And mine with flames of love warm as the West,
Will ne'er admit that we should lie together:
Unless my tears like showers of April rain,
Do thaw thy ice to water back again:
Or else unless my naked breasts being laid
On thine, and alike cold, it may be said,
Of both our bosoms being joinèd so,
That alabaster frozen was in snow;
That so what heat together could not hold,
Should be combin'd, and made one, by the cold.

To Cynthia

On Sugar and her Sweetness

Those, Cynthia, that do taste the honey-dew
Of thy moist rosy lips (who are but few),
Or sucketh vapour of thy breath more sweet
Than honeysuckle's juice, they all agree 't
To be Madeira's sugar's quintessence,
Or some diviner syrup brought from thence.
And for the operation, they believe,
It hath a quality provocative:
For Venus in the sugar's propagation
Is said to have a sovereign domination:
But I must not think so, for I have read
Of an extracted sugar out of lead,
Of which I once did taste, which chemists call
Sugar of Saturn, for they therewithal
Cure all venereal heats, for it doth hold
A winter in it like that Planet's cold,
And though 't be strangely sweet, yet doth it quench
All courage towards a mistress or a wench.
Such must I think thy sweetness for to be,
By that experience that is found in me:

---

12 'Brest' and 'breast' occur indifferently in this poem.
2 A most unlucky parenthesis!
5 Madeira's] Orig. 'Mederaes.' The 'Madeira' cane is a known variety. It must be remembered that sugar was still something of a rarity.

For he that shall those sweets of thine but taste,
Shall like thyself become, as cold, as chaste:
For like the mildew new fallen from the sky,
Though dropt from Heaven, yet doth it mortify.

To Cynthia

On her Coyness

What sweetness is in fruits, in nectarine,
Peach, cherry, apricock, those lips of thine,
Cynthia, express what colours grace the rose,
The jessamine, the lily, pink, all those,
Whether it be in colours, or in smells,
Are emblems of thy body, which excels
All flowers in purity, but can we find
A flower, or herb, an emblem of thy mind?
Yes, the coy shame-fac'd plant Pudesetan,
Which is endu'd with sense, for if a man
Come near the female, and his finger put
Upon her leaf, she instantly will shut
Close all her branches, as she did disdain
The handling of a man, and spread again
Her leaves abroad, whenas a man is gone,
And she is in her earthy bed alone.
This Indian plant a man may well suppose,
Within the garden of thy bosom grows,
Which though it be invisible hath such
A property, to make thee fly my touch:
And sure the plant hath such a sympathy,
As that it will not close her leaves to thee;
And if thou com'st, herself she will not hide,
But will (more nice than she) thy touch abide.

To Cynthia

On a Short Visit

Giving thee once a visit of respect,
Because I some affairs could not neglect,
Which much concern'd me, brooking no delay,
I only kist thine hand, and went away:
How aptly, Cynthia, didst thou then inquire,
Whether I came to thee but to fetch fire:

---

1 nectarine] Orig. 'Nectorine.

9 Orig. looks like 'Pude*f*etan' and I consulted the highest authorities at Kew to know whether the name was known. The answer was in the negative: and I then conjectured 'Pudesetan' (with the long *s*): the two last syllables (the two first being clear enough) standing for *seta*, the minute leaflets of the mimosa. This the same authorities, though still not recognizing the form, were pleased not to disapprove.

It was too true, for yet I never came
To visit thee, but I did fetch a flame,
Religious fire, which kindled by thine eyes,
Still made my heart thy beauty's sacrifice;
But though I, like Prometheus, never stole
Celestial fire to give a living soul
To any earthen statue, stone, yet he
More mercy finds from Jove, than I from thee;
Though he to Caucasus be bound for ever,
A ravenous vulture tiring on his liver,
His pain is not augmented, but the same.
But mine, like Vesta's never-dying flame,
Although to burn my heart it never cease,
Like oil of gold yet it doth still increase,
An everlasting lamp, for fires that come
From heaven still do burn, but not consume.

To Cynthia

On Verses on her

THERE is no sense that I should write a line
On such a beauty, Cynthia, as thine;
I am no poet, and it is in vain,
Since thou exceed'st all worth, to strive to feign:
On my poor lines the Thespian well ne'er dropt,
From me the fount of Helicon is stopt:
I ne'er was so ill bred as to invoke
Apollo, and to sacrifice with smoke
Of coals, or billets, nor yet am I able,
In the west-end of Cardinal Wolsey's stable,
To keep a Pegasus, a horse that might
Advance my muse by his swift nimble flight:
Yet like a man opprest with grief and cares,
Law-suits, and troubles, so with me it fares:
If he but take a lusty jovial drink,
Forgets all sorrows, so if I but think
On thee, or thy chaste beauty, then my cheer
Is chang'd, no clouds do in my soul appear;
Thy rare divinest beauty so expels
With joys the horror of ten thousand hells.

---

16 tiring] Orig. 'tyring.' It is a technical word for the *tearing* of a bird of prey, and occurs both in Shakespeare and in Benlowes.

1 sense] So often 'sence,' is here spelt in the modern way.

10 west-end, &c.] It has been suggested to me that this means the unfinished part of St. Frideswide's at Christ Church, Oxford.

To Cynthia

On a parting kiss

So would a soul, if that it did but know
(Being form'd in Heaven) how that it was to go
To a dark womb on earth from heavenly bliss,
Regret, as I do at our parting kiss;
For when I part from thee, though the delight
Of the kiss is a sunbeam before night,
Yet I much better should endure the pain,
Were I but sure that we should kiss again.
But being uncertain, like a soul in fear,
Whether it shall return to the same sphere,
Or star, or house celestial, whence it came:
My Cynthia, Beauty's queen, thou canst not blame
My fear, nor my credulity in this,
If I considering of our parting kiss,
Shall straight affirm that on thy lip doth dwell
At once a heavenly pleasure, and a hell;
For in our kiss is bliss without dimension,
And in our parting grief, beyond extension:
O do me then the favour done to those
Die on the block, to whom the headsman shows
Nor sword, nor axe, nor doth the traitor know
When he will strike, until he feel the blow:
Use me then so, let 's kiss so oft, so fast,
I may not know, which kiss shall be my last.

To Cynthia

On his absence from her

Till now I doubted whether love, or sight
Of thy dear beauties, Cynthia, did invite
My hand to write, or did beget a line,
That did express my heart was wholly thine:
But now I am resolv'd, 'twas not thy face,
Thy lovely shape, or any outward grace
Mov'd me to write, for, if that those had been
The cause, they must have oftentimes been seen;
Else my long absence, like a sponge, would blot
Those beauties, which not seen, would be forgot:
But thy rare parts of mind, which I adore,
Once seen, that 's understood, they need no more;
Or new, or frequent visits to repair
My memory, or make thee a fresh fair:

---

4 Regret] Orig. 'regreet,' which one is half inclined to keep, for etymological and historical reasons.

No absence from thee shall have the effect,
As make me not to love, or not respect:
Visits are needless, since they only be
Subjects of fool's discourse, or jealousy:
Then think me like to those are us'd to talk
When they are fast asleep, who rise and walk
As well as if they wak'd, do all things right
As if they us'd their eyes, or had a light:
Even so will I turn dreamer, and desire
Nor sight, nor light, but Love's internal fire,
So thou (although no object of my sense)
Shalt be the subject of Love's innocence.

To Cynthia

On his Love after Death

Let lovers that like honey-flies
After balm-dropping showers
Swarming in sunshine of thine eyes,
Kissing thy beauty's flowers—
Believe that they do live, while they do taste
Of all those dainty sweetnesses thou hast.

Let them believe while they do sip,
Or while that they have suckt,
The rosy nectar of thy lip,
Or from the rose unpluckt
Of thy fair cheek, or of thy fragrant breasts,
The aromatic odours of the East.

Let them believe, that they do live,
So long as they are fed
Upon the honey thou dost give,
Which wanting, they are dead:
For if thou that ambrosial food deny,
Their loves, like souls of beasts, do with them die.

But, Cynthia, that ne'er-ending love
Wherewith I honour thee,
To be immortal, thus I prove,
For though that absence be
A truer portraiture of death than sleep,
Nay, a true death, for absent lovers weep:

Yet like a long-departed soul
That hath a body lost,
Hath yet a being to condole,
So my love like a ghost,
Remaining follows thee, whose Heaven thou art,
Lives, though not in thine eyes, yet in my heart.

To Cynthia

On her Changing

Dear Cynthia, though thou bear'st the name
Of the pale Queen of Night,
Who changing yet is still the same,
Renewing still her light:
Who monthly doth herself conceal,
And her bright face doth hide,
That she may to Endymion steal,
And kiss him unespied.

Do not thou so, not being sure,
When this thy beauty 's gone,
Thou such another canst procure,
And wear it as thine own,
For the by-sliding silent hours,
Conspirators with grief,
May crop thy beauty's lovely flowers,
Time being a sly thief.

Which with his wings will fly away,
And will return no more;
As having got so rich a prey,
Nature cannot restore:
Reserve thou then, and do not waste
That beauty which is thine,
Cherish those glories which thou hast,
Let not grief make thee pine.

Think that the lily we behold,
Or July-flower may
Flourish, although the mother mould,
That bred them be away.
There is no cause, nor yet no sense,
That dainty fruits should not,
Though the tree die, and wither, whence
The apricots were got.

To Cynthia

On her Resemblance

Forgive me Cynthia, if (as Poets use,
When they some divine Beauty would express)
I roses, pinks, or July-flowers do choose:
It is a kind of weakness I confess,
To praise the great'st perfection by a less:
And is the same, as if one strove to paint
The holiness or virtues of a Saint.

Yet there is a necessity impos'd,
For those bright Angels, which we virtues call
Had not been known, had they not been inclos'd
In precious stones, or things diaphanal:
The essences and forms celestial
Had been conceal'd, had not the heavenly powers
Been stamp'd, and printed on stones, trees, and flowers.

So thy divine pure soul, and every grace,
And heavenly beauty it doth comprehend,
Had not been seen, but for thy lovely face,
Which with angel-like features may contend,
Which into flesh and blood did down descend,
That she her purest essence might disclose
In it, as thy fair cheeks do in the Rose.

26 They say '*gilly*-flower' is not 'July-flower.' Let them say.

32 Observe 'apri*cots*' here, 'apricock' before.

18 It is odd that 'angelic' will give the proper quantification, while 'angel-like' does not.

To Cynthia

On her Mother's Decease

April is past, then do not shed,
Nor do not waste in vain,
Upon thy mother's earthy bed,
Thy tears of silver rain.

Thou canst not hope that her cold earth,
By wat'ring will bring forth
A flower like thee, or will give birth
To one of the like worth.

'Tis true the rain fall'n from the sky,
Or from the clouded air,
Doth make the earth to fructify,
And makes the heaven more fair.

With thy dear face it is not so,
Which if once overcast,
If thou rain down thy showers of woe,
They, like the Sirens', blast.

Therefore when sorrow shall becloud
Thy fair serenest day,
Weep not, my sighs shall be allow'd
To chase the storm away.

Consider that the teeming vine,
If cut by chance do weep,
Doth bear no grapes to make the wine,
But feels eternal sleep.

To Cynthia

Wonder not, Cynthia, thou who art
Thyself a wonder, whose each part
Kindles so many amorous flames,
That Love wants numbers, Beauty names,
If I that with so much respect,
Honour, admire, love, and affect
Thy graces, as no soul can more,
Yet willing starve in midst of store,
When as by tying Hymen's knot,
All thy perfections may be got:
And I to those high pleasures rais'd,
As to enjoy all I have prais'd:
Know, Cynthia, that Love's purest fire,
My love unsatisfied is pure:
Thou dost not know, if I enjoy'd
Thy beauties, if I might be cloy'd;
More, all the while I nought enjoy,
I do not care if thou be coy:
Nor, if that lying by my side,
Thy virgin cestus be untied:
For, Cynthia, thou it true shalt prove,
Hymen not makes, but seals our love.

---

16 Why 'sirens'?

22 '*it* weep' for '*do* weep' is almost irresistible to remove the only 'naeve' in this charming piece.

20 cestus] Orig. 'Cystern.' One of the oddest slips of the pen for 'cestus' or else one of the oddest confusions of metaphor. Somebody has naturally enough written 'cestus' in the copy here reproduced.

FINIS

POEMS

By

JOHN HALL.

NAZIANZ.

Παίζει δὲ μέτρον τῆς ἀνίας φάρμακον,
Παίδευμα καὶ γλύκασμα τοῖς νέοις---

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by *Roger Daniel* Printer to the
Univerſitie, 1646.

For J. Rothwell *at the Sun in Pauls Church-yard.*

INTRODUCTION TO JOHN HALL

In reading the extravagant encomia prefixed to Hall's *Poems*[1], one feels as if it would argue an absence of humour not to suspect the presence of it in them. But that presence is not so certain. Similar extravaganzas appear before the author's still earlier prose *Horae Vacivae* or Essays[2]; they seem to have expressed the general opinion about this boy of nineteen or twenty: and that opinion seems further to have been shared by Hobbes, than whom at the time there was hardly a more competent[3] and certainly not a more formidable judge, and who was not biassed by any connexions, local or academic, with Hall himself. It is, however, still not quite clear whether we are or are not to add Hall to the list of mere precocities. It is true that, though he died young[4], he lived ten years after 1646 without doing any work that almost any one might not have done—writing *Paradoxes*, executing translations (including one of Longinus), and above all pamphleteering in the Cromwellian interest. It is true, also, that the merit which undoubtedly exists in the following Poems is rather of that delusive kind, which as practised reviewers know to their cost, is at certain times not uncommon in *first* books of poetry, and has a most lamentable habit of not being found in second or succeeding ones. When poetry is 'in the air' a certain class of ingenuous minds 'take' it, like the measles and the chickenpox, and become thereby, unluckily or luckily, immune from it afterwards.

Even allowing, however, for this melancholy fact—and for the other fact that at no other time in English literary history, not even fifty or sixty years earlier, or a hundred and fifty and two hundred years later, was this epidemic of poetry so remarkable as about the middle of the seventeenth century—there is something in Hall that is not merely epidemic, though he has the poetic measles itself as clearly as ever man had. He shows—and almost certainly must have meant to show—the two varieties of it, fantastic-grotesque and fantastic-passionate, in the closest contrast: indeed it sometimes looks as if he deliberately and ostentatiously put his examples of the two in pairs. The grotesques in which even Milton failed are seldom successes with Hall. The 'Satire' with which he begins looks like a deliberate following of his greater and elder namesake Joseph, and has nothing to redeem the strained falsetto of stock indignation which spoils Elizabethan satire generally. The subsequent conceits on little learned men, gigantic Court officials, eunuchs, deformed persons, great eaters, and so forth are very tedious things: though after a fashion they make one more thankful to Butler in that he came at last, did this thing once for all, and 'did for' it in doing it.

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[1] Cambridge, 1646–7.

[2] London, 1646.

[3] Not perhaps of poetical, but of intellectual, merit.

[4] He was born at Durham in 1627, was educated at the Grammar School of that city, and entered St. John's, Cambridge, in February, 1645–6. The *Horae Vacivae* came out four months later, and the *Poems*, Profane and Divine, by the next spring. He died less than ten years later, in August, 1656, having become a strong partisan, and it is said a pensioner, of Cromwell. Of the later works referred to above, his translation of Longinus is about the most interesting, and Hall's version of the title of the treatise—*The Height of Eloquence*—is not the worst that has been attempted. He is said (indeed it was enough to turn a young brain) to have fully shared the good opinion of Henry More and the rest about himself, and to have thought that the authorities denied him honours which were due to his 'excess of merit': while neglect of exercise and loose living appear to have hastened his end. Whether the Reverend Mr. Pawson (*v. inf.*) felt any compunction is not recorded: but it is fair to say that College tutors are not often responsible, in this way, for spoiling their pupils. It should perhaps be added here that Hall sent his *Essays* to Howell, and that they form the subject of one of the ever-delightful *Letters*.

But the serious things interposed among these laboured trifles are very different. I suppose a certain amount of training is required to judge them. Even among persons of culture the spirit of the Princess (herself a person of culture surely) when she said

A mere love-poem!

is apt to be rife. However, the mere love-poems have supplied a rather remarkably large proportion of the best poetry in the world: and Hall, minor poet though he be, takes the benefit of this quite irrefragable proposition. The very first of them, 'The Call' to Romira, has that *arresting* quality which belongs only to poetry that is poetry. It begins in no very out of the way fashion, though even in the beginning there is the wonderful Caroline 'grip' of rhythm and metre; but it tightens this grip as it goes on.

See! see! the sun
Does slowly to his azure lodging run:
Come sit out here,
And presently he'll quit our hemisphere.
So still among
Lovers, time is too short or else too long.
Here will we spin
Legends for them that have Love's martyrs been.
Here on this plain
We'll talk Narcissus to a flower again.

In some French book or other the host produces cigars which he begs his friends to smoke *avec recueillement*. I should like to invite reading of these lines under the same condition.

After it the reader may come with fit preparation to 'The Lure,' which is a distinct advance. I have ventured in a note to suggest comparison with what is perhaps Browning's masterpiece as an anticipation. For a recollection there is of course, from a slightly different side, Catullus. But if a minor poet like Hall can stand (and I think he can) these looks before and after, is it not something in his favour? I shall not go through the rest here; my self-denying ordinance prevents that. But I can trust the effect of going through for himself on any fit reader; and the others may stand down. Let me only draw attention to the 'Ode to Pawson'—not 'a mere love-poem' at all, and certainly not a common kind of Ode from an undergraduate to his tutor.

The Divine Poems give a new test, and admittedly a severe one. Though the difficulty of sacred poetry may have been exaggerated, it exists: and it can never be more threatening than when an inevitable comparison occurs, not merely with mainly or wholly 'divine' contemporaries like Crashaw and Herbert and Vaughan, but with such things as Herrick's 'Litany' and 'White Island.' Yet Hall does not come so ill out of the peril. The Latin pieces are very interesting here. I like the Boethian

Ut se perpetuo rotat

best myself; but preference is free. They are, however, not so much to our purpose as the English. In these, if he never climbs to the sublimest heights, he seems to me to avoid the disastrous stumbles and descents of most 'divine' poets very satisfactorily. Almost at once, though there is some titular extravagance in 'The Dithyramb,' he strikes into the mystical melancholy music, fully religious in tone, of which his period had the secret and kept it, till Miss Christina Rossetti found the key once more. And he never loses it till the final ode, and the last line of this.

A minor poet? Undoubtedly: but a poet. Gold *dust* only, in small handfuls, or even pinches? Perhaps; but *gold* dust[1].

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[1] Sir Egerton Brydges published in 1816 a reprint, in small numbers, of Hall's *Poems* which has been utilized here. It has, however, though generally accurate, a certain number of slight but not unimportant mistakes. I have corrected these carefully, both before and after printing, from my own copy of the original—a copy which was once Southey's. For the relation between these poems and the medley ascribed later to Cleveland, we may wait till we come to Cleveland himself.

To his truly noble, and worthily honoured friend, Thomas Stanley, Esq.

MY DEAREST FRIEND.

Since it is the hard fortune of these glow-worms to see day, I wish they might have passed your examination; for I know you to be a severe critic in poetry, as well as in philology, and the sciences: but since others' importunities, and mine own pressing occasions have denied it, I must present them loaden with their own blemishes, that being fitter objects of pardon, they may draw in pardoning, more demonstrations of your candour, and add to my engagements, could they receive augmentation. I will not commit a rape upon your modesty by any praises, though Truth herself might be your panegyrist, and yet continue naked; give me only leave to tell you from mine own experience, that love is more than a mere sympathy: for admiration did first attract my thoughts to you, and after fix them; though it were only your innate sweetness that received them with an undeserved entertainment. Sir, what I was first indebted to you at Durham, I endeavour to acquit in part here at Cambridge; for the total, though it be rather above my ability, than desires, yet should I hate the thought of a general discharge. Let me only beg of you that these cherry-stones may draw from you your own pearls, which cannot but break themselves a day through that darkness to which you now confine them[1]. Let us once see Fancy triumph in the spoils of the richest learning, there will many, no doubt, press to follow the chariot; yet shall none be more forward than,

Sir
Your most affectionately
devoted servant,
J. HALL.

St. John's,
Jan. 6, 1646.

Preface

JUSTICE itself cannot deny me liberty of speech before sentence, if injustice have not past it already; whether by declining the doom from me as the mere vizard and hand of another, or censuring, more severely, all my life spent in these holidays, and my best flames on such wildfires.

I could never screw my judgement up to that rigour, as suppose those too familiar with poetry, that only courted her by some chaste salutes; 'twere injurious to that Nymph, which will only be wooed by high spirits, and to high spirits in stooping to so inferior an object; thus much I have ever observed, that those that slighted other matrons and made her their wife, had never the assistance of any portion; and she seldom proved fruitful without co-operation of good seed, and strong influences.

For mine own part, since I am forced to shoot out these blooms, I might justly fear chill winds abroad; but that I hope they will hasten the destruction of such unripe fruit: neither am I solicitous how they savour, for I intend no more, and these I give over as already distasted; let me only say thus much to direct your charity, that a mushroom, though but an excrescency, well dressed, is no poison, but a salad; and dancing, though censured as unbecoming, and perhaps unlawful, is no other but the most regular kind of walking, and that teaches the body a most decent carriage. But such sins as these are venial in youth, especially if expiated with timely abjurement; for follies continued till old age, do aggrandize and become horrid; whereas a seasonable intermission puts them among those pitiable lapses that attend mortality.

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[1] It was, as a matter of fact, not till the next year (1647) that Stanley published his poems, and not till five years later that he gave a definitive edition of them.

For the faults of the press, they may easily be passed over by your candour; some more notorious, which I casually observe in the perusal, be pleased to take notice of. J. H.

To the young Author upon his incomparable Vein in Satire and Love Sonnets

[1] YOUNG monster! born with teeth, that thus canst bite
So deep, canst wound all sorts at ten and eight:
Fierce Scythian brat! young Tamerlane! the Gods'
Great scourge! that kick'st all men like skulls and clods;
Rough creature! born for terror; whose stern look,
Few strings and muscles mov'd, is a whole book
Of biting satires; who did thee beget?
Or with what pictures was the curtains set?
John of the Wilderness? the hairy child?
The hispid Thisbite? or what Satyr wild,
That thou thus satirisest? Storm of wit,
That fall'st on all thou meetst, and all dost meet!
Singest like lightening the reverend fur
Of ancient sages; mak'st a fearful stir
With my young master and his pedagogue,
And pullst by th' ears the lad's beloved dog.
Then hast thy finger in potato pies,
That make the dull grammarian to rise;
Anon advancing thy satiric flail,
Sweepst down the wine-glasses and cups of ale;
Nor yet art spent; thy manly rage affords
New coil against young wenches and old words,
'Gainst Jos. and Tycho that slings down the spheres;
Like Will with th' wisp sit'st on moist asses' ears;
And now stept in, most quick and dexterous,
Boldly by th' elbow jogg'st Maurolycus,
Causing him in his curious numberings lose
Himself; tak'st Galileo by the nose;
Another stroke makes the dry bones (O Sin!)
Of lean Geometry rattle in her skin;
New rage transforms thee to a pig, that roots
In Jury-land, or crumps Arabic roots;
Or else made corn-cutter, thou loutest low,
And tak'st old Madam Eva by the toe.
Anon thy officious fancy, at random sent,
Becomes a chamberlain, waits on Wood of Kent,—
Sir, much good do't you,—then the table throws
Into his mouth his stomach's mouth to close;
Another while the well-drench'd smoky Jew,
That stands in his own spaul[2] above the shoe,
She twitcheth by the cloak, and threadbare plush,
Nor beats his moist black beard into a blush!

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[1] The author of *Psychozoia* in a mood of 'metaphysical' *bravura* is certainly 'a most odd fellow,' as Southey said of him generally.

[2] Saliva.

Mad soul! tyrannic wit! that thus dost scourge
All mortals, and with their own follies urge,
Thou'rt young; therefore, as infant, innocent,
Without regret of conscience all are rent
By the rough knotted whip; but if such blows
Thy younger years can give; when age bestows
Much firmer strength, sure thy satiric rods
May awe the heavens, and discipline the gods!
And now, I ween, we wisely well have shown
What hatred, wrath, and indignation
Can do in thy great parts. How melting love,
That other youthful heat, thou dost improve
With fancies quaint, and gay expressions pat,
More florid than a Lanspresado's[1] hat;
That province to some fresher pens we leave,
Dear lad! and kindly now we take our leave.
Only one word. Sith we so highly raise
Thy watchful wit, take this compendious praise:—
Thy love and wrath seem equal good to me,
For both thy wrath and love right satires be.
Thus may we twitch thee now, young whelp! but when
Thy paws be grown, who'll dare to touch thee then?

H. MORE, *Fell. of Chr. Coll.*

To his friend Mr. J. H. upon his Poems

MAY thine own verse, the envy and the glory
Of gownéd gentry, still enrich thy story!

Flame out, bright spark! and let them clearly see
What 's not impossible for them to be;

Go on, and make the bankrupt world to know
How much to thy judicious pen they owe;
By whose gigantic parts is clearly shown,
That Nature's womb is not yet feeble grown.

Thy lines pardon the press for all the rhymes,
That have committed been in senseless times,

When Pegasus, made hackney, foundered grows,
Wishing himself turn'd loose to graze in prose.

WILL. DILLINGHAM, *Fell. Eman.*

A Genethliacon to the infant Muse of his dearest Friend

DAME NATURE, long projecting how
She might a new-year's gift bestow
Of greatest worth, at length did chuse
To give the world an early Muse;
She felt perfection in her womb
Struggling to get a larger room,
And could not chuse but give it breath,
Though by procuring her own death.
She would not her full time out-tarry,
Lest bringing forth she might miscarry;

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[1] The correcter form of this variously spelt word (=lance-corporal) appears to be lanspesado.

Therefore she rather rips her womb,
Thence gives this rich depositum.
Nor need we this Abortive fold
In a lambskin, to keep 't from cold:
We need not cry, as! spare it yet,
'Tis an untimely tender wit:
Let Envy spatter what it can,
This Embryon will prove a man.
Thus thy luxuriant laurel-sprout,
As soon as 't hath its head put out,
O'ertops old standers! Thus thy bays
Vie greenness with thy tender days.

WILL. HARINGTON, *Fell. of G. and C. Coll.*

To the honoured Author, Mr. Hall, on his Poems

DOST mean to spoil thyself? Do knotty Arts,
And pale-fac'd Study, fit the silken parts
Of gentlemen? Or canst thou stretch thy ears
To hear the holy accents of the spheres
From their own volumes? Wilt thou let thy hand
Tempt their strange measures in religious sand?
Summon thy lungs, and with an angry breath
Ravel the curious dust, and throw 't beneath
Thy braver feet; 'tis too, too low: go hence,
And see the spheres with blest intelligence
Moving at tennis; go, and steep thy brain
In fluent nectar; or go vie a strain
In goatish courtship;—that, indeed, were good;
Currently noble. Nothing taints the blood,
Like this base study: hence! ye Arts; begone,
Ye brats; which serious Superstition
Brings to the threadbare parent! . . .
But thou, brave youth, with prudent skill hast taught
Thy purgèd ear to hear, yet not be caught
With these fond Syrens. Thy green thoughts may vie
With hoary wisdom: thy clear soul can spy
The mines of knowledge, can as quickly store
Itself, and dive to the retirèd ore!
Thou, like that eater, whom thy happy song
Shall cause to eat up Time himself, with strong
And sprightly heat, thou canst each art digest
In the vast stomach of thy knowing breast;
And when severer thoughts at length shall please
T' unbend themselves, then with such strains as these
Thou court'st each witty goddess, and dost tie
Thy purer ease in their festivity.

'Ηυτοσχεδίασε JA. WINDET, *M.A. Reginal.*[1]

Vati fœlix auspicium

SICUT multiplices varians Luscinia voces
Fit tandem mortis Præfica læta suæ,
Enthea sic tua sunt modulamina, Die Poeta,
At, quò funus avi flebile, vita tibi[2].

R. MARSHALL, *S. I. C.*

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[1] Sir Egerton Brydges most unjustly represented Mr. Windet of Queens' as extemporizing without the accent, which he did not do.

[2] *Quò*, printed in original, with the accent, according to custom, becomes unintelligibly *quo'* in the reprint.

To his honoured friend, Mr. J. H.

FRUITS that arise in haste, do soon,
Once nipp'd by piercing blasts, fall down;
Thy youth such sudden blooms did give,
As may even Scythian frosts survive,
And, maugre tempests, still be seen
Like youthful ivy clad in green.

T. SMITHSBY, *St. J. C. Gent.*

To his admired friend, Mr. J. Hall

WELCOME, bright sun, into our hemisphere:
Now thou art risen, we all disappear
As smallest sparks. Mount higher yet and make
All arts, and sciences, thy Zodiac:
I should desire to be thy Mercury,
Could I, though but unseen, keep pace with thee.

EDW. HOLLAND, *St. John's Coll. Gent.*

To the no less knowing than ingenious Mr. Hall, on his Ignorant Detractors

THOU need'st no noseless monuments display,
Or ear-cropp'd images: leave that by-way
To those who are contented to be known
By their forefathers' virtues, not their own:
Those who scarce other worth acknowledge will,
Than what each tailor puts into his bill,
Such plumèd Estrages[1], 'tis hard to say
Whether the feathers or the head outweigh:
Thou scorn'st these cheats; thy works purchase thee more,
Than they can swap their heritages for:
A name, I mean, 'mongst those who do advance
Learning as much as they hug Ignorance.
Thou wast a Nestor in thine infancy;
Should they live Nestor's years they'd infants die.
Whene'er they learn, what thou canst teach at ten,
The world in charity shall call them men.
Thy Dwarf and Giant may fit emblems be,
Of what proportion is 'twixt them and thee.
Couldst thou bedwarf thy soul, thou might'st descend,
Perhaps, to please these gallants, and so blend
Words with them now and then, and make a noise
'Bout some gay nothing, or themselves such toys
Couldst thou like, they would thee; till then expect
Poems from them as soon as not-neglect.
If they commend one verse which thou hast writ,
That verse shall be 'mongst thy erratas set.

J. PAWSON, *Fell. of St. John's Coll.*

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[1] Estrages] '*Estridge*' is well known from Shakespeare. Massinger has 'estr*ich*.' I thought it well to keep this further aberration.

POEMS

The First Book

A Satire

Pray let m' alone; what, do you think can I
Be still, while pamphlets thus like hailstones fly
About mine ears? when every other day
Such huge gigantic volumes doth display,
As great Knockfergus' self could hardly bear,
Though he can on his knee th' ale standard rear;
To see such paper tyrants reign, who press
Whole harmless reams to death, which, ne'ertheless,
Are dogg'd by worser fates; tobacco can
Calcine them soon to dust; the dripping-pan
Pack them to th' dunghill; if they groc'ry meet,
They do the office of a winding sheet:
How better were it for you to remain
(Poor quires!) in ancient rags, than thus sustain
Such antic forms of tortures, then to lie
In sweating tubs, and thus unpitied fry:
Y' are common drudges of the world; if 't chance
A pedant mend his shoes, you must advance
To Frankfort mart, and there demurely stand
Cloth'd in old fustian rags, and shake the hand
With every greasy Dutchman, who, perhaps,
Puts ye 'ith' self-same pocket with his scraps;
Or if you into some blind convent fly,
Y' are inquisition'd straight for heresy,
Unless your daring frontispiece can tell
News of a relic, or brave miracle;
Then are you entertain'd, and desk'd up by
Our Lady's psalter and the rosary;
There to remain, till that their wisdoms please
To let you loose among the novices.
But if you light at court, unless you can
Audaciously claw some young nobleman,
Admire the choicest Beauties of the Court,
Abuse the country parson, and make sport,

---

5 Knockfergus] An 'Irish giant,' evidently.

6 ale standard] I am not sure which of the various senses of 'standard' is meant here. Probably the pole or signstaff in front of an alehouse.

Chalk out set forms of compliments, and tell
Which fashions on which bodies might do well,
No surer paints my lady, than you shall
Into disgrace irrevocably fall.
But if you melt in oily lines, and swell
With amorous deep expressions, and can tell
Quaint tales of lust, and make Antiquity
A patron of black patches, and deny
That perukes are unlawful, and be-saint
Old Jezebel for showing how to paint,
Then th' art my Golden Book, then may'st thou lie
Adorn'd with plush or some embroidery
Upon her ladyship's own couch, where ne'er
A book that tastes religion dare appear.
Thus must ye wretched shreds comply, and bend
To every humour, or your constant friend,
The stationer, will never give you room;
Y' are younger brothers, welcomest from home.
Yet to speak truly, 'tis your just deserts
To run such various hazards and such thwarts:
Suppose ye that the world is peopled now
With cockneys or old women, that allow
Canon to every fable; that can soon
Persuade themselves the ass drunk up the moon;
That fairies pinch the peccant maids; that pies
Do ever love to pick at witches' eyes;
That Monsieur Tom Thumb on a pin's point lay;
That Pictrees feed the devil nine times a day?
Yet such authentic stories do appear
In no worse garb than folio, and still bear
No meaner badge than Aristotle's name,
Or else descent from reverend Pliny claim.
One in a humour gives great Homer th' lie,
And pleases to annihilate poor Troy;
Another scourges Virgil, 'cause 'tis said
His fiction is not in due order laid:
This will create a monster; this will raise
A ne'er found mountain; this will pour out seas;
This great Camillus to a reckoning calls
For giving so much money to the Gauls;
This counts how much the state of Egypt made
Of frogs that in the slimes of Nilus laid.
We'll not digest these gudgeons; th' world is now
At age, if 't do not towards dotage grow.

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35 Chalk out set forms] Most readers will think of Wordsworth's 'forms with chalk.' And a real connexion is not impossible, for both poets were of the same college, and Wordsworth may have seen that copy of Southey's which is now before me. The reasoning is better than Fluellen's.

62 Pictrees] An unusual form of an unusual word 'pickatree,' woodpecker, which appears (but not in this form) in *Dial. Dict.*

73-4 A good couplet.

That starch'd-out beard that sits in th' Porph'ry chair,
And but for 's crown 's light-headed, cannot err,
Barthius has read all books, Jos. Scaliger
Proportion'd lately the diameter
Unto the circle Galileo 's found,
Though not drunk, thinking that the earth ran round;
Tycho has tumbled down the orbs, and now
Fine tenuous air doth in their places grow;
Maurolycus at length has cast it even,
How many pulses' journey 'tis to heaven.
A world of such knacks know we; think ye, then,
Sooner to peep out than be kick'd from men;
Whether ye gallop in light rhymes, or chose
Gently to amble in a Yorkshire prose;
Whether ye bring some indigested news
From Spanish surgeons, or Italian stews;
Whether ye fiercely raise some false alarm,
And in a rage the Janizaries arm;
Whether ye reinforce old times, and con
What kind of stuff Adam's first suit was on;
Whether Eve's toes had corns; or whether he
Did cut his beard spadewise or like a T:
Such brokage as is this will never do 't,
We must have matter and good words to boot;
And yet how seldom meet they? most our rhymes
Rally in tunes, but speak no sense like chimes:
Grave deep discourses full as ragged be
As are their author's doublets; you'll not see
A word creep in, that cannot quickly show
A genealogy to th' ark of Noah,
Or at the least pleads not prescription
From that great cradle of confusion.
What pamphlet is there, where some Arabic
Scours not the coast? from whence you may not pick
Some Chinese character or mystic spell,
Whereon the critics for an age may dwell;
Where there 's some sentence to be understood,
As hard to find as where old Athens stood:
Why do we live, why do our pulses beat,
To spend our bravest flames, our noblest heat,
On such poor trifles? to enlarge the day
By gloomy lamps; yet for no other prey
Than a moth-eaten radix, or to know
The fashion of Deucalion's mother's shoe.

87 Who was Maurolycus? Franciscus, M. of Messina (1494–1576), says a friend.

107-8 Surely Hall must have written

show a
Genealogy [un ?]to the ark of Noah,

in the spirit of another Cambridge man in dealing with Mile-End the year before.

It will not quit the cost, that men should spend
Themselves, time, money, to no other end;
That people should with such a deal of pains
Buy knowing nothing, and wise men's disdains.
But to prevent this, the more politic sort
Of parents will to handicrafts resort:
If they observe their children do produce
Some flashings of a mounting genius,
Then must they with all diligence invade
Some rising calling, or some gainful trade;
But if it chance they have one leaden soul
Born for to number eggs, he must to school;
Especiall' if some patron will engage
Th' advowson of a neighbouring vicarage.
Strange hedly-medly! who would make his swine
Turn greyhounds, or hunt foxes with his kine?
Who would employ his saddle-nag to come,
And hold a trencher in the dining room?
Who would engage Sir James, that knows not what
His cassock 's made of, in affairs of state?
Or pluck a Richelieu from the helm to try
Conclusions to still children when they cry?
Who would employ a country schoolmaster
To construe to his boys some new-found star?
Poor leaden creatures yet shap'd up to rule,
Perpetual dictators in a school;
Nor do you want your rods, though only fed
With scraps of Tully and coarse barley bread;
Great threadbare princes, which like chess-kings brave,
No longer than your masters give you leave,
Whose large dominions in some brew-house lies,
Asses commands o'er you, you over boys;
Who still possess the lodgings next the leads,
And cheat your ladies of their waiting maids;
Who, if some lowly carriage do befriend,
May grace the table at the lower end,
Upon condition that ye fairly rise
At the first entrance of th' potato pies,
And while his lordship for discourse doth call
You do not let one dram of Latin fall;
But tell how bravely your young master swears,
Which dogs best like his fancy, and what ears;
How much he undervalues learning, and
Takes pleasure in a sparrow-hawk well mann'd
How oft he beats his foot-boy, and will dare
To gallop when no serving man is near;
How he blackberries from the bushes caught,
When antidoted with a morning's draught;

141 Sir] For 'sir-priest,' generally, of course.

How rather than he'll construe Greek, he'll choose
To English Ovid's *Arte* into prose:
Such talk is for his lordship's palate, he
Takes much delight in such-like trumpery;
But still remember ye forbear to press
Unseasonably some moral sentences;
Take heed, by all means, how rough Seneca
Sally into your talk; that man, they say,
Rails against drinking healths, and merits hate,
As sure as Ornis mocked a graduate.
What a grand ornament our gentry would
Soon lose, if every rug-gown might be bold
To rail at such heroic feats? pray who
Could honour 's Mistress' health, if this did grow
Once out of fashion? 'las, fine idols! they,
E'er since poor Cheapside cross in rubbidge lay,
E'er since the play-houses did want their prease,
And players lay asleep like dormouses,
Have suffered, too, too much: be not so sour
With tender beauties, they had once some power;
Take that away, what do you leave them? what?
To marshal fancies in a youngster's hat.
And well so too, since feathers were cashier'd
The ribbands have been to some office rear'd;
'Tis hard to meet a Lanspresado, where
Some ells of favours do not straight appear
Plastered and daubèd o'er, and garnishèd,
As feathers on a southern hackney's head,
Which, if but tied together, might at least
Trace Alexander's conquests o'er the East;
Or, stitch'd into a web, supply anew
With annuary cloaks the Wandering Jew.
So learned an age we live in, all are now
Turn'd Poets, since their heads with fancies glow.
'Las! Poets? yes: O bear me witness all
Short-winded ballads, or whate'er may fall
Within the verge of three half-quarters, say,
Produce we not more poems in a day
(By this account) than waves on waves do break,
Or country justices false English speak?
Suppose Dame Julia's messet thinks it meet
To droop or hold up one of 't's hinder feet,
What swarms of sonnets rise? how every wit
Capers on such an accident, to fit

---

172 *Arte*] Brydges prints Art, spoiling the verse. Hall, of course, in order *not* to spoil it, kept the Latin case without the preposition.

180 Was this some Cambridge 'Bird' or 'Byrd' of the time?

186 rubbidge] Brydges 'rubbage.'

211 messet] A lap-dog; cf. the Scots 'messan.' This is the northern English form, and Hall was a Durham man.

Words to her fairship's grief? but if by fate
Some long presumptuous slit do boldly grate
Don Hugo's doublet, there 's a stir as though
Nile should his ancient limits overflow;
Or some curst treason would blow up the state,
As sure as gamesters use to lie too late.
But if some fortune cog them into love,
In what a fifteenth sphere then do they move!
Not the least tittle of a word is set,
That is not flank'd with a stout epithet.
What rocks of diamonds presently arise
In the soft quagmires of two squinting eyes!
How teeth discoloured and half rotten be
Transformèd into pearl or ivory!
How every word 's chang'd at a finest note,
And Indian gums are planted in her throat!
Speak in good earnest: are they not worse than boys
Of four year old, to doat on painted toys?
Yet O how frequent! most our sages shake
Off their old furs, and needs will laurels take,
That it will be no wonder to rehearse
The crabb'dst of geometry in verse;
Or from the dust of knotty Suarez see
A strange production of some poetry.
But stay, too lavish Muse! where run you? Stay!
Take heed your tongue bite not your ears away;
Besides, y' have other business, and you might
More fitly far with tears than gall indite.

Upon T. R., a very little man, but excellently learned

Makes Nature maps? since that in thee
She 's drawn an university:
Or strives she in so small a piece
To sum the arts and sciences?
Once she writ only text-hand, when
She scribbled giants and no men:
But now in her decrepid years
She dashes dwarfs in characters,
And makes one single farthing bear
The Creed, Commandments, and Lord's Prayer.
Would she turn Art, and imitate
Monte-regio's flying gnat?
Would she the Golden Legend shut
Within the cloister of a nut;
Or else a musket bullet rear
Into a vast and mighty sphere?
Or pen an eagle in the caul
Of a slender nightingale;
Or show, she pigmies can create
Not too little but too great?
How comes it that she thus converts
So small a *totum* and great parts?

---

222 fifteenth] Unsatisfied with the mere ten of Ptolemaic system.

237 Francesco Suarez, of the twenty-three folios, had been dead barely thirty years when Hall wrote.

12 Monte-regio] Perhaps not an italianized form of the German astronomer, Johann Müller's (1436–76), usual name *Regiomontanus*, but the ablative of *Mons Regius* itself. Still R., who was great at automata, did live long in Italy.

18 nightingale] Orig. 'nightingall,' perhaps not for the rhyme only.

Strives she now to turn awry
The quick scent of philosophy?
How, so little matter can
So monstrous big a form contain;
What shall we call (it would be known)
This giant and this dwarf in one?
His age is blabb'd by silver hairs,
His limbs still cry out want of years;
So small a body in a cage
May chuse a spacious hermitage;
So great a soul doth fret and fume
At th' narrow world for want of room.
Strange conjunction! here is grown
A molehill and the Alps in one;
In th' selfsame action we may call
Nature both thrift and prodigal.

A Sea Dialogue

PALURUS

My Antinetta, though thou be
More white than foam wherewith a wave,
Broke in his wrath, besmears the sea,
Yet art thou harder than this cave.

ANTINETTA

Though thou be fairer than the light,
Which doubting pilots only mind,
That they may steer their course aright,
Yet art thou lighter than the wind.

PALURUS

And shall I not be chang'd? when thou
Hast fraught Medorus with thy heart;
And as along the sands we go
To gather shells, dost take his part?

ANTINETTA

What! shall not I congeal to see
Doris, the ballast of thine arms,
(Which have so oft encompass'd me)
Now pinion'd by her faithless charms?

PALURUS

What if I henceforth shall disdain
The golden-tressèd Doris' love,
And Antinetta serve again,
And in that service constant prove?

ANTINETTA

Though mighty Neptune cannot stand
Before Medorus, and thou be
Restless as whirlpools, false as sand,
Yet will I live and die with thee.

PALURUS

Nay, live, and lest one single death
Should rack thee, take this life of mine.

ANTINETTA

Thou but exchangèd with that breath
Thy Antinetta's soul for thine.

CHORUS

How powerful 's love! which, like a flame
That sever'd, reunites more close;
Or like a broken limb in frame,
That ever after firmer grows.

Upon the King's Great Porter

Sir, or great grandsire, whose vast bulk may be
A burying place for all your pedigree;
Thou moving Coloss, for whose goodly face
The Rhine can hardly make a looking-glass:

A Sea Dialogue] This variation on, rather than translation of, the classical 'Horace and Lydia,' is characteristic, and the opening stanzas are good.

Upon the King's Great Porter] For Evans the porter and Geoffrey Hudson the dwarf see *Peveril of the Peak.*

What piles of victuals had thou need to chew,
Ten woods or marrets' throats were not enough.
Dwarf was he, whose wife's bracelet fit his thumb;
It would not on thy little finger come:
If Jove in getting Hercules spent three
Nights, he might spend fifteen in getting thee:
What name or title suits thy greatness, thou,
Aldiboronifuscophonio?
When giants warred with Jove, hadst thou been one,
Where others oaks, thou would'st have mountains thrown;
Wer'st thou but sick, what help could e'er be wrought,
Unless physicians posted down thy throat;
Were thou to die, and Xerxes living, he
Would not pare Athos for to cover thee;
Were thou t' embalm, the surgeons needs must scale
Thy body, as when labourers dig a whale.
Great Sir! a people kneaded up in one!
We'll weigh thee by ship-burdens, not by th' stone.
What tempests might'st thou raise, what whirlwinds when
Thou breathes, thou great Leviathan of men!
Bend but thine eye, a countryman would swear
A regiment of Spaniards quartered there:
Smooth but thy brow, they'll say there were a plain
T' act York and Lancaster once o'er again!
That pocket pistol of the queen's might be
Thy pocket pistol, sans hyperbole;
Abstain from garrisons, since thou may eat
The Turk's or Mogul's titles at a bit:
Plant some new land, which ne'er will empty be,
If she enjoy her savages in thee:
Get from amongst us, since we only can
Appear like skulls march'd o'er by Tamberlane.

A Burning Glass

STRANGE chymistry! can dust and sand produce
So pure a body and diaphanous?
Strange kind of courtship! that the amorous sun
T' embrace a mineral twists his rays in one.
Talk of the heavens mock'd by a sphere, alas!
The sun itself's here in a piece of glass.
Let magnets drag base iron, this alone
Can to her icy bosom win the sun;

6 'Marret' is said to mean 'marsh': but the meaning is not very clear.
12 *Sic* in orig. but the printer may have dropped the *t* and *r*.
24 breathes] B. altered to 'breath'st.'
29 Queen Elizabeth's—the well-known Dover cannon of the rhyme.
32 titles] Misprinted 'tithes' in orig., but corrected in Errata.
2 diaphanous] Misprinted 'diaphonous' in B.

Witches may cheat us of his light awhile,
But this can him even of himself beguile:
In heaven he staggers to both tropics, here
He keeps fix'd residence all times of th' year;
Here's a perpetual solstice, here he lies,
Not on a bed of water, but of ice:
How well by this himself abridge, he might
Redeem the Scythians from their ling'ring night?
Well by this glassy proxy might he roll
Beyond th' ecliptic, and warm either pole;
Had but Prometheus been so wise, h' had ne'er
Scaled heaven to light his torch, but lighted here;
Had Archimedes once but known this use,
H' had burnt Marcellus from proud Syracuse;
Had Vesta's maids of honour this but seen,
Their Lady's fire had ne'er extinguish'd been;
Hell's engines might have finish'd their design
Of powder (but that heaven did countermine)
Had they but thought of this; th' Egyptians may
Well hatch their eggs without the midwife clay;
Why do not puling lovers this devise
For a fit emblem of their mistress' eyes?
They call them diamonds, and say th' have been
Reduced by them to ashes all within;
But they'll assum[e] 't, and ever hence 'twill pass,
A mistress' eye is but Love's Burning-glass.

The Call

ROMIRA, stay,
And run not thus like a young roe away;
No enemy
Pursues thee (foolish girl!), 'tis only I:
I'll keep off harms,
If thou'll be pleas'd to garrison mine arms;
What, dost thou fear
I'll turn a traitor? may these roses here
To paleness shred,
And lilies stand disguisèd in new red,
If that I lay
A snare, wherein thou would'st not gladly stay.
See, see, the Sun
Does slowly to his azure lodging run;
Come, sit but here,
And presently he'll quit our hemisphere:
So, still among
Lovers, time is too short or else too long;
Here will we spin
Legends for them that have love-martyrs been;

---

15 One does not know whether to take 'might' with 'abridge' as well as 'redeem' or to read 'himself abridge*d*.'

22 This is curious, the common story being, of course, that A. *did* so burn M.'s ships.

20 been] It is not perhaps superfluous to note that Hall does not print *bin* here, though he does elsewhere.

Here on this plain
We'll talk Narcissus to a flower again.
Come here, and choose
On which of these proud plats thou would repose;
Here may'st thou shame
The rusty violets, with the crimson flame
Of either cheek,
And primroses white as thy fingers seek;
Nay, thou may'st prove
That man's most noble passion is to love.

An Eunuch

Thou neuter gender! whom a gown
Can make a woman, breeches none;
Created one thing, made another,
Not a sister, scarce a brother;
Jack of both sides, that may bear
Or a distaff or a spear;
If thy fortunes thither call,
Be the Grand Signor's general;
Or if thou fancy not that trade,
Turn the sultana's chamber-maid;
A medal, where grim Mars turned right,
Proves a smiling Aphrodite;
How doth Nature quibble, either
He, or she, boy, girl, or neither;
Thou may serve great Jove instead
Of Hebe both and Ganymede:
A face both stern and mild, cheeks bare,
That still do only promise hair.
Old Cybele, the first in all
This human predicamental scale,
Why would she choose her priests to be
Such individuals as ye?
Such insectas, added on
To creatures by subtraction,
In whom Nature claims no part,
Ye only being words of art.

The Lure

I

Farewell! Nay, prithee turn again;
Rather than lose thee I'll arraign
Myself before thee! thou (most fair!) shall be
Thyself the judge:
I'll never grudge
A law ordained by thee.

II

Pray do but see how every rose
A sanguine visage doth disclose;
O! see what aromatic gusts they breathe;
Come, here we'll sit,
And learn to knit
Them up into a wreath.

III

With that wreath crownèd shalt thou be;
Not graced by it, but it by thee;
Then shall the fawning zephyrs wait to hear
What thou shalt say,
And softly play,
While news to me they bear.

IV

See how they revelling appear
Within the windings of thy hair,
See how they steal the choicest odours from
The balmy spring,
That they may bring
Them to thee, when they come.

---

24 subtraction] Orig., as so often, 'substraction.'
26 Ye] B. misprints 'Ye*t*.' words] In orig. Works? I. 3 shall] *Sic* in orig.

V

Look how the daffodils arise,
Cheer'd by the influence of thine eyes,
And others emulating them deny;
They cannot strain
To bloom again,
Where such strong beams do fly.

VI

Be not ungrateful, but lie down,
Since for thy sake so brisk they're grown,
And such a downy carpet have bespread,
That pure delight
Is freshly dight,
And trick'd in white and red.

VII

Be conquer'd by such charms, there shall
Not always such enticements fall;
What know we, whether that rich spring of light
Will stanch his streams
Of golden beams,
Ere the approach of night.

VIII

How know we whether 't shall not be
The last to either thee or me?
He can at will his ancient brightness gain;
But thou and I,
When we shall die,
Shall still in dust remain.

IX

Come, prithee come, we'll now essay
To piece the scant'ness of the day,
We'll pluck the wheels from th' chariot of the sun,
That he may give
Us time to live,
Till that our scene be done.

X

W' are in the blossom of our age,
Let us dance o'er, not tread the stage;
Though fear and sorrow strive to pull us back,
And still present
Doubts of content,
They shall not make us slack.

XI

We'll suffer viperous thoughts and cares
To follow after silver hairs;
Let 's not anticipate them long before,
When they begin
To enter in,
Each minute they'll grow more.

XII

No, no, Romira, see this brook,
How 't would its posting course revoke,
Ere it shall in the ocean mingled lie;
And what, I pray,
May cause this stay,
But to attest our joy?

XIII

Far be 't from lust; such wildfire ne'er
Shall dare to lurk or kindle here;
Diviner flames shall in our fancies roll,
Which not depress
To earthliness,
But elevate the soul.

XIV

Then shall aggrandiz'd love confess
That souls can mingle substances,
That hearts can eas'ly counterchangèd be,
Or at the least
Can alter breasts,
When breasts themselves agree.

---

42 'Who knows but the world may end to-night!'
76 not] B., reprehensibly, 'do n't.'
83 breasts] Plur. in orig.

The Morning Star

Still herald of the morn, whose ray
Being page and usher to the day,
Doth mourn behind the Sun, before him play;
Who sets a golden signal, ere
The bat retire, the lark appear,
The early cocks cry comfort, screech-owls fear.

Who wink'st while lovers plight their troth,
Then falls asleep, while they are loath
To part without a more engaging oath:
Steal in a message to the eyes
Of Julia, tell her that she lies
Too long, thy Lord the Sun will quickly rise.

Yet is it midnight still with me,
Nay worse, unless that kinder she
Smile day, and in my zenith seated be.
But if she will obliquely run,
I needs a calenture must shun,
And like an Ethiopian hate my sun.

Platonic Love

Come, dearest Julia! thou and I
Will knit us in so strict a tie,
As shall with greater pow'r engage
Than feeble charms of marriage:
We will be friends, our thoughts shall go,
Without impeachment, to and fro;
The same desires shall elevate
Our mingled souls, the selfsame hate
Shall cause aversion, we will bear
One sympathizing hope and fear,
And for to move more close, we'll frame
Our triumphs and our tears the same;
Yet will we ne'er so grossly dare,
As our ignobler selves shall share;
Let men desire, like those above
Unmatter'd forms, we'll only love,
And teach the ruder world to shame,
When heat increaseth to a flame.
Love 's like a landscape, which doth stand
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand;
Or like a fire, which from afar
Doth gently warm, consumes when near.

To the deformed X. R.

As scriveners sometime delight to see
Their basest writing, Nature has in thee
Essay'd how much she can transgress at once
Apelles' draughts, Durer's proportions;
And for to make a jest and try a wit,
Has not (*a woman*) in thy forehead writ,
But scribbled so, and gone so far about,
Indagine would never smell thee out,

---

6 screech] Orig. 'scrich.'

19 landscape] As the spelling of 'landscape' is of some interest it may be noted that orig. has 'land*skap*,' not *-skip*, and so is very close to the Dutch itself.

6 The italics are orig., and perhaps not capricious.

8 *Indagine*] Hall keeps the shortened form from 'Iohannes ab Indagine.'

But might exclaim, here only riddles be,
And heteroclites in physiognomy.
But as the mystic Hebrew backward lies,
And algebra 's guess'd by absurdities,
So must we spell thee; for who would suppose
That globous piece of wainscot were a nose;
That crook'd *et caeteras* were wrinkles, and
Five Naper's bones, glued to a wrist, an hand?
Egyptian antiquaries might survey
Here hieroglyphics Time hath worn away,
And wonder at an English face more odd
And antic, than was e'er a Memphian god;
Eras'd with more strange letters than might scare
A raw and inexperienced conjurer;
And tawny Afric blush to see her fry
Of monsters in one skin so kennell'd lie:
Thou may'st without a guard her deserts pass,
When savages but look upon thy face.
Were but some Pict now living, he would soon
Deem thee a fragment of his nation;
And wiser Ethiopians infer
From thee, that sable 's not the only fair.
Thou privative of beauty, whose one eye
Doth question metaphysic verity;
Whose many cross aspects may prove anon,
Foulness more than a mere negation:
Blast one place still, and never dare t' escape
Abroad out of thy mother Darkness' lap,
Lest that thou make the world afraid, and be
Even hated by thy nurse Deformity.

Julia Weeping

I

Fairest, when thy eyes did pour
A crystal shower,
I was persuaded that some stone
Had liquid grown;
And, thus amazèd, sure, thought I,
When stones are moist, some rain is nigh.

II

Why weep'st thou? 'cause thou cannot be
More hard to me?
So lionesses pity, so
Do tigers too;
So doth that bird, which when she 's fed
On all the man, pines o'er the head.

III

Yet I'll make better omens, till
Event beguile;
Those pearly drops in time shall be
A precious sea;
And thou shall like thy coral prove,
Soft under water, hard above.

---

16 Naper] A common form.

Julia Weeping] In orig. the short lines are not brought back to the centre of the long ones, but farther towards the fore-edge, as if an Alexandrine had been snapped and the last third dropped a line.

John Hall

To my honoured Noble Friend, Thomas Stanley, Esq., on his Poems

Who would commend thee, friend! and thinks 't may be
Performèd by a faint hyperbole,
Might also call thee but a man, or dare
To praise thy mistress with the term of fair.
But I, the choicest of whose knowledge is
My knowing thee, cannot so grossly miss.
Since thou art set so high, no words can give
An equal character, but negative.
Subtract the earth and baseness of this age,
Admit no wildfire in poetic rage,
Cast out of learning whatsoever 's vain,
Let ignorance no more haunt noblemen,
Nor humour travellers, let wits be free
From over-weening, and the rest is thee.
Thee, noble soul! whose early flights are far
Sublimer than old eagles' soarings are,
Who light'st love's dying torch with purer fire,
And breath'st new life into the Teian lyre,
That love's best secretaries that are past,
Liv'd they, might learn to love, and yet be chaste.
Nay, vestals might as well such sonnets hear,
As keep their vows and thy Black Riband wear;
So chaste is all, that though in each line lie
More amorettoes than in Doris' eye,
Yet so they're charm'd, that look'd upon they prove
Harmless as Chariessa's nightly love.
So powerful is that tongue, that hand, that can
Make soft Ionics turn grave Lydian.
How oft this heavy, leaden Saturnine,
And never elevated soul of mine,
Hath been pluck'd up by thee, and forc'd away,
Enlargèd from her still adhering clay!
How every line still pleas'd! when that was o'er
I cancell'd it, and prais'd the other more;
That if thou writ'st but on, my thoughts shall be
Almost ingulf'd in an infinity.
But, dearest friend, what law's power ever gave
To make one's own free first-born babe his slave?
Nay, manumise it; for what else wilt be
To strangle, but deny it liberty?
Once lend the world a day of thine, and fright
The trembling still-born children of the night.

---

9 Subtract] Orig. again 'Substract.'
15 Thee] B., most unfortunately, 'The,' which is rather Fr. than Eng., and obliterates the 'catch,' the 'turn,' from the last line. Also in next line, 'soaring' for 'soarings.'
22 Black Riband] See Stanley's *Poems*.

That at the last, we undeceiv'd may see
Theirs were but fancies, thine in poetry.
Sweet swan of silver Thames! but only she
Sings not till death, though in thine infancy.

To Mr. S. S.

As he obtains such an enchanted skin,
That bullets cast aright could ne'er get in;
Even so thou, Monsieur, tempered hast thy name,
That to dispraise thee most is yet no shame;
To curse is to befriend, who, like a Jew,
Art both a vagabond and moneyed too;
Who feed'st on Hebrew roots, and, like a tare,
Unbid, unwelcome, thrivest everywhere;
Who mak'st all letters by thy guttural,
And brings the conjugations to Kall;
Who though thou live by grammar rules, we see
Thou break'st all canons of morality;
And as far as that threadbare cloak of thine
Is out of fashion, dost from man decline;
And com'st as near a wit, as doth a rat
Match in procerity Mount Ararat;
And art as fit to be a brewer's punk,
As Sumerburn is valiant when he's drunk.

The Crystal

This crystal here
That shines so clear,
And carries in its womb a little day;
Once hammer'd will appear
Impure as dust, as dark as clay.

Even such will prove
Thy face, my love!
When age shall soil the lustre of thine eyes,
And all that red remove
That on thy spicy lip now lies:

Nor can a hand
Again command,
By any art, these ruins into frame,
But they will sever'd stand,
And ne'er compose the former same.

Such is the case,
Love! of thy face,
Both desperate, in this you disagree—
Thy beauty needs must pass
It, of itself, will constant be.

A Rapture

Come, Julia, come! let's once disbody what
Strait matter ties to this and not to that;
We'll disengage; our bloodless form shall fly
Beyond the reach of earth, where ne'er an eye,

---

10 Kall] They say Kall [Qal] is 'the simplest form of the Hebrew verb.' Of Sumerburn below I know nothing.

That peeps through spectacles of flesh, shall know
Where we intend, or what we mean to do.
From all contagion of the flesh remov'd,
We'll sit in judgement on those pairs that lov'd
In old and latter times; then will we tear
Their chaplets that did act by slavish fear,
Who cherish'd causeless griefs, and did deny
Cupid's prerogative by doubt or sigh;
But they that mov'd by confidence, and clos'd
In one refining flame, and never los'd
Their thoughts on earth, but bravely did aspire
Unto their proper element of fire,
To these we'll judge that happiness, to be
The witnesses of our felicity.
Thus we'll like angels move, nor will we bind
In words the copious language of our mind,
Such as we know not to conceive, much less,
Without destroying in their birth, express:
Thus will we live, and 't may be, cast an eye
How far Elysium doth beneath us lie;
What need we care though milky currents run
Among the silken meadows, though the sun
Doth still preserve by 's ever-waking ray
A never discontinued spring or day?
That sun, though all his heat be to it brought,
Cannot exhale thy vapour of a thought.
No, no, my goddess! yet will thou and I
Divested of all flesh so folded lie,
That ne'er a bodied nothing shall perceive
How we unite, how we together cleave;
Nor think this, while our feathered minutes may
Fall under measure, time itself can stay
T' attend on pleasures, for what else would be
But tedious Durance in Eternity.

To Mr. Stanley, after his return from France

BEWITCHÈD senses, do you lie,
And cast some shadow o'er mine eye;
Or do I noble Stanley see?
What! may I trust you? Is it he?
Confess, and yet be gradual,
Lest sudden joy so heavy fall
Upon my soul, and sink unto
A deeper agony of woe:
'Tis he! 'tis he! we are no more
A barb'rous nation: he brought o'er
As much humanity as may
Well civilize America;
More learning than might Athens raise
To glory in her proudest days.

---

8 One of the innumerable Donneisms of these poets, probably, though the thought is as old doubtless as the oldest of 'old lovers' themselves. But Hall makes it fairly his own.

28 or] One suspects 'of,' but orig. has 'or.'

With reason might the boiling main
Be calm, and hoary Neptune chain
Those winds that might disturbers be,
Whilst our Apollo was at sea;
And made her for all knowledge stand
In competition with the land:
Had but the courteous dolphins heard
One note of his, they would have dar'd
To quit the waters to enjoy
In banishment such melody;
And had the mimic Proteus known,
He'd left his ugly herd, and grown
A curious Syren, to betray
This young Ulysses to some stay;
But juster fates denied, nor would
Another land that genius hold,
As could, beyond all wonder hurl'd,
Fathom the intellectual world.
But whither run I? I intend
To welcome only, not commend;
But that thy virtues render it
No private, but a public debt.

An Epicurean Ode

SINCE that this thing we call the world,
By chance on atoms is begot,
Which though in daily motions hurl'd,
Yet weary not;
How doth it prove,
Thou art so fair, and I in love?

Since that the soul doth only lie
Immers'd in matter, chain'd in sense,
How can, Romira, thou and I
With both dispense?
And thus ascend
In higher flights than wings can lend.

Since man 's but pasted up of earth,
And ne'er was cradled in the skies,
What *terra lemnia* gave thee birth?
What diamond, eyes?
Or thou alone,
To tell what others were, came down?

On M. W., the Great Eater

SIR, much good do 't ye; were your table but
Pie-crust or cheese, you might your stomach shut
After your slice of beef; what, dare you try
Your force on an ell square of pudding-pie?
Perhaps 't may be a taste; three such as you
Unbreakfasted might starve Seraglio.
When Hannibal scal'd th' Alps, hadst thou been there,
Thy beef had drunk up all his vinegar.
Well might'st thou be of guard to Henry th' eight,
Since thou canst, like a pigeon, eat thy weight.
Full wise was nature, that would not bestow
These tusks of thine into a double row.
What womb could e'er contain thee? thou canst shut
A pond or aviary in a gut.

---

15 *terra lemnia*] Reddish earth of medicinal property.

4 'Pudding-pie,' best known from the tune of 'Green Sleeves,' was the same as the more modern 'Toad-in-the-hole,' i.e. meat baked in batter.

Had not thy mother borne thee toothless, thou
Hadst eaten, viper-like, a passage through.
Had he that wish'd the crane's long neck to eat,
Put in thy stomach too, 't had been complete.
Thou Noah's ark, Dead Sea, thou Golgotha,
Monster, beyond all them of Africa!
Beasts prey on beasts, fishes to fishes fall;
Great birds feed on the lesser, thou on all.
Hath there been no mistake?—Why may t not be,
When Curtius leap'd the gulf, 'twas into thee?
Now we'll believe that man of Chica could
Make pills of arrows, and the boy that would
Chew only stones; nor can we think it vain,
That Baranetho eat up th' neighbouring plain.
Poor Erisicthon, that could only feast
On one poor girl in several dishes drest!
Thou hast devour'd as many sheep as may
Clothe all the pasture in Arcadia.
Yet, O how temperate! that ne'er goes on
So far as to approach repletion.
Thou breathing cauldron! whose digestive heat
Might boil the whole provision of the fleet;
Say grace as long as meals, and, if thou please,
Breakfast with islands, and drink healths with seas!

The Antipathy, a Pastoral

TETRICEZZA

SOONER the olive shall provoke
To amorous clasps this sturdy oak,
And doves in league with eagles be,
Ere I will glance a smile on thee.

AMELIUS

Sooner yon dustish mulberry
In her old white shall clothèd be,
And lizards with fierce asps combine,
Ere I will twist my soul with thine.

TETRICEZZA

Yet art thou in my judgement far
Fairer than a rising star,
And might deserve e'en Dian's love,
But shalt not Tetricezza move.

AMELIUS

And thou art sweeter than the down
Of damask roses yet unblown,
And Phoebus might thy bridegroom be,
Yet shalt thou never conquer me.

TETRICEZZA

Why meet we, then, when either's mind
Or comes compell'd, or stays behind?

AMELIUS

Just as two boughs together tied,
Let loose again do stand more wide.

---

38 The 'great eater' was Nicholas Wood, who had Taylor the Water-Poet to celebrate him.

Song

Distil not poison in mine ears,
Aërial Syrens! nor untie
These sable fetters: yonder spheres
Dance to a silent harmony.

Could I but follow where you lead,
Disrob'd of earth and plum'd by air,
Then I my tenuous self might spread,
As quick as fancy everywhere.

But I'll make sallies now and then:
Thus can my unconfinèd eye
Take journey and return again;
Yet on her crystal couch still lie.

Home Travel

What need I travel, since I may
More choicer wonders here survey?
What need I Tyre for purple seek,
When I may find it in a cheek?
Or sack the Eastern shores? there lies
More precious diamonds in her eyes.
What need I dig Peru for ore,
When every hair of her yields more?
Or toil for gums in India,
Since she can breathe more rich than they?
Or ransack Africk? there will be
On either hand more ivory.
But look within: all virtues that
Each nation would appropriate,
And with the glory of them rest,
Are in this map at large exprest;
That who would travel here might know
The little world in folio.

Upon Samuel Ward, D.D., the Lady Margaret's Professor in Cambridge

Were't not peculiar to weep for thee,
The world might put on mourning, and yet be
Below just grief: Stupendous man! who told
By vast endowments that she grew not old.
But thine own hands have rais'd a monument
Far greater than thyself, which shall be spent
When error conquers truth, and time shall be
No more, but swallow'd by eternity;
But when shall sullen darkness fly away,
And thine own ectype, Brownrigg, give it day!
Or when shall ravish'd Europe understand,
How much she lost by thee, and by it gain'd!
How well thou guardest truth! How swift to close
With whatsoever champion durst oppose!
Bear witness, Dort, when error could produce
The strength of reason and Arminius,

Upon Samuel Ward] It would have been quite in Hall's way to write on the curious fact that there were *two* Samuel Wards at Cambridge in the last quarter of the sixteenth century and the two first of the seventeenth—both Puritans and both fellows of Sidney Sussex. His actual W. was the more distinguished, and died Master of his College in 1643.

10 Brownrigg] Ralph B., Bishop of Exeter, another Cambridge Puritan of the day. 'Ectype,' a copy, a plaster mould.

How did he loose their knots, how break their snares,
How meet their minings, how pluck up their tares!
How did his calmer voice speak thunder! How
His soft affections holy fury grow!
That had but hell and tyrants any room,
There wanted nothing of a martyrdom.
But Providence said no, and did consent
That oil of time should not be spilt, but spent;
Nay, as the greatest flame doth ever fly
From failing lamps, should'st in most glory die;
And as the Phoenix when she doth prepare
To be her own both murderer and heir,
Makes richest spice her tomb and cradle be,
To quit and reassume mortality,
Even so thou (Seraph!) spent thy minutes all,
In preparation for thy funeral,
And rais'd so great a pile, death could aspire
No greater honour than to put to fire;
That thus the flame might lend us light below,
But the sweet breathing smoke still upward go.

To the precious memory of Master William Fenner

How brittle's wretched man! No sooner death
Seals up his eyes, and stops his panting breath,
But th' hungry grave devours him, and he must
Return again unto his mother dust;
So frail a thing he is, so doth he pass,
That nothing can remain but that he was.
But thou, triumphant soul! art elevate
By thy vast merits 'bove the common fate;
Those sacred pearls thyself digg'd from among
Thy fiery thoughts, and polish'd with thy tongue,
By thee a second life, that times to come
May say that Rochford had a Chrysostom,
Whose life, told out in minutes, seem'd to be
Nothing but one continued homily;
So even was thy conscience, such a flame
Rais'd thy affections, that thou soon became
Too good for earth; so waking was thy breast,
That Night could never grant a truce to rest;
But now thou rest'st for ever drunk with joys,
That never spend, yet ever new arise.
Yet let thy name still breathe new odours, and
'Mong those angelic spirits numb'red stand,
While we below stand gazing up, and see
Th' hast chang'd thy room, but not thy company.

William Fenner] Yet another Cambridge Puritan divine (1600–1640).
12 Rochford] Of which F. was incumbent for the last eleven years of his life.

On a Gentleman and his Wife, who died both within a very few days

Thrice happy pair! who had and have,
Living, one bed, now dead one grave;
Whose love being equal, neither could
A life unequal wish to hold,
But left a question whether one
Did follow, 'cause her mate was gone,
Or th' other went before to stay,
Till that his fellow came away;
So that one pious tear now must
Besprinkle either parent's dust,
And two great sorrows, jointly run,
And close into a larger one,
Or rather turn to joy, to see
The burial but the wedding be.

Of Beauty

I

What do I here! what's beauty? 'las,
How doth it pass!
As flowers, as soon as smellèd at,
Evaporate,
Even so this shadow, ere our eyes
Can view it, flies.

II

What's colour? 'las! the sullen Night
Can it affright:
A rose can more vermilion speak,
Than any cheek;
A richer white on lilies stands,
Than any hands.

III

Then what's that worth, when any flower
Is worth far more?
How constant's that, which needs must die,
When day doth fly?
Glow-worms can lend some petty light
To gloomy Night.

IV

And what's proportion? we descry
That in a fly.
And what's a lip! 'tis in the test,
Red clay at best.
And what's an eye? an eaglet's are
More strong by far.

V

Who can that specious nothing heed
Which flies exceed?
Who would his frequent kisses lay
On painted clay?
Wh'ould not, if eyes affection move,
Young eaglets love?

VI

Is Beauty thus? then who would lie
Love-sick and die?
And 's wretched self annihilate,
For knows not what?
And with such sweat and care invade
A very shade?

VII

Even he, that knows not to possess
True happiness,
But has some strong desires to try
What's misery,
And longs for tears; oh! He will prove
One fit for love.

---

29 Wh'ould] This, and not 'who'ld,' is the form in orig.
41 He] The cap. here, which is orig., is clearly wanted.

John Hall

The Epitome

I

As in a cave,
Where darkness justles out the day,
But yet doth give
Some small admission to one feeble ray,
Some of all species do distinctly play,

II

Just even thou,
Whom wonder hath not fully clear'd,
Thyself dost show,
That in thy little chaos all's enspher'd,
And though abridg'd, yet in full greatness rear'd.

Armilla Nigra

ATRATI Proceres, quos tam divina coercet
Copula, cæruleo nunc exæquata Georgi
Garterio, atque olim longe anteferenda, nec ulla
Interitura die, si quid præsagia vatum,
Si quid mollis amor valet, O dignissima cœlo
Pectora, sic vestris fælicia facta ruinis,
Et flammis majora, novo succrescite honori,
Et durate diu, donec sese ultimus optet
Censeri numero Scytha, et ambitiosior Indus
Gestiat armilla vestra fulgere, relictis
Torquibus, et teneræ vultu constante puellæ
Militiam subeant talem, cupiantque teneri
His manicis, et virgineas dediscere flammas,
Vestalique cadat Reverentia debita vittæ.
  At tu, Sol juvenum, soli cessure Maroni
Propter mille annos, vatum decus, ardue cunctæ
Inscitiæ Domitor, quem felix Anglia jactat
Et Galli stupuere, tuis en talia surgunt
Auspiciis, tu tam grandis præludia facti
Ordiris, tantasque jubes viviscere curas,
Hinc summus tibi surgit honos, hinc gloria quæ non
Aut cadet, aut vult temporibus metirier ullis,
At cum se fragilis mundi ruitura resolvet
Machina, et armillis fælicia brachia deerunt,
Ipsa polo sese insinuet, candentibus astris
Accedens nova flamma, altæ vicina Coronæ.

To Mr. Stanley

STARS in their rising little show,
And send forth trembling flames; but thou
At first appearance dost display
A bright and unobscurèd day;
Such as shall fear no night, nor shall
Thy setting be *Heliacall*,
But grow up to a sun, and take
A laurel for thy Zodiac;
That all which henceforth shall arise,
May only be thy *Parely's*.

---

10 *Parely's*] For *parhelia*. The form is French, but H. More has 'parelie' (*N. E. D.*).

On Dr. Bambrigg, Master of Christ's

Were but this marble vocal, there
Such an elogium would appear,
As might, though truth did dictate, move
Distrust in either Faith or Love;
As ample knowledge as could rest
Enshrined in a mortal's breast,
Which ne'ertheless did open lie,
Uncovered by humility;
A heart, which piety had chose
To be her altar, whence arose
Such smoking sacrifices, that
We here can only wonder at;
A honey tongue, that could dispense
Torrents of sacred eloquence,
And yet how far inferior stand
Unto a learned curious hand?
That 'tis no wonder, if this stone,
Because it cannot speak, doth groan;
For could mortality assent,
These ashes might prove eloquent.

Upon Mr. Robert Wiseman, son to Sir Richard Wiseman, Essex

But that we weigh our happiness by thine,
We could not, precious Soul! from tears decline,
Although the Muses' silver stream would be
Too poor by far to drop an elegy;
But that 's below thee; since thy virtues are
The spices that embalm thee, thou art far
More richly laid, and shalt more long remain
Still mummified within the hearts of men,
Than if to list thee in the rolls of Fame
Each marble spoke thy shape, all brass thy name.
Sleep, sacred ashes! that did once contain
This jewel, and shalt once and e'er again
Sleep undisturb'd: Envy can only raise
Herself at living, Hate grasp lower preys;
We'll not deflower you; let us only pry
What treasures in ye did involvèd lie,
So young, so learned, and so wise; O, here 's
Example, Wisdom 's not the child of years.
So rich, and yet so pious! O, 'tis well
Devotion is not coffin'd in a cell,
Nor chok'd by wealth; wealth hated, harmless proves,
And only knows to mischief him that loves.
So fair, and yet so chaste! Lust is not ever
Youth's constant sorceress, but doth sometime sever
To look on moral virtues; there'll appear
The courtier twisted with th' philosopher.
Nor were they on spruce apophthegms spent,
Begot 'twixt Idleness and Discontent,

On Dr. Bambrigg] More often spelt Bainbrigg, and best known as Milton's enemy, and (as the profane say) chastiser.

Upon Mr. Robert Wiseman] The father appears to be known, if not his son. There were many Wisemans in Essex.

But acted to the life and unconstrain'd,
The Sisters sweetly walking hand in hand,
And so entirely twisted that alone
None could be view'd, all were together one;
As twinkling spangles, that together lie,
Join forces, and make up one galaxy;
As various gums, dissolving in one fire,
Together in one fragrant fume expire.
Sleep, then, triumphant Soul! thy funerals
For admiration, and not mourning, calls.

Johanni Arrowsmythio, Coll. Sti. Joh. Præfecto

DIVINA Syren, cygne cælestis, tuba
Evangelizans, nectaris flumen meri,
Jubar salutis, præco fœderis novi,
Jam sic redisti! teque in amplexus pios
Iterum dedisti! murmure ut vario fremit
Togata pubes, gaudia exprimens nova,
Quod patre tanto jam beatur, quod nutrit
Sol tam refulgens, et coquit messes suas.
Sic sæpe redeas, te licet retrahant tuæ
Lac gestientes uberis mamillæ oves,
Et te senatus flagitet, cujus cluit
Pars magna; nostros sed fovere palmites
Desiste nunquam, vinitor dignissime,
Donec racemis pullulent usquam novis;
Duc hos tenellos in scientiæ abdita,
Et esto morum dulcium felix faber.

To his Tutor, Master Pawson. An Ode

I

COME, come away,
And snatch me from these shades to purer day.
Though Nature lie
Reserv'd, she cannot 'scape thy piercing eye.
I'll in her bosom stand,
Led by thy cunning hand,
And plainly see
Her treasury;
Though all my light be but a glimpse of thine,
Yet with that light, I will o'erlook
Her hardly open'd book,
Which to aread is easy, to understand divine.

II

Come, let us run
And give the world a girdle with the sun;
For so we shall
Take a full view of this enamelled ball,
Both where it may be seen
Clad in a constant green,
And where it lies
Crusted with ice;
Where 't swells with mountains, and shrinks down to vales;
Where it permits the usurping sea
To rove with liberty,
And where it pants with drought, and of all liquor fails.

Johanni Arrowsmythio] This Arrowsmith (1602-59) became Master of Trinity and was Vice-Chancellor the year after Hall wrote.

To his Tutor] A very pretty case of 'One good turn, &c.' See Commend. Poems.

III

And as we go,
We'll mind these atoms that crawl to and fro:
There may we see
One both be soldier and artillery;
Another whose defence
Is only innocence;
One swift as wind,
Or flying hind,
Another slow as is a mounting stone;
Some that love earth, some scorn to dwell
Upon 't, but seem to tell
Those that deny there is a heaven, they know of one.

IV

Nor all this while
Shall there escape us e'er a braving pile,
Nor ruin, that
Wastes what it has, to tell its former state.
Yet shall we ne'er descry
Where bounds of kingdoms lie,
But see them gone
As flights new flown,
And lose themselves in their own breadth, just as
Circlings upon the water, one
Grows great to be undone;
Or as lines in the sand, which as they're drawn do pass.

V

But objects here
Cloy in the very taste; O, let us tear
A passage through
That fleeting vault above; there may we know
Some rosy brethren stray
To a set battalia,
And others scout
Still round about,
Fix'd in their courses, and uncertain too;
But clammy matter doth deny
A clear discovery,
Which those, that are inhabitants, may solely know.

VI

Then let 's away,
And journey thither: what should cause our stay?
We'll not be hurl'd
Asleep by drowsy potions of the world.
Let not Wealth tutor out
Our spirits with her gout,
Nor Anger pull
With cramps the soul;
But fairly disengag'd we'll upward fly,
Till that occurring joy affright
Even with its very weight,
And point the haven where we may securely lie.

To an old Wife talking to him

Peace, beldam ugly! thou'lt not find
M' ears bottles for enchanted wind;
That breath of thine can only raise
New storms, and discompose the seas.
It may (assisted by the clatter)
A Pigmæan army scatter
Or move, without the smallest stream,
Loretto's chapel once again,
And blow St. Goodrick, while he prays,

---

58 The former reprint by omitting 'matter' makes the matter very far indeed from 'clear.'

7 stream] So in orig., but it should clearly be 'strain.'

9 'St. Goodrick' of 'Finckly' is evidently St. Godric of Finchale (Hall was of Durham), earliest of all truly English poets known to us. Hall's Puritanism shows ill here.

And knows not what it is he says,
And helps false Latin with a hem
From Finckly to Jerusalem;
Or in th' Pacific sea supply
The wind, that nature doth deny.
What dost thou think, I can retain
All this and sprout it out again,
As a surchargèd whale doth spew
Old rivers to receive in new?
Thou art deceiv'd: even Aeol's cave
That can all other blasts receive,
Would be too small to let in thine;
How, then, the narrow ears of mine?
Defect of organs may me cause
By chance to pillorize an ass;
Yet, should I shake his ears, they'd be,
Though long, too strait to hearken thee.
Yet if thou hast a mind to hear
How high thy voice's merits are,
Attend the Cham, and when he's din'd
Skreek princes leave that have a mind;
Or serve the States, thou'lt useful come,
And have the pay of every drum;
Or trudge to Utrecht, there outrun
Dame Skurman's score of tongues, with one.
But pray be still; O, now I fear,
There may be torments for the ear!
O, let me, when I chance to die,
In Vulcan's anvil buried lie,
Rather than hear thy tongue once knell,—
That Tom-a-Lincoln and Bow bell!

The Recantation

Now sound I a retreat; now I'll no more
Run all those devious paths I ran before;
I will no more range sullen groves, to lie
Entombèd in a shade; nor basely fly
The dear society of light, to give
My thoughts their birth in darkness; I'll not live
Such deaths again: such dampy mists no more
Shall dare to draw an ugly screen before
My clearer fancy; I'll not deify
A failing beauty; idolize an eye.
Farewell, farewell, poor joys! let not my hearse
Bear witness I was ever mad in verse,
Or play'd the fool in wit; no, I'll not have
Such themes increase the mourning at my grave.
Such thoughts I loathe, and cannot now resent;
Who ever gloried in his excrement?
Now I will rase those characters I wrote
So fairly from myself, now will I not
Suffer that pyramid, Love rais'd within
My soul, to stand the witness of her sin;
Nor will I ravish Nature to dispose
A violated and profanèd rose

---

16 sprout] *Sic* in orig. 'Spout' is obvious, but not certain.
30 Did Hall mistake Mandeville here (*V. & T.* ch. 20); or is he following others? 'princes—mind' may be in quotes, but it is not necessary.
12 ever] Reprint 'never'—unluckily.

Upon a varnish'd cheek, nor lilies fear
Into a jaundice, to be set where ne'er
White was discover'd; no—Stay, I'll no more
Add new guilt to the old repented for,
To name a sin 's to sin; nor dare to break
Jests of my vices on another's back,
But with some searching humours festered lie
A renegado to all Poetry.
And must we now shake hands, dear madness, now,
After so long acquaintance? Did I vow
To sacrifice unto thee, what was brought,
As surplusage of a severer thought,
And break my word? Yes, from this very day
My fancy only shall on Marchpan play;
Now I'll turn politician, and see
How useful onions are in drapery,
Feast dunces that miscall the Arts, and dance
With all the world a galliard Ignorance.

FINIS

THE

SECOND BOOKE OF Divine Poems.

BY

J. H.

Sæpe quidem in galea nidos fecere Columbæ

LONDON.
Printed by *E.G.* for *J. Rothwell.* 1647

DIVINE POEMS

A Dithyramb

Still creeping, still degenerous soul,
On earth so wallowing still in mire?
Still to the centre dost thou roll,
When up to heaven thou should'st aspire?
Did not thy jailer flesh deny
The freedom for to feed thine own insatiate eye—
How might thou let it surfeit here
On choicest glories! How it might
Thick flowing globes of splendour bear,
And triumph in its native light!
How 't would hereafter sleep disdain!
The glorious sun of righteousness uprise again;
O, who so stupid that would not
Resolve to atoms, for to play
'Mong th' golden streamers He shall shut,
While He prolongs one endless day!
How small three evenings' darkness be,
Comparèd once with measureless eternity!
See how the joyous clouds make way,
And put a ruddy brightness on,
How they their silken fleeces lay
For Him to mount to heaven upon,
Where He may in full glory shine,
Whose presence made, before, a heaven of Palestine.
That lovely brow, that was before
Drown'd in a flood of crimson sweat,
Is now with brightness gilded o'er,
And all with burnish'd flames beset!
Him, whom his drowsy sons did leave
Sleepless, aërial legions triumph to receive!
This innocent columbine, He
That was the mark of rage before,
O cannot now admirèd be,
But still admired, still needs more;
Who would not stand amaz'd to see
Frail flesh become the garment of divinity!
Appear no more, proud Olivet,
In tawny olives; from this time
Be all with purple vines beset;
The sprig of Jesse from thee did climb
Up to the skies, and spread those boughs
Whereon life's grapes, those Paradisean clusters, grows.
Why stare you, curious gazers, so?
No eye can reach His journey's end;
He'll pierce the rolling concave through,
And that expanded fabric rend;
Then He's at home: He was before
A pilgrim, while He footed this round nothing o'er.

---

15 shut] Reprint 'shoot': perhaps rightly, but neither makes very good sense.
31 Is any other instance known of this use of 'columbine'? *N. E. D.* knows only this.

If then His nimble feet could make
A pavement of the quivering stream,
And cause those powerful spirits quake
That fear not anything but Him;
Now can and will He turn to joys
Your fears, and or disarm or turn your enemies.
He is not lost, though wafted hence,
He's with you (darlings of His love!);
He's the supreme intelligence,
That all the little orbs will move;
He is the head: it cannot be
Members can perish, where there's such a head as He.
A head compos'd of majesty,
Were't not by mercy all possess'd,
From which such charming glances fly,
As striking vengeance can arrest,
From which such powerful frowns arise,
As can strike palsies in the earth, and headache in the skies.
What did you think, He could remain
Disguis'd in such an inch of land,
That convex cannot Him contain,
Though spun out by His own right hand?
What did you think, that though He lay
Interr'd awhile, the earth might swallow such a prey?
That very dying did restore
Banish'd life to rotting men;
And fetch'd back breath, that fled before,
Into their nostrils once again;
That very death gave life to all,
And t' all mankind recovery of their Father's fall.
Suppose ye that the fatal tree,
That happiest worst of punishments,
Did punish such a sinless He;
Or shame Him, that was excellence?
No, no, the crime doth ever state
The punishment, and He sin could not act, but hate.
Thought ye that stream did flow in vain,
That issued from His open'd side?
Your souls were foul, yet every stain
By these pure drops were purified;
He was, He, freely prodigal
To spend all's blood for some, when some might have sav'd all.
Hark! hark! what melody, what choice
Of sweetest airs, of charming sounds!
Heaven seems all turn'd into a voice!
Hear what loud shrieking joy rebounds!
The very winds now whistle joy,
And make Hosannas of the former Crucify!

The Ermine

THE Ermine rather chose to die
A martyr of its purity,
Than that one uncouth soil should stain
Its hitherto preservèd skin;
And thus resolv'd she thinks it good
To write her whiteness in her blood.
But I had rather die, than e'er
Continue from my foulness clear;
Nay, I suppose by that I live,
That only doth destruction give:

---

66 This 'headache in the skies' is quite worthy of Benlowes.
6 whiteness] Probably with a play on '*wit*ness.'

Madman I am, I turn mine eye
On every side, but what doth lie
Within, I can no better find
Than if I ever had been blind.
Is this the reason thou dost claim
Thy sole prerogative, to frame
Engines against thyself? O, fly
Thyself as greatest enemy,
And think thou sometimes life will get
By a secure contemning it.

The Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgement upon all.—*Jude* 14, 15

I HEAR and tremble! Lord, what shall I do
T' avoid thy anger? whither shall I go?
What, shall I scale the mountains? 'las! they be
Far less than atoms if compar'd with thee.
What, shall I strive to get myself a tomb
Within the greedy ocean's swelling womb?
Shall I dive into rocks? Where shall I fly
The sure discovery of thy piercing eye?
Alas! I know not; though with many a tear
In Hell they moan thy absence, thou art there;
Thou art on earth, and well observest all
The actions acted on this massy ball;
And when thou look'st on mine, what can I say?
I dare not stand, nor can I run away.
Thine eyes are pure, and cannot look upon
(And what else, Lord, am I?) corruption.
Thou hatest sins; and if thou once begin
To cast me in the scales, I all am sin.
Thou still continuest one, O Lord; I range
In various forms of crimes, and love my change.
Lord, thou that mad'st me, bid'st I should present
My heart unto thee; O, see how 'tis rent
By various monsters; see how fastly held,
How stubbornly they do deny to yield.
How shall I stand, when that thou shalt be hurl'd
On clouds, in robes of fire to judge the world,
Usher'd with golden legions, in thine eye
Carrying an all-enragèd majesty,
That shall the earth into a palsy stroke,
And make the clouds sigh out themselves in smoke?
How can I stand? Yes, Lord, I may; although
Thou beest the judge, thou art a party too;
Thou sufferest for these faults, for which thou shall
Arraign me, Lord; thou sufferest for them all;
They are not mine at all, these wounds of thine,
That on thy glorious side so brightly shine,

---

29 Chaucer is sometimes quoted for a rough sense of the form 'stroke.' But the passage (*Sq. T.* 162, 5) by no means needs that sense; and Hall, or any metaphysical, would not have hesitated at the anti-climax or antithesis.

Seal'd me a pardon; in those wounds th' are hid,
And in that side of thine th' are buried.
Lord, smile again upon us; with what grace
Doth mercy sit enthroniz'd on thy face!
How did that scarlet sweat become thee, when
That sweat did wash away the filth of men!
How did those peevish thorns adorn thy brow?
Each thorn more richly than a gem did glow!
Yet by those thorns (Lord, how thy love abounds!)
Are we, poor worms, made capable of crowns.
Come so to judgement, Lord! th' Apostles shall
No more into their drowsy slumber fall,
But stand and hearken how the judge shall say,
Come, come, my lambs, to joy! Come, come away!

Quo egressus Isaac ad meditandum in agro, &c.
Gen. xxiv. 63

JUVENIS beate, magne tot regum parens,
Fæcunde tot patrum pater,
Tot nationum origo, tot vatum fides,
Tot Antesignane heroum,
Sicne is in agros jam renidentes novis
Et aureis florum stolis?
Sic, sic recessum quæris? et turbam fugis?
Sic totus in teipsum redis?
Ut nullus oculus sancta spectet otia,
Nulla auris insidias locet.
Dum tu (suäve!) pectus effundis tuum
In cælici patris sinum,
Dum cor sacratis æstuans amoribus
Ebullit impletum Deo,
Dum lachrymarum gemmeæ scatebræ ruunt,
Per molle vernantes genas,
Dum misceatur dulce planctuum melos
Ardentibus suspiriis,
Dum dum (invidenda solitudo!) mens suis
Jam libere è Gyaris meat,
Linquensque terras, templa perrumpit poli,
Se luce perfundens novâ;
Sic ipse vivam, sic mihi occulti dies
O effluant, solus siem,
Sic me præhendat luce palpitans novâ
Præco diei Phosphorus,
Sic me præhendat luce candens ultimâ,
Et noctis index Hesperus:
Non ipse curem vana vulgi murmura,
Non irritos rumusculos,
Sim mi' beatus! Nympha cælestis meum
Non abnuat consortium.
Divinus illo flammat in vultu pudor,
Divina stat modestia;
Hinc hinc, pudica pallidas umbras amat
Et antra muscâ vivida,
Ubi me loquelis melleis, suadâ merâ,
Formosa mulceat dea,
Ubi in me inundans nectaris torrens fluat,
Ex ore prosiliens sacra,
Quantum hæc voluptas! quanta! quanta gaudia!
Quis non? quis invideat mihi?
Dum sic edaces exulant curæ, nigra
Fugiunt doloris agmina,
Dum mî voluptas, ipsa per se amabilis
Nullisque ficta officiis,

30 Ciceronian.

36 'Muscâ' is orig., a slip doubtless for 'musco.'

Mî mille Veneres, mille mostret Gratias,
Mî mille det Cupidines,
Sic mî juventæ blanda marcescat rosa,
O sic senecta palleat.
Sic sic nivales vestiant cani caput,
Sic hora fugiat ultima;
Non ipse vanas horream mortis minas,
Sed tela sustineam libens;
Securus illuc evolare, quò mea
Semper perennem gaudia,
Redintegrare Pæanas possim novos
Inter triumphantium greges;
O mî appropinquet sic dies novissimus
Natalis adveniet mihi.

On an Hour-glass

My life is measur'd by this glass, this glass
By all those little sands that thorough pass.
See how they press, see how they strive, which shall
With greatest speed and greatest quickness fall.
See how they raise a little mount, and then
With their own weight do level it again.
But when th' have all got thorough, they give o'er
Their nimble sliding down, and move no more.
Just such is man, whose hours still forward run,
Being almost finish'd ere they are begun;
So perfect nothings, such light blasts are we,
That ere we're aught at all, we cease to be.
Do what we will, our hasty minutes fly,
And while we sleep, what do we else but die?
How transient are our joys, how short their day!
They creep on towards us, but fly away.
How stinging are our sorrows! where they gain
But the least footing, there they will remain.
How groundless are our hopes, how they deceive
Our childish thoughts, and only sorrow leave!
How real are our fears! they blast us still,
Still rend us, still with gnawing passions fill;
How senseless are our wishes, yet how great!
With what toil we pursue them, with what sweat!
Yet most times for our hurts, so small we see,
Like children crying for some Mercury.
This gapes for marriage, yet his fickle head
Knows not what cares wait on a marriage bed:
This vows virginity, yet knows not what
Loneness, grief, discontent, attends that state.
Desires of wealth another's wishes hold,
And yet how many have been chok'd with gold?
This only hunts for honour, yet who shall
Ascend the higher, shall more wretched fall.

On an Hour-glass] The intensity which so often attends, and saves, the triviality of the metaphysicals, has seldom, outside their greatest, been better exemplified than here.

25 'See,' like 'look,' appears here = 'seem': though I am not sure of this. Some would have 'so small we see' = 'our sight is so short,' like 'sing small.'

This thirsts for knowledge, yet how is it bought?
With many a sleepless night, and racking thought.
This needs will travel, yet how dangers lay
Most secret ambuscados in the way?
These triumph in their beauty, though it shall
Like a pluck'd rose or fading lily fall.
Another boasts strong arms: 'las! giants have
By silly dwarfs been dragg'd unto their grave.
These ruffle in rich silk: though ne'er so gay,
A well-plum'd peacock is more gay than they.
Poor man! what art? A tennis-ball of error,
A ship of glass toss'd in a sea of terror;
Issuing in blood and sorrow from the womb,
Crawling in tears and mourning to the tomb:
How slippery are thy paths! How sure thy fall!
How art thou nothing, when th' art most of all!

An Ode

I

Descend, O Lord,
Into this gloomy heart of mine,
And once afford
A glimpse of that great light of thine!
The sun doth never here
To shine on basest dunghills once forbear.

II

What though I be
Nothing but high corruption?
Let me have Thee,
And at thy presence 'twill be gone.
Darkness dare never stand
In competition, while the sun 's at hand.

III

And though my sins
Be an unnumber'd number, yet
When thou begins
To look on Christ, do then forget
I helped to cause his grief:
If so, Lord, from it grant me some relief!

IV

All thou demands
Is that small piece of me, my heart;
Lo, here it stands
Thine wholly; I'll reserve no part;
Let the three corners be,
(Since nought else can) fill'd with one triple Thee.

V

Set up a throne;
Admit no rival of thy power;
Be thou alone
(I'll only fear thee) Emperour;
And though thy limits may
Seem small, Heaven only is as large as they.

VI

And if by chance
The old oft-conquer'd enemy
New stirs advance,
Look but upon him, and he'll fly:
The smallest check of thine
Will do't; so cannot all the power that 's mine.

VII

Thy kingdom is
More than ten thousand worlds, each heart
A province is;
Keep residence in mine, 'tis part
Of those huge realms; I'll be
Thy slave, and by this means gain liberty.

VIII

Such as all earth
Ne'er could so much as fancy yet,
Nor can give birth
To thoughts enough to fathom it.
No, no, nor can blest I,
When I enjoy it, know what I enjoy.

IX

Then give me this
I ask for; though I know not what,
O Lord! it is:
But what 's of greatest price, give that;
Or plainly bold to be
In begging—Lord, I pray thee give me Thee!

Hymnus

Ut se perpetuo rotat
Æther, quam fluidis ruit
Semper pendulis orbibus,
Quàm dulces variat vices!
Nunc seræ tenebræ ruunt,
Nunc lucis jubar aureum,
Nunc flores Zephyri erigunt
Languentes Aquilonibus;
Jam jam vellera nubium
Quiddam cæruleum rubent,
Jam quid cæruleum albicant;
Jam flammam croceam evomit
Phœbus, sed modo debilem:
Jam molles abigit nives,
Flores parturiens novos,
Jam se proripit, et gelu
Sistit non rapidas aquas.
Tu cuncta hæc peragis, Deus;
Te clamant, Deus, omnia
Fecisti ex nihilo, et modo
Servas ne in nihilum ruant.
Si tu contineas manum,
Labescant simul omnia;
Tellus, non animalibus
Praebens hospitium suis,
Sordebit nimiis aquis;
Ipsum nec mare noverit
Fluctus sistere fervidos,
Turbabuntur et omnia
Ni tu cuncta manu poti,
Tu cuncta officio tenes.

Self

I

Traitor Self, why do I try
Thee, my bitterest enemy?
What can I bear,
Alas! more dear,
Than is this centre of myself, my heart?
Yet all those trains that blow me up lie there,
Hid in so small a part.

II

How many backbones nourish'd have
Crawling serpents in the grave!
I am alive,
Yet life do give
To myriads of adders in my breast,
Which do not there consume, but grow and thrive,
And undisturbèd rest.

III

Still gnawing where they first were bred,
Consuming where they're nourishèd,
Endeavouring still
Even him to kill

---

9 The idea of the marrow turning to a snake.

That gives them life and loses of his bliss
To entertain them: that tyrannic ill
So radicated is.

IV
Most fatal men! What can we have
To trust? our bosoms will deceive:
The clearest thought,
To witness brought,
Will speak against us, and condemn us too;
Yea, and they all are known! O, how we ought
To sift them through!

V
Yet what 's our diligence? even all
Those sands to number that do fall
Chas'd by the wind?
Nay, we may find
A mighty difference; who would suppose
This little thing so fruitful were and blind
As its own ruin shows?

Anteros

Frown on me, shades! and let not day
Swell in a needle-pointed ray
To make discoveries! wrap me here
In folds of night, and do not fear
The sun's approach: so shall I find
A greater light possess my mind.
O, do not (Children of the Spring!)
Hither your charming odours bring,
Nor with your painted smiles devise
To captivate my wandering eyes;
Th' have stray'd too much, but now begin
Wholly t' employ themselves within.
What do I now on earth? O, why
Do not these members upward fly,
And force a room among the stars,
And there my greaten'd self disperse
As wide as thought? What do I here,
Spread on soft down of roses? There
That spangled curtain, which so wide
Dilates its lustre, shall me hide.
Mount up, low thoughts, and see what sweet
Reposance heaven can beget:
Could ye the least compliance frame,
How should I all become one flame,
And melt in purest fires! O, how
My warmed heart would sweetly glow,
And waste those dregs of earth that stay
Glued to it; then it might away,
And still ascend, till that it stood
Within the centre of all good;
There press'd, not overwhelm'd, with joys,
Under its burthen fresh arise;
There might it lose itself, and then
With losing find itself again;
There might it triumph, and yet be
Still in a blest captivity.
There might it—O, why do I speak,
Whose humble thoughts are far too weak
To apprehend small notions? Nay,
Angels are nonplus'd, though the day
Breaks clearer on them, and they run
In apogees more near the sun.
But, oh! what pulls me? How I shall
In the least moment headlong fall;
Now I'm on earth again not dight,
As formerly in springing light,

---

21 radicated] The form, common in the seventeenth century, has apparently been kept only for scientific purposes, which is a pity.

31 The interrogation mark of the orig. is dropped in the reprint—not wisely, I think, if purposely.

22 Reposance] A beautiful word, which one may wonder that no one has revived.

The selfsame objects please, that I
Did even now, as base, deny.
Now what a powerful influence
Has beauty on my slavish sense:
How rob I Nature, that I may
Her wealth upon my cheek display!
How doth the giant Honour seem
Well statur'd in my fond esteem;
And gold, that bane of men, I call
Not poisonous now, but cordial:
Since that the world's great eye, the Sun,
Has not disdain'd to make 't his own.
Now every passion sways, and I
Tamely admit their tyranny;
Only with numerous sighings say,
The basest thing is breathing clay.

But sure these vapours will not e'er
Draw curtains o'er my hemisphere.
Let it clear up, and welcome day
Its lustre once again display.
Thou (O, my Sun!) awhile may'st lie
As intercepted from mine eye,
But Love shall fright those clouds, and thou
Into my purgèd eyes shalt flow,
Which (melted by my inward fires,
Which shall be blown by strong desires)
Consuming into tears, shall feel
Each tear into a pearl congeal,
And every pearl shall be a stem
In my celestial diadem.

A Hymn

THOU mighty subject of my humble song,
Whom every thing speaks, though it cannot speak,
Whom all things echo, though without a tongue,
And int' exprèssions of thy glory break;

Who out of nothing this vast fabric brought,
And still preserv'st it, lest it fall again,
And be reduc'd into its ancient nought,
But may its vigour primitive retain;

Who out of atoms shap'd thine image, man,
And all to crown him with supremacy
Over his fellow-creatures; nay, and then
Didst in him raise a flame that cannot die;

Whose purer fire should animate that dross
That renders him but equal to the beast,
And make him, though materiate and gross,
Not less than those that in no bodies rest;

Nay, Lord above them, they did first of all
Turn renegados to thy majesty,
And in their ruin did involve his fall,
That caused him under thy displeasure lie.

There did he lose his snowy innocence,
His undepravèd will; then did he fall
Down from the tower of knowledge, nay, from thence
Dated the loss of his, heaven, thee, and all.

---

75 In the orig. classical sense of *stemma*—a 'garland,' 'chaplet,'—or at least the constituent part of this.

15 materiate] Not by any means a mere doublet of 'materi*al*,' and well worth keeping.

24 The comma at 'his' was removed in the reprint. I replace it.

So wert thou pleas'd to let thy anger lay
Clouds of displeasure 'twixt poor man and thee,
That Mercy might send forth a milky ray,
To tell, that ne'ertheless thou would'st agree.

Though man in sinning still new guilt should add,
It never could expunge thy patience;
Thine, who not ever any passion had,
But can forgive, as well as see offence.

Yet though our hearts petrificated were,
And all our blood curdled to ruddy ice,
Yet caused'st thou thy law be graven there,
And set a guardian o'er't, that never dies.

But we eras'd that sculpture: then thou wrote
In tables what thou hadst in stone before;
Yet were we not unto obedience brought,
But rather slackened our performance more.

Dead to all goodness, and engulf'd in sin,
Benumbèd by our own corruptions,
That we were only drown'd, not rendered clean,
By th' streams that covered all the earth at once.

Wandering without the least ability
To tread, or eyes to see our safest way,
While fiery vengeance at our heels did fly,
Ready to strike when thou the word should'st say.

Yet didst thou disappoint her: thy Son's blood
Supplied our want of oceans of tears.

The Author thought fit this should not perish, though other occasions suffer him only to present it in the habit of a fragment.

What profiteth a man of all his labour, which he taketh under the sun?—*Ecclesiastes* i. 2 [3]

I

Even as the wandering traveller doth stray,
Led from his way
By a false fire, whose flame to cheated sight
Doth lead aright,
All paths are footed over, but that one
Which should be gone;
Even so my foolish wishes are in chase
Of everything, but what they should embrace.

II

We laugh at children, that can when they please
A bubble raise,
And, when their fond ambition sated is,
Again dismiss

---

33 As I have championed several of Hall's unusual words it may be well to say that I do *not* think 'petrificate' necessary, or even desirable.

The fleeting toy into its former air:
What do we here,
But act such tricks? Yet thus we differ: they
Destroy, so do not we; we sweat, they play.

III

Ambition's towerings do some gallants keep
From calmer sleep;
Yet when their thoughts the most possessèd are,
They grope but air;
And when they're highest, in an instant fade
Into a shade;
Or like a stone, that more forc'd upwards, shall
With greater violence to its centre fall.

IV

Another, whose conceptions only dream
Monsters of fame,
The vain applause of other madmen buys
With his own sighs;
Yet his enlargèd name shall never crawl
Over this ball,
But soon consume; thus doth a trumpet's sound
Rush bravely on a little, then 's not found.

V

But we as soon may tell how often shapes
Are chang'd by apes,
As know how oft man's childish thoughts do vary,
And still miscarry.
So a weak eye in twilight thinks it sees
New species,
While it sees nought; so men in dreams conceive
Of sceptets, till that waking undeceive.

An Epitaph

When that my days are spent, (nor do I know
Whether the sun will e'er immise
Light to mine eyes,)
Methinks a pious tear needs must
Offer some violence to my dust.

Dust ravell'd in the air will fly
Up high;
Mingled with water 'twill retire
Into the mire:
Why should my ashes not be free,
When Nature gave them liberty?

But when I go, I must them leave
In grave.
No floods can make my marble so,
As moist to grow.
Then spare your labour, since your dew
Cannot from ashes flowers renew.

A Pastoral Hymn

Happy choristers of air,
Who by your nimble flight draw near
His throne, whose wondrous story,
And unconfinèd glory
Your notes still carol, whom your sound,
And whom your plumy pipes rebound.

---

40 sceptets] *sic.* Brydges 'sceptics.' ? 'Spectres,' or 'sceptres' (as *Macbeth*, iv. i. 121).

An Epitaph. 2 Neither doth 'immise' much arride me: especially as there exists a rare but preferable form 'immit.'

Yet do the lazy snails no less
The greatness of our Lord confess,
And those whom weight hath chain'd,
And to the earth restrain'd,
Their ruder voices do as well,
Yea, and the speechless fishes tell.
Great Lord, from whom each tree receives,
Then pays again, as rent, his leaves;
Thou dost in purple set
The rose and violet,
And giv'st the sickly lily white;
Yet in them all Thy name dost write.

An Ode

I
LORD, send thine hand
Unto my rescue, or I shall
Into mine own ambushments fall,
Which ready stand
To d' execution, all
Laid by self-love; O, what
Love of ourselves is that,
That breeds such uproars in our better state!

II
I think I pass
A meadow gilt with crimson showers
Of the most rich and beauteous flowers;
Yet thou, alas!
Espi'st what under lowers;
Taste them, they're poison; lay
Thyself to rest, there stray
Whole knots of snakes that solely wait for prey.

III
To dream of flight
Is more than madness: there will be
Either some strong necessity,
Or else delight,
To chain us, would we flee.
Thus do I wandering go,
And cannot poisons know
From wholesome simples that beside them grow.

IV
Blind that I am,
That do not see before mine eyes
These gazing dangers, that arise
Ever the same,
Or in varieties
Far worse, how shall I 'scape?
Or whither shall I leap?
Or with what comfort solace my hard hap?

V
Thou who alone
Canst give assistance, send me aid,
Else shall I in those depths be laid
And quickly thrown,
Whereof I am afraid:
Thou who canst stop the sea
In her mid rage, stop me;
Lest from myself my own self ruin be.

---

7 do] The reprint, improperly, 'to.'
1–6 laid] Orig. 'Lay'd,' which might *possibly* be for ''lay'd' = 'allayed' = 'alloyed.' But the text is more simple and probable.

THE POEMS
OF
SIDNEY GODOLPHIN

NOW FIRST COLLECTED

OXFORD
1906

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INTRODUCTION TO SIDNEY GODOLPHIN

Sidney Godolphin, like Benlowes and like Kynaston, has never been reprinted as a whole, or in any considerable part, until the present time. But, unlike theirs, his collected works, and even any relatively considerable parts of them, have never been printed at all. This is all the more remarkable, first, inasmuch as his personality has always been admitted to have been of exceptional interest: and secondly, inasmuch as pieces of his work have been, at various times, and in publications of very different kinds, given as samples in print, after a fashion which usually invites more extensive communication. The proofs of the last half of this sentence may be confined to a note[1]; the proofs of the former must rank not only in note but in text.

He was the son of Sir William Godolphin of Godolphin in Cornwall, and bore as Christian name the surname of his mother, Thomasine Sidney. Born in January, 1610, he went to Exeter College, Oxford, in 1624, and became Member for Helston so early as 1628. A fervent royalist and a strong partisan of Strafford, he took arms under Hopton at the very beginning of the Rebellion, and was one[2] of those

> Four wheels of Charles's Wain

whose early disappearance was among the greatest misfortunes of the Royal cause. He was shot in a skirmish at Chagford, and buried at Okehampton on the 10th February, 1642-3.

Of hardly any 'Marcellus of our tongue' have men of his own time spoken better than they spoke of Sidney Godolphin: Clarendon, in particular, reiterated eulogies of him in his *History*, in his *Own Life*, and in his notice of *Leviathan*, in the teeth of the fact that the dead poet was not only a friend of the obnoxious author of that obnoxious book, but had been praised in its very dedication to Godolphin's brother, and had left the heretic no less than £200 (equal to at least a thousand now) in his will. To be praised by Clarendon *and* Hobbes is indeed to have your name struck in double bronze.

---

[1] Dryden's *Miscellany*, vol. iv, gave his translation of Virgil; Ellis included in his *Specimens* (vol. iii, p. 229) the charming 'Or love me less, or love me more,' and that odd collection, *Tixall Poetry*, which was one of the ventures wherewith Scott waterlogged the Ballantynes and himself, includes, at p. 216, the piece beginning 'Unhappy East.' An exceedingly pretty poem, entitled 'Cupid's Pastime,' had also been attributed to Godolphin in the *Miscellany*, and the attribution is repeated in a Bodleian MS., but among poetry of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This fact has sometimes caused a curious counter-attribution to the Lord Treasurer, Godolphin's nephew, not generally thought of as a poetical man. On looking into the matter, however, I found that the other and main source of Godolphin's poems in the Bodleian contains a note correcting all this, and rightly assigning the piece to Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*—in Mr. Bullen's edition of which (London 1890, i. 37) it will duly be found, with Davison's attribution of it to the mysterious 'A. W.'

[2] The others being Sir Bevil Grenvil, Sir Nicholas Slanning, and a Trevanion.

I do not know that 'little Sid,' as Suckling, with not unaffectionate impertinence, called him (he is said to have been slight, pale or dark in complexion, and of pensive aspect), can exactly be said to have a more perennial monument in his own poems. But it is certainly time that the stones of this monument, which are of no contemptible substance and chiselling, were put together. They have hitherto lain *disjecta* in Malone's MS. in the Bodleian, in Harl. 6917 in the British Museum, in the *Miscellany* as above, and, as far as the lines on Lady Rich are concerned, in Gauden's *Funerals made Cordials* (London 1658). The MS. Poems have been photographed for this edition, a process also adopted in the case of Benlowes, Kynaston, and other very rare printed originals. The *Miscellany* version is printed from that work, and the 'Lady Rich' lines I have copied. The Tixall piece occurs in the Malone MS., and I have given the variants, as also in the case of those pieces which the two MSS. duplicate.

In the poems themselves, though the 'Chorus' is full of matter, we come to nothing of great interest until we reach 'Constancy.' This is an unusual document for the student of poetry, being not only (as by a curious coincidence its own words say) a 'draught of what might be,' but a draught of singular attraction. It is quite unfinished; it is not for 'children or fools[1].' The author (see note *in loc.*) was apparently even in two minds as to which of the two great 'metaphysical' quatrains (the 'common measure' and that of eights) he should couch it in; and he has only partially developed the possibilities of either. But he *has* developed them partially in point of phrase: and in point of thought he shows us more than a glimpse of the subtlety and depth which must have attracted Hobbes. It is not a contradiction but a supplement to Shakespeare's great sonnet on 'Love [that] is not Love.' Godolphin has no weaker or baser notion of Constancy itself, when once its conditions have come into being; he considers it here when they have not.

The next, from its having been given by Ellis, is the one thing of Godolphin's that can be said to be generally known. It is characteristic and charming, but almost necessarily unfinished; not that it has the false rhyme or the false rhythm of the next again and some others, but that the same 'first-draft' quality is all over it. But with not much additional labour it could have been worked into a perfect example of our class of lyric. The song ''Tis Affection but dissembled,' is a graceful trifle enough in itself, and is even not quite trifling in thought, Godolphin, here as elsewhere, showing himself superior to the more obvious metaphysicalities. But perhaps its greatest interest is prosodic—in the maintenance throughout of trochaic metre, with double rhymes in the first and third and an 'echo'-line in the fifth place. The poet does not manage this tripping catchy measure (of which he cannot have had many patterns before him) with perfect fluency or unerringness: but he attains a very high degree of success. The 'Cloris' piece and the decasyllabic lines which follow, so oddly conjoined by the copyist (*v. inf. in loc.*), maintain a good level: the first being neat and complete enough, the second an interesting member of that long and beautiful sequence of 'Elizabethan' dream-pieces which starts with the early sonneteers, rises to the height of Donne's glorious 'Dear love, for nothing else but thee,' and ends, not unworthily, with Dryden's delightful 'Beneath a myrtle's shade,' in *The Conquest of Granada*. Somebody should collect these, with embellishments.

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[1] In fact, it might be *two* poems.

The piece 'To the King and Queen' is again very mainly of metrical interest, though it is by no means lacking in the nervous substance which Godolphin so often marries to metaphysical form. The copyist has made quatrains of it which, in a first edition, it seemed better to keep in the text; but it was evidently intended to be in the continuous couplet; and the poet treats this with a firmness which neither Waller nor Sandys had surpassed by anticipation. The blemish of identical rhyme in the first two (which may have given the copyist the quatrain-notion) is not uncommon at the time; but might have been removed if the author had come to print his work.

The triplets which follow seem to me among the most frigid things that we have from Godolphin. To excuse conceit of this kind one requires (at least I find that *I* require) either passion or humour—if both are present so much the better. Here there is neither, but (let me repeat it) a frigid playing on the supposed identity of Virtue and the Beloved. It is curious that from this kind of poet we never care much to hear of his mistress's virtue. In the first place we take it for granted; in the second, it is not what we come to him for. The steady chill of Habington's *Castara* is fortunately rare in Caroline poetry, but there is a passing twinge of it here.

The 'Ballet' which succeeds Ps. 137—the story of Cephalus and Procris with new names—has once more its own attraction. It is known that 'triple time,' as dominant, was very slow to establish itself in anything but popular poetry. Here we have it, not consummately managed—with a much more uncertain and gingerly touch indeed than in such a thing as *Mary Ambree*—but all the more interestingly as an experiment. Godolphin has not realized the fact that too many acatalectic lines in the even places make the measure jolt—that you want the redundant syllable to lubricate the junctures. But the whole does not want lightness even in itself, and it is of the best augury for other things later.

In the 'Shepherd and Damon' song the good effect of cutting down the third and fourth lines of the ordinary Romance sixain—eight, eight, six, eight, eight, six—to fours is the chief thing noticeable. It would not be good in narrative, but helps the 'cry' in lyric when, as here, it is well managed.

The Epistle which comes next is a fairly early example of a kind soon to be very popular. Its general drift is clear enough, though I at least have no knowledge of any particular incident to which it may refer. The 'Meditation—Reply' is something of a puzzle in another way.

The two pieces which follow are again attempts in the two great staple quatrains of metaphysical poetry; and for the first of them ('No more unto my thoughts appear') I confess a greater partiality than for anything else of Godolphin's. This partiality may, as some critics have held, argue a lack of sense of 'artistic restraint.' But Love and Restraint never had much to do with each other when Thought and Hope and Desire were of the company: and Art should be quite contented with the almost complete mastery here shown of the form—with the throb and the soar of the common-measure flight, that 'common made' so 'uncommon.' If Godolphin wrote this, he may rest his claims on it *securus*. You cannot, if you have the due gift, read even into the second line without feeling that the *petite fièvre cérébrale* is invading your imagination, that the *solita flamma* is caressing your heart. At least that is how some people are made; and the others may be sorry for them, or contemptuous of them, if they like.

The 'eights' are somewhat less victorious: and the second 'sonnet' (both these common-measure pieces are called 'Sonnets' in the Harleian) is less good than the first. But the Pindaric dialogue which this latter MS. gives us has attractions of various kinds, including a certain shy rather than sly humour, not absolutely unrelated to Suckling's robuster and more boisterous variety.

The second Epistle, though again needing illustration, gives us the not negligible information that our poet, for all his devotion to the Muses, was not less familiar with sport than became an uncle of the Newmarket-haunting Lord Treasurer, and one whose family name was to be immortalized by the Godolphin Arabian. On the other hand, the interest of the piece to Cloris is mainly prosodic. The stanza—an *In Memoriam* quatrain with enclosed rhymes extended to a septet by the addition of *acc*, the last line being itself extended to a decasyllable—is of extreme and subtle beauty. And the 'Hymn' is a fine one, especially in the four lines beginning

> Wise men, all ways of knowledge past,

which versify and expand *Omnia exeunt in mysterium.* 'A Farewell' has been so carelessly copied, the first two lines not even rhyming, that I have thought it well to give the MS. text unaltered.

The Epitaphs on Sir F. Carew and Lady Rich are good firm specimens of their kind. But the Translation of the *Aeneid* ought to take much higher rank than it has yet usually done, as a document in the history of the regular heroic couplet. It must be earlier than 1642, and may be considerably so, while, as is well known, there is some doubt about the date of the earliest exercises in the kind of its continuator—Waller.

No long summing up is required on Godolphin according to the plan of this book, though I need hardly say that I could write a twenty-page *causerie* on him with all the pleasure in life, and with much more ease than most of life's affairs admit. He shows the usual Spenser-Jonson-Donne compound, which accounts for so much in so many of these Carolines, with a special inclination towards the Donne-strain, but with fewer drops of the red wine of passion and mystery than he might have borrowed from Donne. Hobbes has rather replaced the great Dean; yet did not even Hobbes write that strange and tell-tale passage on Love? Further, the work is small in amount, and rather rich in tantalizing indications than fully revealing. Yet he gives us, as it seems to me, some things I would not be ignorant of, and he wears the Caroline rue with a more than sufficient difference. At any rate he supplies a document which ought to have been lodged long ago: and I have tried to lodge it here and now.

[*The extracts from Clarendon referred to in the Introduction are given in the Malone MS. itself, and may be usefully reproduced here.*—ED.]

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN (says Lord Clarendon in his own Life) was a younger brother of Godolphin, but by the provision left by his father and by the death of a younger brother, liberally supplied for a very good education, and for a cheerful subsistence in any course of life he proposed to himself. There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so large an understanding and so unrestrained a fancy, in so very small a body; so that the Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient into his friendship for Mr. Godolphin that he was pleased to be found in his company, where *he* was the properer man; and it may be, the very remarkableness of his little person made the sharpness of his wit and the composed quickness of his judgement and understanding the more notable. He had spent some years in France and in the low countries, and accompanied the earl of Leicester in his ambassage into Denmark, before he resolved to be quiet and attend some promotion in the court, where his excellent disposition and manners, and extraordinary qualifications made him very acceptable. Though everybody loved his company very well, yet he loved very much to be alone, being in his constitution inclined somewhat to melancholy and to retirement among his books; and was so far from being active that he was contented to be reproached by his friends with laziness, and was of so nice and tender a composition that a little rain or wind would disorder him and divert him from any short journey. [Oxford ed. 1843, p. 927.—ED.]

His death is thus recorded by the same writer in his *History of the Rebellion*:
In those necessary and brisk expeditions in falling upon Chagford, a little town in the south of Devon, before day, the king lost Sidney Godolphin, a young gentleman of incomparable parts, who being of a constitution more delicate and unacquainted with contentions, upon his observation of the wickedness of those men in the house of commons, of which he was a member, out of the pure indignation of his soul against them, and conscience to his country, had, with the first, engaged himself with that party in the west; and though he thought not fit to take command in a profession he had not willingly chosen, yet as his advice was of great authority with all the commanders, being always one in the council of war, and whose notable abilities they had still use of in their civil transactions, so he exposed his person to all action, travel, and hazard; and by too forward engaging himself in this last, received a mortal shot by a musquet, a little above the knee, of which he died on the instant; leaving the misfortune of his death upon a place which could never otherwise have had a mention to the world.—This happened about the end of Jany. [1642–3]. [*Ibid.* p. 343.—ED.]

[*To these it may be well to add the Hobbes passage in the Dedication of* Leviathan *to Francis Godolphin.*—ED.]

HONOURED SIR,—Your most worthy brother Mr. Sidney Godolphin, when he lived, was pleased to think my studies something, and otherwise to oblige me, as you know, with real testimonies of his good opinion, great in themselves, and the greater for the worthiness of his person. For there is not any virtue that disposeth a man, either to the service of God, or to the service of his country, to civil society or private friendship, that did not manifestly appear in his conversation, not as acquired by necessity, or affected upon occasion, but inherent, and shining in a generous constitution of his nature. Therefore in honour and gratitude to him, &c. [*Works*, ed. Molesworth, III. v.—ED.]

POEMS FROM MALONE MS.

Psalm 141

Lord, hear the Prayer thou dost inspire,
O Lord, direct both my desire,
And the success; O may my cries,
Like thy commanded incense, rise
On precious sweetness; may my prayer
Be purer than the common air:
May it be like the offering,
Which thankful souls at evening bring,
When they unfeigned devotions pay,
For the past dangers of the day:
Let nothing (henceforth) that is vain
My consecrated lips profane.
Hallow my heart, and guard the door,
Make me thy Temple evermore;
Let not the beauty of a sin
Tempt me to let such poison in;
Nor let the erring multitude,
For company, my soul delude;
Let me not perish, in their praise,
But let the righteous, in thy ways
Guide me, and may I thank the hand,
Although severed, by which I stand:
But let not precious balms be spilt,
Only to search not heal the guilt;
Give me the ballast of just fear,
But do not sink me in despair:
Grant rather that I may extend
My prayers for others, that the end
Even of the wicked may prevent
Their everlasting punishment:
They to my words will give arresse,
When broken by their wickedness,
Fall'n from the heights they stood upon
Built in Imagination.
Are we not all already dead?
Are we not like bones scatterèd
Before the grave's mouth, spent and worn,
Seized by a long corruption?
Lord, from this grave I turn mine eye
To thy blest immortality;
O may the soul thou didst create,
Praise thee in her eternal state;
Guide me through all the treachery,
And snares of my mortality;
Let not my soul be made their prey,
Who strew temptations in my way,
But be they caught in their own net,
Who these malicious dangers set.

S. Godolphin.

Chorus

Vain man, born to no happiness,
But by the title of distress,
Allied to a capacity
Of joy, only by misery;
Whose pleasures are but remedies,
And best delights but the supplies
Of what he wants, who hath no sense
But poverty and indigence:
Is it not pain still to desire
And carry in our breast this fire?
Is it not deadness to have none,
And satisfied, are we not stone?
Doth not our chiefest bliss then lie
Betwixt thirst and satiety,
In the midway: which is alone
In an half-satisfaction:
And is not love the middle way,
At which with most delight we stay?
Desire is total indigence,
But love is ever a mixt sense
Of what we have, and what we want,
And though it be a little scant
Of satisfaction, yet we rest
In such an half-possession best.

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141. 31 arresse] So MS. I do not know what this can be for except 'arrest,' in a sense a little extended from that of the Fr. *arrêt*, and = 'the *authority* of law.'

Chorus] This piece is also in Harl. MS.

A half-possession doth supply
The pleasure of variety,
And frees us from inconstancy
By want caused, or satiety;
He never lov'd, who doth confess
He wanted aught he doth possess,
(Love to itself is recompense
Besides the pleasure of the sense)
And he again who doth pretend
That surfeited his love took end,
Confesses in his love's decay
His soul more mortal than that clay
Which carries it, for if his mind
Be in its purest part confin'd,
(For such love is) and limited,
'Tis in the rest, dying, or dead:
They pass their times in dreams of love
When wavering passions gently move,
Through a calm smooth-fac'd sea they pass,
But in the haven traffic glass:
They who love truly through the clime
Of freezing North and scalding Line,
Sail to their joys, and have deep sense
Both of the loss, and recompense:
Yet strength of passion doth not prove
Infallibly, the truth of love.
Ships, which to-day a storm did find,
Are since becalm'd, and feel no wind [1].

S. GODOLPHIN.

Constancy

LOVE unreturn'd, howe'er the flame
Seem great and pure, may still admit
Degrees of more, and a new name
And strength acceptance gives to it.

Till then, by honour there's no tie
Laid on it, that it ne'er decay,
The mind's last act by constancy
Ought to be seal'd, and not the way.

Did aught but Love's perfection bind
Who should assign at what degree
Of Love, faith ought to fix the mind
And in what limits we are free.

So hardly in a single heart
Is any love conceived
That fancy still supplies one part,
Supposing it received.

When undeceiv'd such love retires
'Tis but a model lost,
A draught of what might be expires
Built but at fancy's cost.

Yet if the rain one tear move,
From Pity not Love sent,
Though not a palace, it will prove
The most wisht monument.

S. GODOLPHIN.

Song

OR love me less, or love me more,
And play not with my liberty,
Either take all, or all restore,
Bind me at least, or set me free,
Let me some nobler torture find
Than of a doubtful wavering mind,
Take all my peace, but you betray
Mine honour too this cruel way.

30 'All he would possess.' Harl. MS.

[1] This Senecan chorus has some curious expressions in it, especially that at l. 44, 'traffic glass.' In tone it rather strikingly resembles the work of Lord Stirling in his tragedies. And the 'Meditation—[Reply]' (*inf.* p. 244) may be connected with it.

13 So, &c.] The change from eights to common measure is extremely noteworthy, this last being the *special* vehicle of this kind of poetry. This first draft here gives an almost unique example of comparing the instruments. See Introduction.

'Tis true that I have nurst before
That hope of which I now complain,
And having little, sought no more,
Fearing to meet with your disdain:
The sparks of favour you did give,
I gently blow to make them live :
And yet have gain'd by all this care
No rest in hope, nor in despair.

I see you wear that pitying smile
Which you have still vouchsaf't my smart,
Content thus cheaply to beguile
And entertain an harmless heart :
But I no longer can give way
To hope, which doth so little pay ;
And yet I dare no freedom owe
Whilst you are kind, though but in show.

Then give me more or give me less,
Do not disdain a mutual sense,
Or you unpitying beauties dress
In their own free indifference.
But show not a severer eye
Sooner to give me Liberty,
For I shall love the very scorn
Which for my sake you do put on.

S. Godolphin.

Song[1]

'Tis affection but dissembled,
Or dissembled liberty,
To pretend thy passion changèd
With change of thy mistress' eye,
Following her inconstancy :

Hopes which do from favour flourish,
May perhaps as soon expire
As the cause which did them nourish ;
And disdain'd they may retire,
But Love is another fire.

For if beauty cause thy passion,
If a fair resistless eye
Melt thee with its soft impression.
Then thy hopes will never die,
Nor be cur'd by cruelty.

'Tis not scorn that can remove thee,
For thou either wilt not see,
Such lov'd beauty, not to love thee,
Or wilt else consent that she
Judges as she ought of thee.

Thus thou either canst not sever
Hope from what appears so fair,
Or unhappier thou canst never
Find contentment in despair
Nor make Love a trifling care.

There are soon but few retiring
Steps in all the paths of Love
Made by such, who in aspiring
Meeting scorn, their hopes remove—
Yet even those ne'er change their love.

S. Godolphin.

Cloris

Cloris, may I unhappy prove
Whenever I do leave to love,
Or if my love be e'er remov'd
Then, Cloris, let me not be lov'd :
I nothing more can imprecate,
But if there be a harder fate,
Cloris, when I to love give o'er
Then may I never love thee more.

---

23 owe] As so often = 'own.'

30 even] *Perhaps* intended to be scanned 'e'en.'

[1] On this see Introduction.

Lines [1]

Fair shadow, stay, may I for ever see
Thy beauty sever'd from thy cruelty,
As in this dream, do not so soon destroy
So dear to me, to you so cheap a joy.
See my thoughts now, impute no more to me
My past complaints and infelicity,
As if those needs, fruits of my nature were,
And that in me nothing can grow but care;
Witness with me my yet diffusèd heart
Which your kind image doth not quite depart,
That your fair eyes do nowhere else dispense
On matter more prepared, their influence:
Your will hath planted all the grief I know,
Neglect alone would not so far undo,
Self-flattery would still produce content.
If you were but so kind as to consent,
Though not to favour, my whole life had been
Though without harvest, a perpetual Spring.
If you had pleased, all nature hath been spent
And a new vigour hath been often lent
From the returning heavens, whilst my sun
A voluntary instant course doth run:
See how already your kind image flies
My thoughts, and in your scorn, your beauty dies.

S. Godolphin.

To the King and Queen [2]

Be all your senses blest with harmony,
Proportion'd objects meet each faculty,
All appetites find such a just supply,
That you may still desire, still satisfy.

May present things with present pleasure pay,
Every contentment be entire, and way
To the next joy, may every new success
Recall the past, and make one happiness.

May you then all your joys reflected see
In other's breasts, may that reflection be
Powerful on you, and though none can project
Beams to reach you, yet what you cause, reflect.

---

[1] These lines run straight on in the MS. and have but one signature, though some one has drawn a line - - - - - and set a cross. But the 'Cloris' is clearly complete in itself, even if the change of metre did not warn us.

17-8 been—Spring] Note the rhyme.

19 hath] One imagines 'had': but 'often' in the next line is an obstacle.

[2] See Introduction.

May you not need the art to multiply
Joys, in the fancy's unsafe flattery;
But may your pleasures be still present, pure,
Diffusive, great, and in their truth, secure.

S. GODOLPHIN.

Triplets

VIRTUE, and you, so intermix that we
Believe you one with safer piety
Than were the knowledge which is you, which she.

If you are several, you are several so
That after subtle words a difference show,
Conceits of one must into the other flow.

The understanding doth the truth admit
Of your distinction, but straight looseth it,
Painful distraction if it intermit.

No place confines [to] here or there fair virtue
Present to all: in that sense 'tis as true
You are in it, as it is all in you:

All services done her give an access
Nearer to you, all who have worthiness
Enough, are rivals, though Antipodes:

Yet after all our careful time confer'd
In seeking her, when any is prefer'd,
To see you, she is most her own reward.

S. GODOLPHIN.

Psalm 137

As by the rivers we lay down
Which wash the walls of Babylon,
There we our inward souls felt grief,
Changing to mourning all relief,
Infecting by our sad despair
The flowery field, the streams, and air:
As we on Syon meditate
Our ruin'd country's captive state,
Our instruments of melody
Disused, neglected, hanging by—
Then, even then, our scornful foes,
The proud inflictors of our woes,
Deny us freedom of our groans
And bid us swallow all our moans,
Command from our hoarse voice an air
Of joy in this our sad despair.
Ah! can we teach our tears to flow
Inwards, and hide in smiles our woe?
Shall our lov'd harp and voice now be
The hated marks of slavery?
O Solymas, ye holy towers,
Ye rivers, fields, ye shades of ours,
Wither my hand, my voice be dry
When I do lose your memory:
When ever I one joy put on
During your desolation.

Triplets] No title in MS.

8 looseth] is of course frequent for 'loseth,' but either will make sense of the very 'metaphysical' kind required by the whole piece.

10 to] In orig.; but it spoils the metre and does not advantage the meaning.

3 grief] 'grieve'? The noun *could* be forced into sense, but only *vi et armis*.

Thou Babylon, which now dost boast
All bowels of compassion lost,
Though careless when we do complain
Know thou hast yet a sense for pain.
Thrice happy who exacts from thee
The measure of our misery:
How thy swol'n rivers then will rise,
When thou pay'st back unto our eyes
The floods of tears which they have shed
And all the streams which we have bled!
Then will Euphrates purpled run
With thy blood, cruel Babylon,
Thy children's cries will fill the air
And none shall pity their despair.

S. Godolphin.

A Ballet

Amarillis a late
And too loving bride,
Sad that her dear mate
Should part from her side,
And grieving to want
What only she loves,
Did follow unseen
Her friend to the groves:
And seeking her shepherd
In every shade,
First meeting his voice
Overheard what he said.

'Thou joy of my life,
First love of my youth,
Thou safest of pleasures
And fullest of truth,
Thou purest of Nymphs
And never more fair,
Breathe this way and cool me,
Thou pitying Air!
Come hither and hover
On every part,
Thou life of my sense
And joy of my heart.'

Poor Amarillis,
As soon as her fears
The words of the shepherd
Convey'd to her ears,
Her hands and her eye
To heaven doth move,
As full of her grief
As before of her love:
Believing her shepherd
Had made this fond prayer
To some rival Nymph,
And not to the Air.
She says in herself,
'Ah! too too unkind,
Whom neither thy vows
Nor my loyalty bind,
Those moods could not show thee
Such truth without art,
These deserts have taught thee
So savage a heart.
Bend hither thine arrows
If they seek a prey,
Or if you seek love
Then this is the way.'

The shepherd who heard
The leaves as she mov'd,
Makes ready a shaft
To shoot in the wood:
And sending an arrow
Not guided by sight,
Doth pierce the poor Nymph
With the too cruel flight.
She pardons, but prays him
Though never so fair,
Her place may be never
Succeeded by Air.

The shepherd confused
With his terrible fate,
The wood, and the air,
And himself he doth hate.
He swears that he wooed
But the breath of the wind,
And that Amarillis
Was then in his mind:
She hears the mistake,
He curses his dart,
She dies in her limbs,
Revived in her heart.

S. Godolphin.

Song

DAMON

SHEPHERD, we do not see our looks
Best ever in the purest brooks.
Do not despise
Thine own shape and thy careful face:
See thyself in some other glass
Than her fair eyes.

SHEPHERD

Damon, no other streams reflect
Truly as these mine own aspect
And worthless face:
Yet all the pleasures others make
Themselves in beauty, I do take
In my fair glass.

DAMON

Shepherd, it were a happiness
If you could then your figure miss,
Not well exprest.
Seeking yourself with too much care
You leave the image of your fear
In her fair breast.

SHEPHERD

Damon, I hope no happiness
But what already I possess,
Received thus near.
Yet I confess, though not so vain
As one poor hope to entertain,
I still have fear.

S. GODOLPHIN.

Epistle

SIR,
WHEN your known hand, and style, and name
Into the camp of Wanton came;
And that the Greeks with one consent
Had read the lines which Troy had sent,
They all agreed, the Oracle
Was only wise enough to tell
What bold pen should the answer make
And danger, mixt with honour, take:
The Delphic messengers relate
That Mason is the choice of fate,
And though most Greeks could better wield
A sword than he, yet for a shield,
Ajax himself must give him place,
And therefore fittest in this case.
But, sir, alas! whilst harmless I
Thought to fulfil this destiny,
A nearer fate which none could dread,
Nor yet foresee, hangs o'er my head.
That idle book which I of late
Read with some fear, but with more hate,
(Yet not suspecting that in time
The reading it would grow a crime)
Since proves a libel; and all eyes
That have but seen it, at th' assize
Must answer make.—Sir, I protest
Most fearfully this is no jest:
But, sir, the way to this assize
By Wells first, and the Bishop lies,
Who sends for all, whom any fame
Accuses, (and 'mongst them my name)
That they have once but cast a look
Upon this guilty-making book.
Ned Drew hath his appearance sworn
And for that paid a full half-crown:
Sir, I should less fear this ill day,
If that his Lordship would not stray
From that one point, but what man knows
Whether he may not list to pose,
And overthrow a life divine,
Show his own learning, or try mine?

Epistle] No title in MS. 9 Delphic] Orig. 'Delphique.'
38 pose] Not in the modern sense, though this would do; but in the older of 'start a puzzling question.'

If in a wanton strength, I say,
He should but offer at that play,
The Tower of Pitcombe then would quake,
The yew tree all her leaves would shake.
Sir, I too long have tir'd your ears
With the harsh jars of my own fears,
I fear no one thing now, but all
That ever curate did befall.

S. GODOLPHIN.

Meditation—[Reply]

UNHAPPY East—not in that awe
You pay your Lords, whose will is Law,
But in your own unmanly reign
On the soft sex, and proud disdain,
What state would bring the value down
Of treasure which is all their own?
Their thoughts to worthless objects move
Who thus suppress the growth of love—
Love that extends the high desire,
Love that improves the manly fire,
And makes the price of Beauty rise
And all our wishes multiplies;
Such high content dwells not in sense,
Nor can the captiv'd fair dispense
Such sweets as these; no servile Dame
Can with her beauty feed this flame;
Such joys as these requires a heart
In which no other love hath part.
Ah, who would prize his Liberty
(This faint weak pleasure to be free)
Dear as the wounds which Love can give,
The bond in which such servants live,
Who list in wand'ring loose desire
Vary his love, disperse his fire,
Aim at no more than to repeat
The thirst of sense, and quench that heat.
Let my collected passion rise
All and to one a sacrifice:
I fear not her discerning breast
Should be with other love imprest,
Be to the proud resign'd a prey,
Or to the loud, or to the gay.
Why should distorted nature prove
More lovely than my humble love?
What taught the elder times success
In Love, but Love, and humbleness?
The Nymphs resign'd their virgin fears
To nothing but the Shepherd's tears.
Nature with wise distrust doth arm
And guard that tender sex from harm;
Long waiting Love doth passage find
Into the slow believing mind.
Jove, when he would with Love comply,
Is said to lay his thunder by:
Too rough he thinks the shape of man,
Now in the softness of a swan,
Now like another Nymph appears,
And so beguiles Calisto's fears.
By force he could have soon compress
That which contents the ruder East,
But he by this diviner art
Makes conquest of the heavenly part.

S. GODOLPHIN.

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44 yew] Orig. 'ewe.'

Meditation] This in *T. P.* is entitled 'For Love.' In MS. it is simply 'Reply.' It seems to answer something (*v. sup.* p. 238).

22 The bond] Tixall 'those bonds.' 23 list] Tixall 'tost.' Text combined.

24 his] Tixall 'their' in some places.

49 could] Tixall 'would.' compress] I must note the extraordinary coincidence (though it can be nothing but a coincidence) of Gray's

In the caverns of the *West*
By Odin's fierce embrace compress.

Quatrains [1]

No more unto my thoughts appear,
At least appear less fair,
For crazy tempers justly fear
The goodness of the air.

Whilst your pure image hath a place
In my impurer mind,
Your very shadow is the glass
Where my defects I find.

Shall I not fly that brighter light
Which makes my fires look pale,
And put that virtue out of sight
Which makes mine none at all?

No, no, your picture doth impart
Such value, I not wish
The native worth to any heart
That 's unadorn'd with this.

Though poorer in desert I make
Myself, whilst I admire,
The fuel which from Hope I take
I give to my Desire.

If this flame lighted from your eyes
The subject do calcine,
A heart may be your sacrifice
Too weak to be your shrine.

S. Godolphin.

Quatrains [2]

Soft and sweet airs, whose gentle gales
Swell, but do slackly swell our sails,
And only such to Heaven convey,
Whom their own side doth waft that way.

Instructing them in happiness
Who were before in ken of bliss—
Though only saints do hear and see
The angels in your harmony.

Yet even from us ill spirits fly [ee'.]
When by such charms, uncharm'd we be;
The unprepar'd this grace do find,
Ye cool and do refresh the mind.

But the more peaceful souls and free
Meet with their own your harmony
Sometimes surpris'd, then do prevent
The less harmonious Instrument.

Soft airs, ye gently fan a fire
Of pure unmixt thoughts, which aspire
So of themselves I do not know
Whether to you they aught can owe.

S. Godolphin.

Epistle

That you may see your letters, use
Both to transfer your verse and muse,
And bring with them so fresh a heat
Able new Poems to beget;
Yet such as may no more compare
With yours, than echoing voices dare—
I from my prose and Friday time
Cannot but send thus much in rhyme.

Quatrains [1]] Also in Harl. MS.
16 unadorn'd] H. 'not adorned.'
Epistle] No title in MS.
10 look pale] H. 'go pale.'
Quatrains [2]] No title in MS.
8 rhyme] Orig. 'ryme.'

Sir, your grave Author had no cause
To give our sense of seeing, laws,
For sure ill eyes will sooner need
Medicines to judge of greyhound's speed,
Than other rules, since who is he
So inward blind as not to see
That overtaking, going by,
Doth clearly show where odds doth lie.
Nor hath the eye an object more
Distinct than this in all its power.
All judgements else (I think) but this
A little too uncertain is,
To overrule a favouring eye
And partial minds to satisfy.
And I count nothing victory,
But when all clamour too doth die;
In all Romances, the good knight
With monsters (after men) doth fight.
Then you have fully got the field
When Philip and James white do yield,
So likewise nothing can adorn
Our triumph, but your captur'd horn.
You have no cause to fear that we
Will still appeal to Salisbury,
The Paddock Course, and dieting.
Shall we for Wanton say a thing
Which for the worst cur might be said
Which ever yet in slip was led?
No, from a straight course at the hare
Lies no appeal at any bar;
In one thing only I foresee
Wanton will still unhappy be:
Snap will live in your poetry
When Wanton, and my verses, die.

S. Godolphin.

To the tune of 'In faith I cannot keep my Father's Sheep'

Cloris, it is not thy disdain
Can ever cover with despair,
Or in cold ashes hide that care
Which I have fed with so long pain:
I may perhaps mine eyes refrain,
And fruitless words no more impart,
But yet still serve, still serve thee in my heart.

What though I spend my hapless days
In finding entertainments out,
Careless of what I go about,
Or seek my peace in skilful ways,
Applying to my eyes new rays
Of beauty, and another flame
Unto my heart, my heart is still the same.

'Tis true that I could love no face
Inhabited by cold disdain,
Taking delight in other's pain.
Thy looks are full of native grace;
Since then by chance scorn there hath place
'Tis to be hop'd I may remove
This scorn one day, one day by endless Love.

S. Godolphin.

Hymn

Lord, when the wise men came from far,
Led to Thy cradle by a star,
Then did the shepherds too rejoice,
Instructed by thy Angel's voice:
Blest were the wise men in their skill
And shepherds in their harmless will.

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28 Philip and James] *May* day, or is this too late for coursing 'P. and J. *White*'?
Hymn] No title in MS.
5 wise men] MS. here and elsewhere in one word.

Wise men in tracing Nature's laws
Ascend unto the highest Cause;
Shepherds with humble fearfulness
Walk safely, though their Light be Life:
Though wise men better know the way
It seems no honest heart can stray.

There is no merit in the wise
But Love, (the shepherds' sacrifice)
Wise men, all ways of knowledge past,
To the shepherds' wonder come at last:
To know can only wonder breed,
And not to know is wonder's seed.

A wise man at the altar bows
And offers up his studied vows,
And is received,—may not the tears,
Which spring too from a shepherd's fears,
And sighs upon his frailty spent,
Though not distinct, be eloquent?

'Tis true, the object sanctifies
All passions which within us rise,
But since no creature comprehends
The Cause of causes, End of ends,
He who himself vouchsafes to know
Best pleases his Creator so.

When, then, our sorrows we apply
To our own wants and poverty,
When we look up in all distress
And our own misery confess,
Sending both thanks and prayers above—
Then, though we do not know, we love.

S. GODOLPHIN[1].

A Farewell

ADIEU thys is no cheape ayre
Tis my soules selfe I thus breathe awaye
Sorrow doth its place supply
It kils but gives no leave to dy.
Greife wh. from hence did my life fyrst expell
  Hear an usurping soule doth dwell
And I am long lived now how free from fate
  Alas is hee whom woe doth animate
Disraye is of hys syde, ruinn doth fitt
  The house to give that soule more roome in itt

S. G.

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[1] On the same page, underneath the signature, are the following lines, in different handwriting:

Absence and Death have but this difference,
Absence a torture is, Death free from sense.
Then let me die, if I must part from thee,
Since only death can from that torment free.

A Farewell] No title in MS. This and the next are in a somewhat different hand from most of the pieces: and the present text is extremely corrupt. I have therefore given it exactly, that anybody who likes may adjust it, and as a specimen.

On Sir F. Carew

No way unworthy of his fair descent,
Careless of that brave life which we lament,
All the good ends of living here acquir'd,
Much lov'd, much honour'd, and how much desir'd!
His virtue past, all trials shining far,
Bright in the brightest sphere of fame, the war,
Submitting gladly to that fate which oft
He had so boldly, and so bravely fought—
Here Carew lies, but (Reader) may that name
Not move thy tears, but warm thee with like flame.

S. Godolphin.

[Sir Ferdinando Carey, a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Low Countries, a brave man,—died here suddenly of a lethargy, a most over-grown man with fat.—Letter from Mr. Garrard to Lord Strafford, May 10, 1638—Straff. Lett. ii. 164. *Note in MS.*—Ed.]

EPITAPH ON LADY RICH

In Gauden's *Funerals made Cordials*, p. 124 (London, 1658).

Possest of all that nature could bestow,
All we can wish to be, or seek to know,
Equal to all the patterns that our mind
Can frame of good, beyond the good we find:
All beauties which have power to bless the sight,
Mixed with transparent virtue's greater light—
At once producing love and reverence,
The admiration of the soul and sense:
The most discerning thoughts, the calmest breast,
Most apt to pardon, needing pardon least;
The largest mind, and which did most extend
To all the laws of Daughter, Wife, and Friend;
The most allowed example by what line
To live, what part to follow, what decline;
Who best all distant virtues reconciled—
Strict, cheerful, humble, great, severe, and mild,
Constantly pious to her latest breath,
Not more a pattern in her life than death:—
The Lady Rich lies here: more frequent tears
Have never honour'd any tomb than hers.

THE PASSION OF DIDO FOR AENEAS

As it is incomparably expressed in the Fourth Book of VIRGIL[1]

Translated by S. GODOLPHIN and E. WALLER, Esqrs.

> Ubi quid datur oti,
> Illudo chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis
> Ex vitiis unum.—HOR. l. I. *Sat.* 4.

THE ARGUMENT

DIDO was espoused a virgin to Sichaeus, and both lived happy in their mutual love, until her brother Pygmalion, who was then King of Tyre, the place of their abode, by some close treachery slew Sichaeus in hopes to possess of his great wealth, and to dispose of his wife; all which, her husband's ghost appearing in her sleep, discovered; telling her also where he had hid a considerable treasure, of which Pygmalion knew not. This she took, and, in the company of such friends she could best trust, and most hated the tyrant, fled from thence, to seek her fortune in some safer place. At length arriving on the shore of Libya, partly for money, partly by the favour of some neighbour princes, affected with her beauty, and the hope to obtain her in marriage, she got possession of that ground where the famous city of Carthage was afterwards built; whose foundation she had not only laid, but made some good progress in the structure; when the wandering Trojan Aeneas was by tempest shipwrecked on some part of her dominion. His great fame, good mien, and well relating of his story, prevailed so with her that she not only repaired his ships, and feasted him and his company with great magnificence; but let him so far into her affection, that she esteemed him (at least did not doubt but to make him) her husband; when his necessary pursuit of other designs occasioned his sudden departure, and her tragedy.

This Fourth Book, describing only her passion, deep sense of his ingratitude, and her death, has been always esteemed the best piece of the best of poets; has been translated into all languages, and in our days at least ten times, by several pens, into English. It is freely left to the reader, which he will prefer.

This was done (all but a very little) by that incomparable person, as well for virtue as wit, Mr. Sidney Godolphin, only for his own diversion, and with less care, than so exact a judgement as his would have used, if he had intended it should have ever been made public.

MEANWHILE the Queen, fanning a secret fire
In her own breast, revolves her deep desire;
She oft reflects upon the princely grace
Of great Aeneas, and that noble race
From whence he springs: her wounded fancy feeds
On his discourse, his high heroic deeds:

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[1] The important variations in Malone MS. are given in the following pages. It is possible that the alterations were Waller's (see last sentence of Argument) or even Dryden's own. See note at end.

His words, his looks, her waking thoughts employ,
And when she sleeps, she sees him with more joy;
But seldom sleeps: for when the shades of night
Had left their empire to the rising light,
Folding her sister in her arms, she says,
'What unacquainted thoughts, what dreams are these?
How great a guest within our walls we hold,
How wise in counsel, and in arms how bold?
The mortal seed of man acknowledge fear,
But this brave Prince his equal mind doth bear
Above all chance. Did not my changeless vow,
And mine own will, engage me to allow
No other love; my first affection dead,
And with the soul of my Sichaeus fled:
Were not all joys grown tasteless, and the name
Of love offensive, since I lost that flame;
I might perhaps indulge this one desire,
For, Anna, I confess since funeral fire
Embrac'd Sichaeus, this first beam of light
Hath offered comfort to so dark a night,
Unwonted motions in my thoughts retriev'd,
I find and feel the brand of care reviv'd.
But may the earth, while yet alive, devour
This hapless frame, and Jove his thunder pour
Upon my head, and sink me to that shade,
That silent deep, whence no return is made;
Before I do those sacred knots untie,
Which bind me to so dear a memory.
He first unto my soul this ardour gave,
And may he hold it in his quiet grave.'
This said, she weeps afresh. Anna replies;
'O chiefly lov'd, and dearer than mine eyes,
Sad and alone for ever will you waste
Your verdant youth, nor nature's bounties taste
In their due season? think you that the dead
In their cold urns welcome the tears we shed?
What though no pray'rs have yet had power to move
Your thoughts, to entertain a second love;
Yet will you now with your own heart contest?
Nor give admittance to a pleasing guest?
Consider where this new plantation lies,
And amidst whom these walls of Carthage rise:
Here the Getulians, fierce Numidians there,
On either side engage your watchful fear.
Propitious heav'ns, it seems, and Juno, lead,
These Trojans here with so desir'd an aid:

MS.] 9 No 'for.' 12 'with' for 'what.' 16 'rear' for 'bear.' 25 'the' for 'this.' 27 '*Dis*wonted' and 're*triv*'d.' 28 'feel,' for 'find.' 29 'whilst' for 'while' (and so often). 30 'or' for 'and.' 32 'wher' for 'whence.' 40 'bounty.' 41 'seasons.' 50 'wakefull.' 51 'Heaven' and 'ledd.'

This match will mix your fortunes, and advance
The Tyrian State above all force or chance.
Invoke the powers above; with soft delay
Engage the Dardan Prince to longer stay:
'Till the swol'n seas and winds their fury spend,
And calmer gales his purposes attend.'
This speech revives the courage of the dame,
And through her burning veins dilates the flame.
First to the holy temple they repair,
And seek indulgence from above by prayer;
Law-giving Ceres, Phoebus they invoke,
But above all do Venus' altars smoke
Propitious to the bands of love; the Queen
With her own hands, the heifer's horns between,
Pours the full bowls, or 'midst the sacrifice
Intentive walks. As the rich odours rise
Fresh gifts she brings, and with a thoughtful brain
Surveys the panting livers of the slain;
Blind prophesies, vain altars, bootless prayer,
How little help they! while so near a care
Presses the Queen, and mingled with her blood
Spreads secret poison through the purple flood.
The hapless Dido is enrag'd by love,
And with uncertain thoughts doth wildly move.
So when a shepherd's roving arrows find
And pierce (to him unknown) some careless hind,
She flies thro' woods, and seeks the streams, opprest,
The deadly arrow rankles in her breast.
Now to the walls she leads her Trojan chief,
And with this food she entertain'd her grief.
Shows the Sidonian wealth; and, as she speaks,
Her own discourse (by care diverted) breaks;
The evening closes with another feast,
And there again sh' invites the princely guest
To tell his dangers past, and there again
She drinks together deeper love and pain.
But when the Prince (night's darker ensign spread,
And sleepy dew upon all mortals shed)
Doth bid farewell, she waking there alone
Deserted mourns that her dear guest is gone;
Or keeps Ascanius in her arms, to prove
If likeness can delude her restless love.
Meanwhile her stately structures slowly rise,
Half-finish'd Carthage rude and broken lies.

MS.] 54 'Trojan.' 55 'Implore.' 57 Om. 'winds.' 61 'temples.' 64 'Junoes.' 65 'bondes.' 70 'fivers,' which might (see *N.E.D.*) be 'fibres,' but is probably a misprint. 80 'mortall' for 'deadly.' 81 '*the* Trojan.' 82 'entertains.' 86 Om. 'sh'.' 87 '*the* dangers.' 91 'then for 'there.' 92 'Love' for 'guest.'

That high design, to heav'n['s] exalted frame,
Confus'd appears, and like a ruin lame.
Which when survey'd by Juno from above,
And that the Queen neglects her fame for love;
Approaching Venus, thus Saturnia says:
'What ample trophies, never-dying praise,
To you and to your Cupid will be paid,
That two such gods one woman have betray'd?
I know with what design you us'd this art,
Planting Aeneas thus in Dido's heart,
Suspecting lest these walls of ours might prove
Faithless to him, if not secur'd by love.
But shall this partial quarrel never cease?
May we not now fix on eternal peace?
Fair Dido loves, and feels your golden dart;
Give but like ardour to Aeneas' heart,
And we will rule this state with equal power,
And give the Trojan Carthage for a dower.'
Venus replies (seeing the wife of Jove
To cross the height of Roman greatness strove
With this deceit): 'What madness can refuse
Friendship with you, where you a friendship choose?
But whether Jove will favour this design,
And the great people in one empire join;
This in your prayers, who are his wife, doth lie.'
Juno returns: 'Impose this task on me,
For what is now in hand, let this suffice.
The Trojan Prince with this unhappy prize,
The wounded Queen, to chase the flying deer,
Soon as the beams of morning-light appear,
Hies to the fields; there, on the godly train,
A dark'ning shower I'll pour of hail and rain,
Shake heav'n with thunder, while the pale troops ride
Disperst with fear, and lost without a guide:
One cave in her dark bosom shall afford
Shelter to Dido and the Trojan lord;
And if, as I, propitious to their love
You shine; this shall their hymeneal prove;
All rites shall here be done.' Venus with smiles
Consents, but laughs within at Juno's wiles.
The morning come, early at light's first ray
The gallant youth rise with the cheerful day:
Sharp javelins in their hands, their coursers by,
They walk amidst the hounds' impatient cry:

MS.] 97 'erected.' 107 'that . . . myne' for 'lest . . . ours.' 112 'the Trojan's heart.' 113 'mutuall' for 'equal.' 114 'Phrigean.' 120 'this great.' 122 'replies.' 124 'his' for 'this.' 126 'morning beams of light.' 127 'this goodly.' 128 'I'le power a darkening storme of haile and raine.' 132 'her Trojan.' 137 'as light's.'

Nearer the gates the Tyrian peers attend,
And wait the Queen now ready to descend.
Her prouder steed, as fill'd with high disdain,
Stamps the dull earth, and chaws the frothy rein.
Mounted at last, her golden quiver on
Ti'd up with gold, her hair which gold-like shone,
Her purple garment, clasped with gold, in head
Of her fair troop, the brighter Queen doth lead:
With these the Trojans, and their great chief, close
As one fair stream into another flows.
He like Apollo in his light and heat,
When he returns unto his native seat
Of Delos, and fresh verdure doth restore,
Forsaking Xanthus and the Lycian shore.
Thus he on Cynthus' tops, his own retreat,
Securely walks, thus welcome and thus great,
The Dryopeans and the Cretans by,
So doth his quiver clash; not less than he
Aeneas shines, like beauty 's in his face,
And in his motions like attractive grace.
While thus they climb the pathless hills, the cry
Pursues the fearful herds, which headlong fly
Down to the vales, and on the boundless plain
A longer chase in view of all maintain.
  But glad Ascanius spurs his willing horse,
Now these, now those, out-passing in the course,
He wishes some incensèd boar his prey,
Or lion from the hills would cross his way.
  Meanwhile the gathering clouds obscure the pole,
They flash out lightning, and in thunder roll:
A bitter storm succeeds; the troops divide,
And o'er the hills dispers'd to coverts ride.
One cave in her dark bosom doth afford
Shelter to Dido and the Trojan lord.
Heaven shines with fire, earth shakes at this success,
The conscious air is fill'd with prodigies.
  This was the hour, which gave the fatal blow,
The pregnant spring of all succeeding woe.
Tender respects no more have power to move
The hapless Queen, no more she hides her love,
But doth her crime express with Hymen's name,
And lives expos'd a theme to various fame.
  Fame, the most swift of ills, which in her course
And motion spreads, and flying gathers force,
Sprung from a scarce discernèd seed, doth tread
On the low ground, but lifts to heav'n her head.

MS.] 141 'Trojan.' 144 'Pawes' and 'champs.' 146 'Wound up.' 148 'the fair.' 163 'dales.' 181 'But doth excuse it with chast H.' 184 'Dilated' for 'And motion.'

She (as 'tis said) was of that monstrous birth,
The latest sister, which the teeming earth
Brought forth, to war with heav'n itself alone
Surviving all her brothers overthrown.
Thousands of plumes advance her easy flight,
As many eyes enlarge her piercing sight,
As many ears to catch reports, and then
As many tongues to spread those tales again.
The silent night cannot the voice allay
Of this ill-boding dame; in the bright day
She sits upon the city walls a spy,
And takes delight all fears to multiply:
She now through Libya's empire doth diffuse
Talk of Aeneas, and th' unwelcome news
Of Dido's love, that he, late fled from Troy,
Such envy'd power and greatness doth enjoy.
This the light dame proclaims in ev'ry ear,
And to Iarbas doth the message bear;
Iarbas, who had felt fair Dido's scorn,
Jove's son, of ravish'd Garamantis born,
Who hallowed had to his great father's name
An hundred altars, which together flame
With ceaseless incense to the powers above,
Eternal fires, pledges of humble love.
  Mad with the news, the Libyan monarch lays
Prostrate himself before the throne, and says;
'All-powerful Jove, propitious to the Moors,
Whom Libya more than any land adores,
Beholdst thou this? or doth in vain our fear
Ascribe just vengeance to the Thunderer?
She, who a stranger with our leave hath gain'd
Possession here, from us the power obtain'd
To plant a town, hath thought herself above
The price and merit of our ardent love;
Yet now with joy receives into our land
The flying Trojan and his conquer'd band,
Resigns to him her beauty, fame, and power,
Prefers the Phrygian to the scornèd Moor.
Is this our pay, our recompense, while we
Consume our flocks in sacrifice to thee?'
  While thus he pours his grief before the shrines
And sacred altars, mighty Jove inclines;
Looking on Carthage, and the amorous pair,
Who in their pleasure quench all nobler care,

MS.] 189 'Produced to warr.' 191 'Millions of Plumbs'! 199 'defuse.' 202 'beauty doth.' 203 'every' (there is a marked tendency in the printed poem to apostrophation). 206 'Garamante.' 212 'His prostrate face before high Heaven.' 215 'our vainer fear' (this seems better). 229 'And seeing Carthage.' 230 'pleasures . . . noble.'

He thus bespeaks his swift ambassador;
'Go, son, and hie thee to the Tyrian shore,
And to the Dardan Prince (whose generous fire
Is now betrayed by love, and low desire)
This message bear. 'Twas not this destiny
His fairest mother promis'd us, when she
Preserv'd him from the powerful arms of Greece;
She gave us then far other hopes than these;
That he from conquer'd Alba should extend
His empire to the world's remotest end,
And spread the fame of Teucer's mighty race.
If in his thoughts these honours have no place,
If he have lost all sense of high renown;
Ah! can he yet envy the towers of Rome
To his Ascanius, and fair Latium's sway?
This message to the Phrygian Prince convey,
And bid him hoise his sails.' Swift Mercury
Takes the command, and through the air doth fly,
His shining wings of gold, and in his hand
The ensign of his power, his sacred wand;
That wand which long-clos'd eyes doth bless with light,
And seals up others in eternal night.
With this he cuts the air, and yielding clouds;
At length sees Atlas' top, Atlas which shrouds
His pine-crown'd head in heaven, and doth sustain
Incessant storms of new-form'd wind and rain.
Here first he stoops low as the earth, and then
Employs his wings with all their speed again:
'Till, the vast seas o'erpast and Libya's sands,
He slacks his course at Carthage, and there lands.
Where when arriv'd he finds the Trojan King
Viewing the walls, intent in ordering
The strength and beauty of the new-rais'd town;
To whom the wing'd Cyllenius thus begun:
'Ah, too too mindless of your own affairs,
Your thoughts immerst in less concerning cares,
Can you in Tyrian wealth and greatness joy;
And Carthage build, forgetful of your Troy?
Great Jove, who rules and fills the spacious all,
The ever-moving spheres, the fixèd ball,
Sends me to ask, with what unblessed design
You do the hopes of better fates resign,
And glory due to Teucer's mighty race?
If in your thoughts these honours have no place,
If you have lost all sense of high renown;
Ah, can you yet envy the towers of Rome
To your Ascanius, and fair Latium's sway?'
Hermes (this said) returns the airy way

MS.] 238 'this' for 'these.' 243 Om. 'have.' 269 'this' for 'the.' 273 'glories.' 276 'All' (?).

He came; but cold amazement doth surprise
Aeneas' speechless tongue and fixèd eyes
His pious fears urge him in haste to fly
The too-lov'd land and dear captivity.
But this resolv'd, what way is left t'infuse
Th' unhappy Queen with this unwelcome news?
A thousand counsels wander in his mind,
Now here, now there, successively inclin'd;
This he prefers, he calls Eurylochus,
The bold Cloanthus, trusted Mnestheus,
Gives them in charge that they the fleet prepare,
Gather their troops, but yet disguise their care;
That he, meanwhile, will to the Queen impart
At some fit time his much divided heart:
Or when his canvas-wings are spread to fly,
Impute to heav'n the sad necessity.
Thus he resolves, and thus commands these peers,
But nothing can escape the wakeful fears
Of the enamour'd Queen, whose tender breast
Presages all, by the first change imprest,
Before the ill arrives. Already fame
(Which lately did the Libyan Prince inflame)
Now takes delight to spread this ill report,
That the glad Phrygians to their ships resort,
Preparing flight. The jealous Queen pursues
Through every part the much-amazing news.
The more she hears, the more enrag'd with grief,
She thus at last invades the Trojan chief.
'Could thy dissembling heart consent to fly
This hatred land in cruel secrecy?
Perfidious man, canst thou so soon remove
The bands of vows, and dearer bands of love?
Nor spare one word? nor shed one tear, to save
My life descending to the cruel grave?
Why yet in winter to the storming main
Dost thou expose thy wandering fleet again?
Cruel and false! didst thou not seek a land
Unknown? Did now the ancient Ilium stand,
Were this a time through hazards such as these
To seek thy Troy, through winter winds and seas?
Whom dost thou fly? By these unfeignèd tears
I do adjure thee, by these loving fears,
By my own life, or (what is more) by thine,
By all that hath oblig'd thee yet of mine,
Pity my fall, and show at least some grace
To these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place.

MS.] 283 'to'infuse.' 290 'the troops.' 298 'ill' (which seems better). 308 'hated' (no doubt correctly). 310 'bondes' (as before). 311 '*or* shed' 312 'My wretched life'; om. 'cruel.' 313 'stormy.' 320 'conjure.' 321 'myne.'

For thee, the hate and envy I support
Of the Numidians and the Libyan court;
For thee I have displeas'd my own, and lost
That modesty, which I alone could boast;
That better fame, by which I had surviv'd
My funeral fire, and after death had liv'd.
What have I left, or whither shall I fly?
Shall I attend Pygmalion's cruelty?
Or 'till Iarbas do in fetters lead
The proud despiser of his love and bed?
I never could have thought myself undone,
Had but kind heaven indulg'd me with a son
Resembling thee, in whose (though childish) face
I might retrieve thy look and princely grace.'
Sad Dido pauses here. The Trojan chief
Restrains within the motions of his grief,
Then thus replies: 'You never can repeat,
Great Queen, the sum of my unquestion'd debt.
Nor while my active soul informs this frame,
Ever shall I forget Eliza's name.
I urge no more, let it suffice that I
In thankless silence never meant to fly;
Nor did I ever to those bonds pretend
Which now you charge me as a faithless friend;
Had I been trusted to design my fate,
When Troy betray'd fell by the Grecians' hate,
I from the ashes of that dear-lov'd town
Had there restor'd another Ilium.
But now the Lycian oracle commands,
Apollo now assigns th' Ausonian lands,
And thither bids us send our thoughts and care,
And only fix our expectation there.
Fair Carthage you and your own work survey,
A stranger born, a foreign sceptre sway.
And shall it be a crime (alas!) if we
Desire at last to rest in Italy?
No night doth pass in which I do not see
The old Anchises' image beck'ning me;
Nor is there day in which I not reflect
On my Ascanius, and that lov'd aspect
To whom by fate th' Hesperian town is due.
Hither of late Jove's wingèd herald flew,
Nor did he in delusive dreams appear;
Awake, I did the angry message hear.
Then, fairest Queen, do not this fate withstand:
Unwillingly I leave your happy land.'

MS.] 326 'Lician.' 331 '*and* whither.' 337 'childlesse' (of course wrongly). 338 'lookes.' 343 'And whilst.' 344 'I never shall.' 348 'would charge.' 351 'dearest.' 362 'good Anch.' 365 'crowne.' 370 '*this* happy.'

While thus he talks, the much-distemper'd dame,
Incenst within, breaks forth into this flame.
'Nor wert thou of the gentle goddess' breed,
Nor art thou sprung from great Anchises' seed,
Perfidious man! but from some savage stock,
Hewn from the marble of some mountain rock.
For why should I disguise this height of ill,
And still deceiv'd, expect new favour still?
Did he let fall one pitying word, one tear?
Or did he with one sigh my passion hear?
What shall I do? for now, alas! I see
That neither Juno deigns to favour me,
Nor Jove himself looks down with equal eyes,
The earth is faithless, faithless are the skies.
Shipwreck'd and cast upon the barren shore,
Pursu'd by cruel fates, forsaken, poor,
I gave thee harbour in my simple breast;
Ah! ill-advis'd, ah! too-unmindful guest.
I sav'd thy fleet, thy friends, and faithless thee,
But now (forsooth) Apollo's augury,
The oracles are urged to incite,
And angry Jove commands thy sudden flight.
Is heav'n concern'd; doth care of human fate
Disturb the calmness of th' immortal state?
Thou hear'st me not, regardless of my cry:
Go then, and through the seas seek Italy;
Through the deaf seas, and through the angry wind,
And such compassion as thou usest find:
There may'st thou call on Dido's name in vain;
I'll follow thee, be present in thy pain:
And when cold death shall this mixt frame divide,
My ghost shall lacquey by thy frighted side.
Thou dearly shalt repent; the news of this
Shall overtake my soul, and give it bliss.'
Nor waiting answer from the Prince she flies,
And wishes she had power to shun all eyes;
But fainting soon, and to her chamber led,
She threw herself upon her ivory bed.
Pious Aeneas, though his noble breast,
Soft'ned by love, was with much grief opprest,
Though fain he would with gentle words assuage
The Queen's high passion, and divert her rage,
Suspends not yet his heaven-inspirèd care,
But does his fleet without delay prepare.
The Trojans ply the work, the busy main
Is fill'd with noise, the ships now float again:
On every side are seen descending down
Long troops, which bring provision from the town.

MS.] 373 'bred.' 388 'and too-unmindful.' 397 'raging wind.' 398 'showest, find.' 401 'cold earth.' 408 'throwes.' 414 'doeth.'

So when the winter-fearing ants invade
Some heaps of corn the husbandman had made,
The sable army marches, and with prey
Laden return, pressing the leafy way,
Some help the weaker, and their shoulders lend,
Others the order of the march attend,
Bring up the troops, and punish all delay.
What were thy thoughts, sad Dido, on that day?
How deep thy sighs? when from thy tower above
Thou seest the Phrygians in such order move,
And hear'st the tumult of the clamorous sea?
All-conquering love! who can resist thy sway?
Once more the Queen to humble tears descends,
And language to her grief once more she lends,
That she might leave no remedy untried,
Nor counsel unexplor'd, before she died.
'Anna,' she said, 'thou seest the peopled sea,
The Phrygians now their fatal anchors weigh
Ready to loose; I feel their great chief's scorn,
Which, if foreseen, I might perhaps have borne.
But now I make this one, this last request:
You in this faithless man have interest;
You know his gentlest times, and best can find
What ways are left to mollify his mind.
Go then, and use all pity-moving art,
And, if you can, soften his harder heart.
Not I at Aulis did with Greece conspire,
Nor did I bring one brand to Troy's last fire;
I never rent Anchises' honour'd tomb:
Why should he then my sad entreaty shun?
I do not urge (as once) our marriage ties,
Those sacred bonds which now he does despise;
Nor that he would fair Italy resign:
I only ask respite, and breathing time,
'Till my dejected mind learn to comply
(Taught by degrees) with so great misery.'

[*Orig. Note—Here begins Mr. Waller's part*[1].]

MS.] 420 'hath.' 427, 429 'towers' . . . 'tumults.' 430 'what can.' 432 'Adds language' . . . 'sendes.' 435 'sayes.' 442 'are open to encline.' 446 'Illion's fyer.' 452 '*a* breathing.'

[1] In Malone MS. there is no mark as to authorship here: at the end of all ('vanished into aire') is the signature 'S. Godolphin.' With 'Mr. Waller's part' we have, of course, nothing to do. But it may be worth observing that it differs from the version in Waller's usual *Works* (e. g. in Chalmers) much more than the two forms of Godolphin's, collated above, differ from each other.

POEMS FROM HARLEIAN MS.

A Dialogue between a Lover and his Mistress

Tell me, Lucinda, since my fate,
  And thy more powerful form decrees
My heart an immolation to thy shrine,
  Where I am only to incline—
How I may love, and at what rate,
  By what despairs and what degrees
I may my hopes dilate,
  And my desires confine.

Mistress

First when thy flames begin
See they burn all within,
And so that lookers-on may not descry
Smoke in a sigh, or sparkles in an eye;
I would have had my love a good while there
Ere thy own heart had been aware,
And I myself would choose to know it
First, by thy care and cunning not to show it.

Lover

When my love is your own way thus betray'd,
Must it be still afraid?
May it not be sharp-sighted too as well,
And find you know that which it durst not tell,
And from that knowledge think it may
Tell itself o'er a louder way?

Mistress

Let me alone awhile
And so thou maist beguile
My heart perhaps to a $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text{consent}\\ \text{respect}\end{array}\right.$
Long time ere it were meant;
For while I dare not disapprove,
Lest it betray a knowledge of thy love,
I shall be so accustomed to allow,
As I shall scarce know how
To be displeased, when thou shalt it avow.

Lover

When by this powerful silent sympathy
Our hearts are got thus nigh,
And that by one another soon
There needs no breath to go between,
Yet it will need
The tongue's sign too, as witness to the deed.

MISTRESS

Speak then, but when you whisper out the tale
Of what you ail,
Let it be so disordered, as I may
Guess only thence what you would say;
Then to be able to speak sense
Were an offence;
And 'twill thy passions tell the subtlest way
Not to know what to say.

S. GODOLPHIN.

A Sonnet

MADAM, 'tis true, your beauties move
My heart to a respect,
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect:
I neither love, nor yet am sure,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind:
It little wants of love but pain,
Your beauties take my sense,
And lest you should that pride disdain
My thoughts feel th' influence;
'Tis not a passion's first access
Ready to multiply,
But like love's calmest state it is
Possessed with victory:
It is, like love, to truth reduced,
All the false values gone,
Which were created and induced
By fond imagination:
'Tis either fancy or 'tis fate
To love you more than I,
I love you at your beauties' rate,
Less were an injury.
Like unstamped gold I weigh each grate,
So that you may collect
Th' intrinsic value of your fate
Safely from my respect:
And this respect could merit love,
Were not so fair a sight
Payment enough, for who dares move
Reward for his delight?

S. GODOLPHIN.

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20 This false metring is very odd. In another writer I should think 'fond' a simple intrusion and suspect the ugly 'B' imagina-ti-on' of the time. But Godolphin is not an excessive 'apostropher.'

25 grate] = 'result of grating,' 'particle,' 'scrap.'

Printed for Jos: Knight
and Fra: Saunders
at the blew Anchor
in the lower walk
of the new Exchange

Lyric Poems,

Made in Imitation of the
ITALIANS.
Of which, many are
TRANSLATIONS
From other Languages.

Mart. Epigram.
Dic mihi quid meliùs deſidioſus agam?

By *PHILIP AYRES* Eſq;

Licenſed, R. L. S.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. M.* for *Joſ. Knight* and *F. Saunders*
at the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower Walk of
the *New-Exchange*, 1687.

INTRODUCTION TO PHILIP AYRES

One may confess an unfashionable, and perhaps perverse, indifference to what have been profanely but ingeniously called the 'washing bills' of poets and men of letters generally—that is to say, to biographical details about them—and yet own that it would be agreeable to know something more than is known of the personality and *personalia* of Philip Ayres. He was born in 1638, under the old order of things; and he did not die till 1712, when the *Spectator* was already showing, not the beginning but, the very maturity of the new. He was a friend of Dryden's, as we know from the evidence of a poem given below, and like him went to Westminster School. But, unlike Dryden, he went thence to Oxford (St. John's College), and he is said to have passed the greater part of his life, and to have died as tutor, in the family of the Drakes of Agmondesham, Bucks. Although a fair scholar in the ancient tongues, he seems to have been chiefly devoted to modern languages and literatures—French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese—and his printed works are mainly translations, the most interesting being one of the famous *Comte de Gabalis* of Montfaucon de Villars.

There is nothing very extraordinary in all this, which is nearly all we know of him. But there is also something not quite ordinary, especially at this time; and this side of it is brought out when we consider the *Lyric Poems*, which are given below as a whole, and the *Emblemata Amatoria*, of which we give the English part. Ayres did not publish either very young; and when he published the *Poems* his friend Dryden was, in more than popular estimation, in more even than relative excellence, *the* poet of the day. But even if we take the too much neglected Dryden of the songs and miscellaneous lyrics, and compare him with Ayres, the difference of kind, colour—*period*, we may almost say—is even more striking than the difference of genius. Ayres is quite a minor poet, as well as parasitic in a way, and he has lost the exquisite poignancy of metre and diction which distinguishes the minor poets of the years of his childhood. But whereas most of the verse-writers of his own day and generation had turned to the stopped couplet in form, to 'prose and sense' in matter, and to the new French school in critical discipleship, Ayres, at the time when the Stuarts were about to be expelled[1], maintained the tastes, the traditions, the style even to some extent, of the reign of Charles I. He is, it has been said, a little parasitic; his own equally ingenious and ingenuous confession and profession in his Preface makes a quite clean breast as to technical 'originality.' I have never myself had much of a fancy for *Quellenforschung*, and plagiarism-hunting as a sport appears to me to rank only one degree higher than worrying cats. But, even had I been fond of the former occupation, I should consider myself barred from impertinent investigation by Ayres's preliminary statement: and, moreover, by the clear evidence—in divers cases which deal with public and universally known material—of his comparative independence. Much of what he takes, besides his acknowledged versions from Petrarch and others, *is* 'public material'—stuff already handled by scores of poets in English, from Wyatt and Surrey downwards, and by hundreds of poets in other languages. It is in the way in which he deals with this, in his forms, his models, his general spirit, that his interest consists; while sometimes he manages to get out of this 'rascally, comparative' order of appeal, and to do things that are actually attractive in themselves. As I observed by allusion in the General Introduction, and as I shall take the liberty to observe again in notes, 'On a Fair Beggar' and 'Lydia Distracted' seem to me the chief instances of this: and to me they are so agreeable, and have such a touch of the real charm of expression in them, that if they turned out to be close translations I should still think highly of them. But there are others—the 'Cynthia on Horse-back,' the pastiched (almost plagiarized, if anybody will have the word) 'Sonnet on Love,' 'Love the Jester,' the spirited version of Quevedo's 'Fly,' 'Love's New Philosophy,' and others still—which have nearly the same charm of expression—never quite consummate, but always appealing, and always showing, as in fact almost the whole book shows, an uncommon, and to me and those who think with me delightful, *unfashionableness* of tastes. Cotton is the chief contemporary who shares something of this, and Cotton was a rather older man than Ayres, who survived him for a quarter of a century. Moreover, though he has done better things than Ayres ever did, he has more of the comic and less of the serious poet about him.

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[1] The *Lyric Poems* are of 1687: the *Emblemata*, not dated, are believed to be about seven years older.

Ayres loves the sonnet, and the sonnet was just about almost to disappear from English literature for the best part of a century; he loves the peninsular languages (he actually writes Spanish) and is 'Don Felipe' with evident relish; he loves Greek, whereas the eighteenth century was about to devote itself mainly, if not wholly, to Latin. Above all, though he has lost the ineffable cadence of expression, and the extremer madness of fancy, he is still essentially 'metaphysical': he still knows that if to love and to be sensible are 'incompossibles,' to write love-poetry and be sensible is more incompossible still. To any one who holds by the immortal refrain of the *Pervigilium* Ayres will not be an unwelcome poet, though he can hardly seem a great one.

The *Emblemata Amatoria* is a very pretty and a very quaint book, though its attraction is only partially poetic, and still more partially English-poetic. It is engraved throughout, text and plates, these latter being forty-four in number, and each faced with a set of four copies of verses, Latin, English, Italian, and French, the impartiality being kept up by the imprint, at head and foot of the double page-opening, of *Emblemata Amatoria*, *Emblems of Love*, *Emblèmes d'Amour*, and *Emblemi d'Amore*. These verses, though always on the same subject, are very far from exact translations of each other, and it is quite possible that Ayres may have taken more or fewer of them from preceding writers. Probably a special student of the large, intricate, and interesting subject of Emblems could resolve the difficulty : but I do not pretend to be such a student. At any rate, if not the plates (we give specimens), the non-English verses are out of our way, though I shall give the first set complete as an example. The opening Sonnet to Chloe, the English verses, and a brief description of the plate which each illustrates, will serve our purpose, and may encourage somebody, now that photographic reproduction is cheap and not ineffectual, to reproduce the little book as a whole, and 'dedicate it to the Ladys' afresh[1].

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[1] The *Lyric Poems* are printed direct from my own copy : I have copied the Emblems from my own copy of these, which is a choice one. It will be understood that the descriptions of the plates are mine. I have made them carefully, but some of the details, which are obscure, may be wrongly interpreted. The engraver was 'S. Nicholes.' If this be the 'Sutton Nicholes' of the *D. N. B.* his fl. 1700–1740 as there given must be too late, or the date of the *Emblemata* cannot be so early as is supposed. Both volumes are very scarce, and neither is in the Bodleian.

To the Honourable Sir John Fenwick [1], Baronet,

Brigadier-General of His Majesty's Forces, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Troop Of His Majesty's Guards of Horse.

SIR,

Neither the considerable posts, to which your merits have formerly advanced you in armies abroad in other countries, nor those which by your experience in military affairs, you have justly gained at home in your own, could ever be able to hinder you from delighting yourself with books. Those are your companions, as well in your tent, as your house; wherein your Genius hath faithfully guided you in the true paths of honour; Pallas being the goddess both of Arms and Learning. The Greek hero could not sleep without Homer's *Iliads* under his pillow. Besides whom, you have two others for your pattern, the most accomplished gentlemen, and men admirable in your profession, the world could ever boast of, I mean the famous Scipio, and Julius Caesar, both equally addicted to arts and arms.

I confess I know your inclinations lead you to things of more solid learning, yet guessing that a variety may not be unpleasant, I have ventured to dedicate this to you, hoping it may serve your diversion when tired with business, or your more serious studies. In this piece there is a mixture of subjects as well as of authors, some of which, I presume, may give you the satisfaction I wish in their perusal. For I can justly boast that the translations are from many of the most admired Poets both Ancient and Modern, in their several languages extant, which of themselves would need no apology for their appearing in public, were it not for the blemishes they may have received in passing through my hands; and none of these having been Englished by the ingenious translators of our late published *Miscellanies* [2], as I ever heard, may possibly appear new to you.

Sir, I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken, in showing, by so slight a present, the respect and honour I justly bear you, I being glad to lay hold on any occasion to declare to the world that I am,

Sir,
Your most obliged,
Humble Servant,
PH. AYRES.

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[1] The unfortunate object of this dedication is so well known from the most popular book (not in verse and not wholly fiction) in the English language, that there is no need to say much of him. Macaulay has not been so unfair to Fenwick as he sometimes is: and, whether he meant it or not, has paid him a very high compliment in saying that, though his fear of death was strong his 'attachment to his party' [i.e. his loyalty] was stronger. If a man 'keeps the bird in his bosom' one may pardon him much. But there is nothing much to pardon Sir John for, except the reported insult to one, who, if she was William's wife and James's daughter, was—Queen, Princess, or anything else—a lady. Of this one can only say that it occurred in the most unmannerly time of English history—with perhaps one exception. It was the time of Sir John Brute: and Sir John Fenwick was not Sir John Brute, or Lady Mary would hardly have behaved as she did.

[2] Ayres may be specially referring to Dryden's *Miscellanies*, or he may not.

The Preface

EVERY product of a man's wit nowadays had need be like that of Jove's brain, at least in its coming out armed, that it might immediately be in a condition of defence against the furious assaults of critics, some of which are ready to run down a book when they have scarce read the title-page. Of these I expect not a few that will be carping, and first perchance at my Title, why Lyric Poems? I having in most of them exceeded the proper measure, which in strictness should not reach to the Heroic[1]. To these I say, that I have herein followed the modern Italian, Spanish, and French Poets, who always call Lyrics, all such Sonnets, and other small poems, which are proper to be set to music, without restraining themselves to any particular length of verse. And our grand Master of Lyrics, even Horace himself, has sometimes inserted the Heroic amongst his: this also his great imitator, Casimir the Polander, has often done. And the ingenious Mr. Gibbs or Gibbesius, our countryman at Rome, takes the same liberty; which yet, I confess, the Greeks[2] would never allow of. If any quarrel at the œconomy, or structure of these Poems, many of them being Sonnets, Canzons, Madrigals, &c., objecting that none of our great men, either Mr. Waller, Mr. Cowley, or Mr. Dryden, whom it was most proper to have followed, have ever stoop'd to anything of this sort; I shall very readily acknowledge, that being sensible of my own weakness and inability of ever attaining to the performance of one thing equal to the worst piece of theirs, it easily dissuaded me from that attempt, and put me on this; which is not without precedent[3]. For many eminent persons have published several things of this nature, and in this method, both translations and poems of their own; as the famous Mr. Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Richard Fanshaw, Mr. Milton; and some few others; the success of all which, in these things, I must needs say, cannot much be boasted of; and though I have little reason after it, to expect credit from these my slight miscellanies, yet has it not discouraged me from adventuring on what my genius prompted me to. As for those pieces which I have translated from the modern poets, I may presume to say, I have taken them from the most celebrated in each language. The Italians were, Fra. Petrarca, Cav. Marino, Girolamo Preti, Cav. Guarini, Allessandro Tassoni, and others. The Spaniards, Garci Lasso de la Vega, Don Francisco de Quevedo, Don Luis de Gongora, &c. The Portugueses, Luis de Camoëns, &c. But for the French I could scarce find anything amongst them of this sort[4], worth my pains of translating. The Latin authors are so well known, I need say nothing of them. Some of the small Greek poets I have endeavoured to render as close to the sense of the original as I could: with others I have taken the liberty of paraphrasing on them: or being but fragments, have only taken hints from them; the like I have done with many of the Italian and Spanish poets. Nor can I deny, but that I have purposely omitted the names of some of the authors, not acknowledging them to be translations: either because I was not willing my own things should be distinguished from the rest; or indeed because most of those nameless pieces may more properly be said to be mine, than the Authors, from whom I only took the hints of them. Now if any accuse me of injustice for it, I have this to say, that there were but few of the old Latin Poets to whom it might not be objected, that they have often assisted themselves, by such hints, and almost entire translations from the Greeks, or imitations of one another. So did Terence from Menander, Seneca from Euripides, and Virgil is not content to walk in the footsteps of Homer, but also to have followed, and considerably borrowed from Hesiod, Theocritus, Euripides, and amongst the Latins, from Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucretius, and others, of which I could give many instances. There is a learned Italian, one Fulvio Ursini, who composed a Book of the Thefts of Virgil, which though I call thefts, deserve not the name, for in that manner which he has used them, they are rather an honour than a discredit to him; and 'tis reported he himself, when it was alleged to him by some of his detractors, that he had stoln his Poem from Homer, answered, Magnarum esse virium, Herculi Clavam extorquere de manu. Meaning, That as it was a great matter to wrest Hercules' Club out of his hand, and keep it; so was it to take Homer's verses, and make them his own. This is an art, which to perform it very well, but few attain to the skill, and is not only allowed of, but commended by Horace in his *Art of Poetry*.

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[1] This crotchet about the length of the lyric line is very seventeenth-century and neo-classic—quite *à la* Rymer in fact.

[2] Ayres has evidently either forgotten his Pindar, or is using 'lyric' with the unnecessary limitation sometimes affected.

[3] Orig., as so often, 'president.' This apology is very interesting, because it is evidently meant chiefly for the Sonnet. The 'Madrigal' is difficult to define, but hardly any definition of it will exclude many things of Waller and Cowley, and not a few of Dryden's songs. There is further interest in the clash of Ayres's tastes and opinions. He loves the Sonnet, and quotes Mr. Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, and Mr. Milton for it: yet he thinks their success in it 'not much to be boasted of.' A most interesting Janus of 1687!

[4] Apparently because he did not go far back enough. The Pléiade would have given him plenty: but here his backward eyes were dim.

If I should be blamed for thus exposing myself, when so many of our ingenious poets have of late published their works with such general applause, I hope I may be allowed, without being thought arrogant, to say, as some of those might, with Theognis,

Χρὴ Μουσῶν θεράποντα καὶ ἄγγελον, εἴ τι περισσὸν
εἰδείη, σοφίης μὴ φθονερὸν τελέθειν·
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μῶσθαι, τὰ δὲ δεικνύναι, ἄλλα δὲ ποιεῖν,
τί σφιν χρήσηται μοῦνος ἐπιστάμενος:

And if, for[1] the credit of my several authors, whom I have here promiscuously shuffled in with mine own things, together with the Genius of the age which seems to be delighted with such variety, shall make this piece acceptable to the judicious reader: I shall not care for the bolts of those censurers, who make it their business to cry down everything which comes in their hands, and which they many times understand not. To such I shall apply this of the afore-recited author:

—οὐδὲ γὰρ ὁ Ζεὺς
οὔθ' ὕων πάντας ἁνδάνει οὔτ' ἀνέχων.

---

[1] 'for' seems to be superfluous.

To Philip Ayres, Esq.; on his Poems

As when with utmost skill some architect
Designs a noble structure to erect,
Searches whate'er each country does produce
For outward ornament, or inward use:
So, Friend, from divers books thy lab'ring thought
Has all the huddled am'rous notions sought,
And into form and shape the unlickt cubs has brought.
Here Proteus-Love thou show'st in various dress,
From gaudy France to more majestic Greece;
Something thou gather'st too from Roman ore,
And Spain contributes to thy well-got store,
Whence (each by thee refin'd in English mould)
Verse smooth as oil does flow, and pure as gold.
Thus the laborious Bee with painful toil
From various flowers of a various soil,
Duly concocting the abstracted juice,
In plenty does th' ambrosial food produce.

C. DARTIQUENAVE[1].

---

[1] It is odd that Dartiquenave or Dartineuf (1663–1737), at this time quite a young man, should have justified the reputation as gourmand by which we chiefly know him (from Pope's 'Darty his ham-pie') in concluding his encomium with a reference to 'ambrosial *food*.'

LYRIC POEMS

The Proem. To Love

A Sonnet

Let others sing of Mars, and of his train,
Of great exploits, and honourable scars,
The many dire effects of Civil Wars,
Death's triumphs, and encomiums of the slain.

I sing the conflicts I myself sustain,
With her (Great Love) the cause of all my cares,
Who wounds with looks, and fetters with her hairs.
This mournful tale requires a tragic strain.

Eyes were the Arms, did first my Peace control,
Wounded by them, a source of Tears there sprung,
Running like blood from my afflicted soul;
Thou *Love*, to whom this conquest does belong,
Leave me at least the comfort to condole,
And as thou wound'st my Heart, inspire my Song.

The Request. To Love

A Sonnet

O Love, who in my breast's most noble part,
Didst that fair Image lodge, that Form Divine,
In whom the sum of Heavenly Graces shine,
And there ingrav'dst it with thy golden dart.

Now, mighty Workman! Help me by thy art,
(Since my dull pen trembles to strike a line)
That I on paper copy the design,
By thee express'd so lively in my heart.

Lend me, when I this great attempt do try,
A feather from thy wings, that whilst to write,
My hand 's employ'd, my thoughts may soar on high;
Thy Torch, which fires our hearts and burns so bright,
My darker fancy let its flame supply,
And through my numbers dart celestial light.

---

5 In my copy a very old hand, liberal in its spelling, has lined out 'Workman' and interlined 'De*ie*ty.'

The Complaint

A Sonnet

Now angry Juno sends from Heaven in spite
Rivers and Seas, instead of moderate showers:
Horror invests the world, and the bright Hours
Of Delos' God, are chang'd to dismal Night.

So crowds of anxious thoughts on ev'ry side
Invade my soul, and through my restless eyes,
I shed such streams of tears, my heart e'en tries
Death's pangs, whilst I by force in life abide.

But the brisk gales, which rising by and by,
Where Sol at night in Thetis' lap shall lie,
Will make Heaven clear, and drive away the rain.
Ah, Cynthia! That the blasts of sighs I vent,
Could ease my breast of cloudy discontent,
Which still with fresh assaults renews my pain.

From Girolamo Preti, out of Italian, on a Race-horse

Son of the Air, Rival of Winds when high,
Swift courser, thou that without wings dost fly,
Quicker than arrows from a Parthian bow—
Compar'd to thee, Jove's thunderbolts are slow.

Men come from lands remote, thy race to see,
But when thou'rt pass'd, no eye can follow thee;
Thine far exceeds the motion of the Spheres,
Thought cannot equal thee in thy careers.

Thy feet shake th' earth, whilst sparks do thee surround,
Yet tread not on the flints, nor touch the ground:
Thee for his charrot, Sol would have away,
But that he knows thy speed would shorten Day.

---

11 'Charrot' seems worth keeping since, though less correct than the other short form 'charr*e*t,' it probably indicates pronunciation.

Invites Poets and Historians to write in Cynthia's Praise

A SONNET[1]

COME all ye Wits, that with immortal rhymes,
  Glory to others, and yourselves, create:
And you that gratify the future times,
  Whilst tales of Love, and battles ye relate;

Come, turn your studies, and your eyes this way,
  This theme will crown your heads with lasting bays,
'Tis Cynthia's beauty, Heavenly Cynthia;
  Come swell your volumes all with Cynthia's praise.

Posterity will then your works admire,
  And for her sake shall them as jewels prize,
All things to Cynthia's glory must conspire,
  She shall be worshipp'd with the deities.

  To her make foreign lands pay honours due,
  Thus shall you live by her, and she by you.

Cynthia on Horseback[2]

A SONNET

FAIR Cynthia mounted on her sprightly pad,
Which in white robe with silver fringe was clad,
  And swift as wind his graceful steps did move,
  As with his beauteous guide he'd been in love.

Though fierce, yet humble still to her command,
Obeying ev'ry touch of her fair hand;
  Her golden bit his foaming mouth did check,
  It spread his crest, and rais'd his bending neck.

She was the rose upon this hill of snow,
Her sparkling beauty made the glorious show;
  Whence secret flames men in their bosoms took:
The Graces and the Cupids her surround,
Attending her, while cruel she does wound,
  With switch her horse, and hearts with ev'ry look.

---

[1] It is good to find such a lover of things foreign as A. (doubtful as he was of Spenser's success) using the 'English' or couplet-ended form of sonnet. He had of course (unlike some more modern writers) the knowledge to inform him of its legitimacy, and the wit to inform him of its merit.

[2] Is this very pretty and pictorial conceit one of Ayres's stealings? It deserves a place in an anthology of the not very well-worn subject, with 'The Last Ride Together' as a centrepiece.

On the Death of Cynthia's Horse

A Sonnet

Whate'er the world could boast of fair or good,
  Thy back with pride has borne, thou happy Horse,
  By which thou'rt fall'n in middle of thy course,
Too feeble to sustain so great a load.

Oh happy fall! Oh dying full of bliss!
  Whilst she that guided Love did guide thy head,
  Big with this thought, thou willingly art dead,
Scorning another burden after this.

A Heaven of Beauty over-press'd thy back,
This might have made Alcides' shoulders crack,
   And Atlas truckle under such a weight:
Heav'n thee amongst its horses long'd to see,
As here the world was late in love with thee,
  When carrying her who to the sun gave light.

On a Fountain and its Architect

A wat'ry heap by a fresh torrent fed,
Hoary with froth, lifts up its reverend head,
Whence various currents falling, their recoil
Makes them, when cold as ice, appear to boil.

Out from his temples in an artful crown
Clear drops, like strings of pearls, come trickling down,
Which quickly caught, and thence dispers'd again,
Seem like a cloud burst into showers of rain.

As once Enceladus, our architect,
Great heaps on heaps of marble does erect;
And, like a second Moses, when that's done,
Commands fresh springs of water from the stone.

When Heav'ns are clear, this man, a second Jove,
From earth exhales the waters up above,
And thence in cataracts can make them pour,
When in the sky there's neither cloud nor shower.

---

11 For 'truckle' the same hand as before has written 'tremble.' This looks at first an improvement, and suggests that the corrector was either Ayres himself, or somebody to whom he gave his own corrections. But see 'truckle' again *infra*, p. 309.

Describes the place where Cynthia is sporting herself[1]

Behold yon' hill, how it is swell'd with pride,
And that aspiring oak upon its side,
With how much scorn they overlook the plain,
Proud of the lovely guest they entertain.

See with what haste those crystal springs do flow,
T' incorporate with the silver brook below;
There does my wanton Cynthia sporting stand,
Printing her footsteps on the yielding sand.

Look, Thyrsis, how she fills with joy the place,
She bathes her feet, and views her angel's face;
Sure I've a rival of that amorous hill,
And those are streams of tears which thence distil.

His Retirement

A purling brook glides by this place away,
Its tribute to the royal Thames to pay,
Nature makes arbours here, and ev'ry tree
Disposes all its boughs to favour me;

The birds' sweet notes here Echo's do repeat,
Here gentle winds do moderate summer's heat:
Clear is the air, and verdant is the grass,
My couch of flowers, the stream 's my looking-glass.

Ah, Cynthia! All the birds that hear and see,
Seem in their language to condole with me,
And as I mourn, they pretty songs do sing,
T' express thy rigour, and my suffering.

Whilst to the list'ning air I make my moan,
And sigh and murmur sitting here alone:
The very air sighs at my misery,
The waters murmur too in sympathy.

A Character of his Friend, W. B. Esq.

To raise up virtue when 'tis sinking down,
Toil less for wealth than to acquire renown,
T' enrich the mind, and crown the head with bays,
Subdue the passions, and the soul to raise.

---

[1] This quite refreshing 'metaphysical' piece would of itself justify Ayres's inclusion here.

T' increase in glory, as in years he grows,
To bear ripe fruit, e'en ere his blossom blows,
Faster than honours, merits to repeat,
Keep the sense cold, but fill the soul with heat.

Not arts neglect, nor slight Apollo's lute,
Whilst of Astraea he's in hot pursuit;
In ancient tongues new eloquence rehearse,
To master both the Greek and Latin verse.

'Gainst Sloth, perpetual hatred to maintain,
But with the Muses friendship still retain;
Here upon earth all others to transcend,
Is still the labour of my noble friend.

A Sonnet. Of Love[1]

If Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?
If bad, why do its torments please me so?

If willingly I burn, should I complain?
If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?

If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve;
Amidst these storms, in a weak boat I'm tost
Upon a dangerous sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost.

Which way in this distraction shall I turn,
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn?

On the Picture of Lucretia stabbing herself

Lucrece inflam'd with anger, grief and shame,
Despising life, yet careful of her fame,
Wounds her fair breast, tho' arm'd with Innocence
Could suffer Death, but could not the offence.

Her steel was sharp, her end with glory crown'd,
She sought revenge, and valu'd not the wound;
This so appeas'd her rage, that being dead,
She look'd like one reveng'd, not injurèd.

'Twas Beauty sinn'd, said she, then let it die,
That forc'd me to this last extremity;
Were't not for Beauty I had guiltless been
For it was that made lustful Tarquin sin.

---

[1] No such ill rendering of the immortal commonplace.

So I to violence a prey was made,
No tears avail'd when virtue was betray'd.
Haughty he was, my Beauty proud as he,
They made me slave, but thus myself I free.

Complains, being hind'red the sight of his Nymph

To view these walls each night I come alone,
And pay my adoration to the stone,
Whence Joy and Peace are influenc'd on me,
For 'tis the temple of my Deity.

As nights and days an anxious wretch by stealth
Creeps out to view the place which hoards his wealth,
So to this house that keeps from me my heart,
I come, look, traverse, weep, and then depart.

She 's fenc'd so strongly in on ev'ry side,
Thought enters, but my footsteps are deny'd.
Then sighs in vain I breathe, and tears let fall:
Kiss a cold stone sometimes, or hug the wall.

For like a merchant that rough seas has crost,
Near home is shipwrack'd, and his treasure lost;
So, toss'd in storms of sorrow, on firm ground,
I in a sea of mine own tears am drown'd.

The Pleased Captive

A Song

A glorious angel coming on the wing,
  From Heav'n descended near a river side,
Where me alone my destiny did bring,
  To view the pleasant fields without a guide;
A net she'd laid, drawn by a silken string,
  So hid in grass, it could not be espy'd,
  There was I captive taken in her snare,
  But Cynthia's chains who would not choose to wear?

The Incurable

A Song

One, amongst flowers, green leaves, and the cool grass
Takes his delight, and pleasant hours does pass,
This in a cave can rest, or quiet grove,
And that in wars forgets the thoughts of Love:
Some vent their sighs to th' air, and ease do find,
A spring may quench the fever of the mind.
  But to my grief no remedy can bring,
  Flowers, Leaves, Grass, Cave, Grove, Wars, the Air, nor Spring.

On a Fair Beggar[1]

Barefoot and ragged, with neglected hair,
She whom the Heavens at once made poor and fair,
With humble voice and moving words did stay,
To beg an alms of all who pass'd that way.

But thousands viewing her became her prize,
Willingly yielding to her conquering eyes,
And caught by her bright hairs, whilst careless she
Makes them pay homage to her poverty.

So mean a boon, said I, what can extort
From that fair mouth, where wanton Love to sport
Amidst the pearls and rubies we behold?
Nature on thee has all her treasures spread,
Do but incline thy rich and precious head,
And those fair locks shall pour down showers of gold.

A Sonnet, out of Italian, from Claudio Achillini

Written by a Nymph in her own Blood

Since, cruel Thyrsis, you my torments slight,
And take no notice of my amorous flame,
In these vermilion letters thus I write
My bloody reasons to confirm the same.

These of my passion are the lively marks,
Which from my veins you here in blood see writ,
Touch them, your breast will kindle with the sparks,
The ardent characters are reeking yet.

Nor can my pen alone my heart explain,
My very soul o'ercharg'd with grief, I fain
Would send enclos'd herein, the truth to prove.
And if I've been too sparing of my blood,
This is the reason why I stopp'd the flood,
I would not spoil the face I'd have you love.

A Sonnet. The Rose and Lily

Courted by Cupids, and the amorous air,
Upon a shady throne, at her repose,
She sate, than whom, none e'er so sweet or fair:
It was the Queen of Flowers, the blushing rose.

---

[1] If this justification of King Cophetua be not charming to any critic, I shall refer myself, and it, to the Muses' pleasure and not to his.

With no less pride, upon his bed of state,
A Lily, pale with envy, look'd that way;
With humble flowers, encompass'd round he sate,
And scorn'd the sceptre at her feet to lay.

To arms, with thorns and prickles, they prepare
And each designs to try it out by war;
Till on good counsel, they in rule combine:
So in your face, the lovely White and Red,
Cynthia, I see all quarrels banishèd,
And Rose and Lily do in empire join.

A Defiance, returning to the Place of his past Amours

A HEART of ice did here my heart inflame,
Bound with loose hairs, a pris'ner I became,
Here first sweet Love, tho' bitter in the end,
Flatter'd with spite, with kindness did offend.

But from assaults, a new defence I'm taught,
And my past ills an antidote have brought;
So the poor bird, that once escape has made,
Returns with caution where the net is laid.

With my late damp, all sparks of love expire,
My feet approach, yet does my soul retire,
Tho' near her presence, I can justly say,
My eyes and mind tend quite another way.

With her my lute could no attention find,
Now will I please myself, not sing to th' wind;
With laurel here, where cypress late I wore,
I'll triumph more than e'er I griev'd before.

Distance

FAR from the fire I burn, and run in vain,
Slowly from wingèd Love, to 'scape the pain;
So the swift arrows, flying quick as wind,
Wound them that run, when th' archer stays behind.

Love, tho' I strive with art to shun the blow,
Fiercely assaults my heart where'er I go;
As he can best a mortal stroke command,
Who has most compass for his striking hand.

Hoping to 'scape, I as the bird do fare,
That has his foot entangled in a snare;
Fears Death, or in a prison to be cast,
Flutters its wings, and strives, but still is fast.

So I, with all my toil, no ease have got,
My struggling does but faster tie the knot,
For Cynthia imitating Heaven's swift ray,
Near, or at distance, can her flames convey.

A Sonnet. On Signor Pietro Reggio his setting to Music several of Mr. Cowley's Poems

If Theban Pindar rais'd his country's fame,
  Whilst its great deeds he does in odes rehearse,
  And they made greater by his noble verse,
In gratitude are trophies to his name:

Then English Pindar shall for ever live,
  Since his divine and lofty poetry,
  Secur'd, great Reggio, by thy harmony,
Shall to itself immortal glory give.

The world's amaz'd to hear the sweet consent,
Betwixt thy charming voice and instrument,
  They'd stop the bays which from Apollo fled;
Thy skilful notes would make in full career
Phoebus, the God of Music, stay to hear,
  And with his Daphne crown thy rival head.

From a Drinking Ode of Alcaeus

Beginning, *Πίνωμεν, τί τὸν λύχνον ἀμμένομεν;*

Drink on, tho' Night be spent and Sun do shine;
Did not the Gods give anxious mortals wine,
To wash all care and sorrow from the heart?
Why then so soon should jovial fellows part?
Come, let this bumper for the next make way;
Who 's sure to live, and drink another day?

An Epitaph. On a Dutch Captain

Here lies a soldier not oblig'd to Fame,
Being forc'd his own achievements to rehearse;
He died not rich, yet I would tell his name,
Could I but comprehend it in my verse.

On Cynthia, singing a Recitative Piece of Music

O thou angelic spirit, face, and voice,
Sweet Syren, whose soft notes our souls rejoice,
Yet when thou dost recite some tragic verse,
Thy tone and action make it sweetly fierce.

If thou soft, loud, sad or brisk note dost hit,
It carries still our hearts along with it;
Thou canst heat, cool, grieve us, or make us smile
Nay, stab or kill, yet hurt us not the while.

Thy gesture, shape, and mien, so pleasing are,
With thee, no human being can compare;
Thy passions, all our passions do excite,
And thy feign'd grief does real tears invite.

List'ning to thee, our bodies seem as dead,
For our rapt souls then up to Heav'n are fled;
So great a Monarch art thou, that thy breath
Has power to give us either Life, or Death.

A Sonnet. On the Picture of Cavalier Guarini, Author of *Il Pastor Fido*, painted by the Famous Borgianni, and set up in his Funeral Pile at Rome

You, who to fam'd Guarini, now he 's dead,
  Your verses consecrate, and statues rear,
For that sweet Padan swan your tears have shed,
  Sweetest that ever did, or will sing here.

Behold this picture on his fun'ral pile,
  Your mournful spirits 'twill with joy revive,
Tho' th' artist cheats your senses all the while,
  For 'tis but paint which you would swear does live.

This serves to keep our friend in memory,
  Since Death hath robb'd us of his better part,
And that he so might live as ne'er to die,
  He drew himself too, but with diff'rent art.

  Judge, which with greatest life and spirit looks,
  Borgianni's Painting, or Guarini's Books.

On Old Rome

Here was old Rome that stretch'd her empire far,
In peace was fear'd, triumphant was in war:
Here 'twas, for now its place is only found,
All that was Rome lies buried under ground.

These ruins hid in weeds, on which man treads,
Were structures which to Heav'n rais'd their proud heads:
Rome that subdu'd the World, to Time now yields,
With rubbish swells the plains, and strews the fields.

---

10 'Better' corrected in my copy as before to 'mortal,' which is certainly better.

On Old Rome

Think not to see what so renown'd has been,
Nothing of Rome, in Rome is to be seen;
Vulcan and Mars, those wasting Gods, have come,
And ta'en Rome's greatness utterly from Rome.

They spoil'd with malice, ere they would depart,
Whate'er was rare of Nature or of Art:
Its greatest trophies they destroy'd and burn'd;
She that o'erturn'd the World, to dust is turn'd.

Well might she fall, 'gainst whom such foes conspire,
Old Time, revengeful Man, and Sword and Fire:
Now all we see of the great Empress Rome,
Are but the sacred reliques of her tomb.

A Song. Revenge against Cynthia

See, Cupid, we have found our lovely foe,
Who slights thy pow'r, and does my flame despise,
Now thou art arm'd with all thy shafts and bow,
And she at mercy 'twixt two enemies.

Asleep she's laid upon this bed of flowers,
Her charms the sole defence to save her breast;
Thoughtless of injur'd me, or of thy powers;
Oh, that a guilty soul can take such rest!

Now may'st thou eas'ly with a single dart
Revenge thyself, and me, upon her heart.

A Sonnet. Love's Contrariety

I make no war, and yet no peace have found,
With heat I melt, when starv'd to death with cold.
I soar to Heav'n, while grovelling on the ground,
Embrace the world, yet nothing do I hold.

I'm not confin'd, yet cannot I depart,
Nor loose the chain, tho' not a captive led;
Love kills me not, yet wounds me to the heart,
Will neither have m' alive, nor have me dead.

Being blind, I see; not having voice, I cry:
I wish for Death, while I of Life make choice;
I hate myself, yet love you tenderly;
Do feed of tears, and in my grief rejoice.

Thus, Cynthia, all my health is but disease;
Both life and death do equally displease.

Invites his Nymph to his Cottage

On yon' hill's top which this sweet plain commands,
Fair Cynthia, all alone my cottage stands,
'Gainst storms, and scorching heats well fortified,
With pines, and spreading oaks on ev'ry side.

My lovely garden too adjoining lies,
Of sweetest flowers, and of the richest dyes:
The tulip, jas'min, emony, and rose,
Of which we'll garlands for thy head compose.

Nature to make my fountain, did its part,
Which ever flows without the help of Art,
A faithful mirror shall its waters be,
Where thou may'st sit beneath a shady tree,

Admiring what above the World I prize,
Thyself, the object of thine own fair eyes;
And which is greatest let the Spring proclaim,
Thy powers of love, or this my amorous flame.

'Tis hard to follow Virtue

I rais'd sometimes my thoughts and fixt them right,
Where Virtue, and where Glory did invite,
And in the steps of few, and best, have trod,
Scorning to take the vulgar, beaten road.

But him who aims at Glory they deride,
He 's one 'gainst most and worst must stem the tide;
Since now on sordid wealth, this age so blind,
As on its chiefest good has fixt its mind:

For the great things the World has in its hand,
Are gold and silver, jewels, and command;
These are the gifts which Fortune does dispense,
And may be got by theft, and violence.

Yet from this lethargy tho' I arise,
And shake the clouds of error from my eyes;
Reject the wrong, and right to choose begin,
Than change my course, I sooner can my skin.

---

7 'Emony,' of which I think I have seen other examples, is pretty certainly a corruption of 'anemone,' and not intended for Milton's 'haemony,' though, as we have seen, Ayres did know Milton. It is odd, by the way, that the derivation 'blood-red' suits 'the *red* anemone' (though not the white) as well as its own.

6 Orig. has a comma at 'most': and 'he 's one 'gainst most' looks probable enough. But the rest of the line does not fit in well. Without the comma, you have only to supply (as often) 'who' between 'one' and ''gainst' to get the whole right.

Endymion and Diana[1]

An Heroic Poem

Written in Italian by ALESSANDRO TASSONI

I

ON bed of flowers Endymion sleeping lay,
Tir'd with the toil of a long summer's-day,
Whilst softest winds, and season of the year,
Agree to make his graces all appear:
The wanton Cupids in a troop descend,
Play with his horn, and do his bow unbend,
  And Love, this small assembly came to grace,
  Wond'ring to see the shepherd's charming face.

II

The Air to view him could not choose but stay,
And with his locks upon his forehead play.
The Cupids round about him were employ'd,
While some did into curls his hair divide;
Others of flowers, of which they'd pick'd and brought
Their hands-full, many various fancies wrought;
  Fetters, as if they would his feet restrain,
  Wreaths for his head, and for his wrists a chain.

III

This, with his lips compar'd, a piony,
Another, a vermilion emony;
Then at his cheeks a rose and lily tried,
The rose it faded, and the lily died.
Still was the wind, the meadow, field and grove,
The very waters were not heard to move.
  All things were hush'd, and did a silence keep,
  As some had whisper'd, Peace, here's Love asleep.

IV

When the bright Goddess of the lowest orb,
Deck'd with the rays of Sol her absent Lord,
Of Heav'n the dusky mantle did unfold,
And silently Earth's wondrous scene behold;
Then having first disperst in little showers
The pearly dew upon the grass and flowers,
  Spying this place which such delights could yield,
  Came down to take the pleasure of the field.

---

[1] This is the shortest of our 'Heroic' poems, but complete enough in its miniature.

17 I keep the form 'piony,' not only because of the famous passage in *The Tempest*, but because the oldest English examples of the word, in Langland and the *Catholicon* (not to mention Levins's *Manipulus*), have the *i*. For 'emony' in next line *v. sup.*

V

Quickly the little Cupids disappear,
So soon as e'er the Goddess drew but near;
Who seeing the sleeping youth alone, she stays
With passion on his lovely face to gaze:
Till virgin modesty quench'd her bold flame;
Of folly then convinc'd, she blush'd for shame,
And just was turning to have quit the place,
But was recall'd by that alluring face.

VI

In through her eyes a spark slid to her heart,
Which fir'd her soul; nor could she thence depart,
But nearer by degrees her steps does guide,
Till she sate down close by the shepherd's side;
And of the flowers with which the Cupids play'd,
When gyves and fetters they in sport had made:
Such snares she wove, herself was in them ta'en,
And as the shepherd's captive, wore his chain.

VII

Straight on his hand an eager kiss she prest,
Then thousand on his lips, cheeks, eyes and breast;
Nor in this transport could herself contain,
'Till she with kisses wak'd the sleeping swain,
Who being amaz'd at that coelestial light,
With reverence trembled at the glorious sight:
He would have gone, when freed from his surprise,
But tho' he strove, she would not let him rise.

VIII

'Fair Sleeper, would'st thou go,' said she, 'so soon?
Be not afraid, behold, it is the Moon,
That comes to sport with thee in this sweet grove,
Guided by Fate, Necessity and Love:
Be not disturb'd at this unusual sight,
We silently in joys will spend the night:
But if thou tell what I to thee have said,
Expect Heav'n's utmost vengeance on thy head.'

IX

'Goddess of Night, that tak'st from Sol thy flame,
I,' said the Youth, 'a silly shepherd am;
But if thou promise me in Heav'n a place,
To be translated hence from human race,
Then of my faith thou may'st assurèd live,
Of which this mantle as a pledge I'll give;
The same my father Etho gave the night,
That he his faith to Calice did plight.'

---

71 Etho is Aethlios in the usual mythologies.

X

This said, his mantle quickly he unbound,
That was with flowers of pearl embroider'd round,
Which then he wore o'er his left shoulder slung,
And with two ends beneath his right arm hung;
Gave it the Goddess, who had now thrown by
All sense of honour and of modesty:
  And like a frost-nip'd flower, she by his charms
  Being thus o'ercome, dropt down into his arms.

XI

Never more closely does the tender vine
About the shady elm her lover twine,
Nor the green ivy more affection bring
When she about her pine does kindly cling,
Than these two vigorous lovers there exprest,
Love having shot his fire through either's breast:
  With all their art and industry they strove,
  How they might then enjoy their fill of Love.

XII

Thus whilst in wantonness they spend the night,
And use all skill that might promote delight;
Now tir'd with what before they ne'er had tried,
These happy Lovers rested satisfied:
When fair Diana lifting up her eyes,
Accused her cruel stars and destinies,
  That her so long through so much error drew,
  And let her rather beasts than Love pursue.

XIII

'Ah, Fool!' said she, 'How I too late repent
That to the woods I e'er a hunting went;
How many years have I consum'd since then,
Which I must never think to see again?
How many precious minutes ev'ry day,
Did I in that mad pastime fool away!
  And how much better is one sweet embrace
  Than all the toilsome pleasures of the chase?'

From an Ode of Horace

Beginning, *Vides ut alta stet nive candidum.*

SEE how the hills are candied o'er with snow.
The trees can scarce their burdens undergo;
Frost does the rivers' wonted course retain,
That they refuse their tribute to the main:

Winds, frost, and snow against our lives conspire;
Lay on more wood (my friends) and blow the fire:
'Gainst their assaults let us our forces join,
Dissolve the weather by the strength of wine.

A Complaint

When first I here to Cynthia spake my mind,
Near these sweet streams, which to our thoughts were kind:
Ah, then in perfect harmony we met,
And to our concert join'd the rivulet.

The flowers, plants, echoes, craggy rocks and dales,
The pleasant meads, proud hills, and humble vales,
Seem'd then o'erjoy'd at my felicity,
Which now condole with me in misery.

Yet still the wing'd inhab'tants of the wood
Sing, as my change they had not understood:
Tho' sure the melancholy tunes they vent
Are rather notes of grief, than merriment.

Oh Nymphs, that in these crystal streams do dwell!
And after sport rest quiet in your cell:
Once, clear as yours, a happy life I led,
Tho' now o'erwhelm'd with grief, and live as dead.

  Thus we through various turns of Fortune run,
  And find no certain rest till Life be done.

Love's Garden. Translated from Girolamo Preti

I to Love's garden came, with my attire
Was wove with herbs of Hope, and of Desire,
Branches of Trouble too by me were worn,
Whose flowers and fruit were Prejudice and Scorn.

'Twas wall'd with Pain, and Anguish round about,
And from a thousand places issu'd out
Water of Grief, and Air of Sighs, beside
Deceit and Cruelty, did there reside.

Pride was the Keeper; and to cultivate
Was Jealousy who still with mortal Hate,
Tare up my happiness ere it could grow;
Whilst, like a madman, thus I strive to sow,

Under the shadow of a thought that's kind,
I plough in stone, dig water, stop the wind.

1 with] 'where'?

Seeing his own Picture, discourses of his Studies, and Fortune

THIS, which the shadow of my face does give,
Whose counterfeit seems true, and Art alive,
Shows but the part of man's infirmity,
Which to Age subject, must decay, and die:

Yet the internal Nature's excellence,
Which does this earthly shadow influence,
Perhaps some image may on paper draw,
Whose essence ne'er of Time shall stand in awe;

For by my Muse's help I hope to build
Such monuments, as ne'er to Time shall yield;
Better than from these colours can be had,
And to my years, shall greater numbers add.

But when some noble work I enterprise,
That might advance my honour to the skies;
My envious Fortune strikes a thousand ways,
Destroys my labours, and so blasts my bays.

A Sonnet, of Petrarc[1], on the Death of Laura

I FILL with sighs the air whene'er I stand
  On yon' high hill, and thence survey the plain,
Where Laura, she who could my heart command,
  Did in her Earthly Paradise remain.

For now she's dead, and left me here alone,
  Griev'd for her loss, that I could gladly die;
Drowning my eyes in making of my moan,
  My tears have left no space about me dry.

There is no stone upon that craggy hill,
  Nor these sweet fields an herb or plant do bring,
Nor flower 'mongst all that do the valleys fill,
  Nor any drop of water from the spring;

  Nor beasts so wild, that in the woods do dwell,
  But of my grief for Laura's death can tell.

Another, of Petrarc, on Laura's Death

OH Death! How has thy utmost malice sped!
Thou hast Love's Kingdom quite impov'rishèd;
Cropt Beauty's flower, put out our chiefest light,
And one small stone deprives us of her sight.

---

[1] As Ayres, from this and other places, pretty clearly *meant* to write 'Petrarc' without the 'h,' it is perhaps more civil to let him keep it so.

Our joy's extinct, we're left in discontent,
Stript of our honour, and our ornament:
But to her fame thou ne'er canst put an end,
Thy power but o'er her body did extend.

For her pure soul above is glorify'd
As brightest star, she's there the Heaven's pride:
And here her virtuous deeds shall never die,
But be admir'd by all posterity.

New Glorious Angel, thou that dwell'st above,
And with more powerful charms attractest Love;
May'st thou be vanquish'd by my piety,
As here thy Beauty triumph'd over me.

Complains of the Court

In a great Court, near a fam'd River's side,
With hopes of greatness fed, I still reside;
But where to fix I ne'er shall understand,
Foll'wing what flies, and shunning what's at hand.

Others from me the gifts of Heav'n retain,
The lucky fool does still the purchase gain;
At air I grasp, and after shadows strive,
Live for my foes, if this be said to live.

I slight myself, love him that injures me,
And in soft words find greatest treachery;
I mortal hatred under smiles behold,
And starve for want, amidst great heaps of gold.

Now Envy's strokes, then Fortune's I sustain,
And want a friend to whom I might complain;
I see th' ensuing storm, and no help nigh,
Grieve for one loss, and straight another spy.

Being retired, complains against the Court

Remote from Court, where after toil we get
More hopes than fruit, I now have chang'd my seat,
And here retir'd with calmer thoughts abide:
As Lea more smooth than troubled Thames does glide.

I need not great men here with flatt'ry please,
No pride nor envy shall disturb my ease;
If Love ensnares my heart, I from its net,
Or servile chain at least, my freedom get.

Since my new flame brake out, my old is dead,
With falsehood kindled, and with scorn 'twas fed;
And here the greatest rigour pleases more
Than all dissembled favours could before.

There Love's all counterfeit, and friendship too,
And nothing else but hate and malice true:
If here my Nymph be cross, or prove unkind,
Vanquish'd, I triumph; fighting, Peace I find.

To Cynthia

HARK how the little birds do vie their skill,
  Saluting, with their tunes, the welcome day;
Spring does the air with fragrant odours fill,
  And the pleas'd fields put on their best array.

With great serenity the Heavens move;
  The amorous planet rules in fullest power;
All things their cruelty away remove,
  And seem to know of Joy the time, and hour:

Only my Cynthia still this glorious morn
  Retains the frozen temper of her heart,
Of birds, and flowers, does imitation scorn,
  Nor from her wonted rigour will depart.

Ah change, my Fair, that harsh and cruel mind!
  Why should your looks and humour disagree?
Let not my love such opposition find,
  You're woo'd by Heav'n, and Earth, to favour me.

The Withered Rose

Go, fading rose, a present to my Fair,
  To whose ungrateful breast I gave my heart,
And tho' my grief could ne'er affect her care,
  To her do thou my dying mind impart.

I late have seen thee lovely, sweet, and gay,
  Perchance the influence of her looks on thee,
Now pale as Death, thy beauty's gone away;
  Thou art the emblem of my misery.

Say, if to cast an eye on thee she deign,
  Since no relief from her my life receives;
My body soon as bloodless will remain,
  As thy once fresh, but now decaying leaves.

And thou perchance the benefit may'st find,
  For thy pale looks and message understood,
To cure thy dying spoils she may be kind,
  With water of my tears, or with my blood.

A Sonnet. On the Death of Sylvia

Oh Death! without regard to wrong or right,
  All things at will thy boundless rage devours;
This tender plant thou hast cut down in spight,
  And scatter'd on the ground its fruit, and flowers.

Our love 's extinct that with such ardour burn'd,
  And all my hope of future pleasure dies;
Nature's chief master-piece to earth 's return'd,
  Deaf to my passion, and my grievous cries.

Sylvia, the tears which on thy sepulchre,
Hereafter shall be shed, or those now are,
  Tho' fruitless, yet I offer them to thee,

Until the coming of th' Eternal Night
Shall close these eyes, once happy with thy sight,
  And give me eyes with which I thee may see.

To the Winds

A Song

I

Ye Winds, that in your hasty flight,
  Just kiss the leaves, and then away,
The leaves that tremble with delight,
  And murmur at so short a stay;
    Stop here, and ere you further go,
    Give audience to a Lover's woe.

II

Condoling Air, to you I speak,
  Since she is deaf to all my grief,
You see my heart will quickly break,
  If careless She gives no relief:
    I'm sure you're troubled at my pain,
    For when I sigh, you sigh again.

III

Go, gentle Air, fly to my Dear,
  That thus with love inflames my breast,
And whisper softly in her ear,
  'Tis she that robs my soul of rest:
    Express, if possible, such moans,
    May imitate my dying groans.

IV

Or with thy rougher breath make bold
  To toss the treasure of her hair,
Till thou dost all those curls unfold
  Which cunningly men's hearts ensnare;

Try all thy skill to break the net,
That I, like thee, may freedom get.

V

Then let some thicker blasts arise,
And with her face so sport, and play,
Till the bright rays of her fair eyes
Be qualified, or ta'en away;
Make all those charms which men assail,
Of lesser force, and less prevail.

The Silent Talkers

PEACE, peace, my dear, Corinna said
To her enamour'd Corydon,
Lest we by list'ners be betray'd,
And this our happiness undone.

Our wishes answer ev'ry way,
And all my thoughts centre in thine;
If thou hast anything to say,
Speak with thy eyes, I'll speak with mine.

'Tis dangerous jesting with Love

A SONG

I

VENTURE not with Love to jest,
Though he 's blind, and but a Boy,
Whosoe'er would live at rest,
Must not dare with him to toy;
If you play, he'll seem to smile,
But conspire your death the while.

II

I myself was such a sot,
Once to act a Lover's part,
Seem'd to love, but lov'd her not,
Sigh'd, but sigh'd not from my heart;
Long I did not this maintain,
Ere my play was turn'd to pain.

III

As I gaz'd upon my fair,
And of Love show'd ev'ry sign,
She play'd too the flatterer,
With her glances answering mine;
Till his arrows Cupid took,
Pierc'd me with each flatt'ring look.

IV

Love the Jester will assail,
And when scorn'd, the mast'ry get;
Art I see can ne'er avail
Him that plays the counterfeit;
For I find, now time is past,
Jest to Earnest turn'd at last.

V

Cupid drew with more desire,
Seeing me his net despise;
Was more active with his fire,
While he found my heart was ice:
Now my sighs no pity find,
But are scatter'd in the wind.

---

v. 1 For 'thicker' my press-corrector has 'stronger.'

Philip Ayres

On Wine

From a Fragment of HESIOD,
Beginning Οἷα Διώνυσος δῶκ' ἀνδράσι χάρμα . . .

WINE cheers our hearts, and makes us glad,
When Grief and Cares have left us sad:
But more than Nature does suffice,
Will cast a cloud before our eyes;

'Twill bind the tongue, the feet, and hands,
Ere we perceive, with strongest bands;
And us its drunken slaves will keep,
Till we our freedom get by Sleep.

A Dream

ONE night, with sleep my senses being opprest,
Fixt on that thought, which still o'er-rul'd my breast
In mourning dress, with silence did appear,
She of her sex was to my soul most dear:

'Cynthia,' methought, I said, and gaz'd awhile,
'Where's thy accustom'd look, and cheerful smile?
What sad occasion thus disturbs thee now,
And hangs that gloomy sadness on thy brow?'

She only sigh'd, and off'ring to depart,
I snatch'd her hand, and laid it to my heart,
And whilst I in this trembling rapture stand,
She took, and held me by my other hand.

I thought my heart 'twixt joy and grief would break,
Adding with tears, 'My dear, I prithee speak';
And grasp'd her fast, she struggling to be gone,
Till wak'd: but then I found myself alone.

Oft have I griev'd to think what this might prove,
And gather'd hence ill omens to my Love;
But since I may too soon the mischief find,
I'll strive to chase the fancy from my mind.

The Restless Lover

THE birds to wanton in the air desire;
The Salamander sports himself in fire;
The fish in water plays; and of the earth,
Man ever takes possession at his birth.
Only unhappy I, who born to grieve,
In all these Elements at once do live—

Grief does with air of sighs my mouth supply,
My wretched body on cold earth does lie,
The streams which from mine eyes flow night and day,
Cannot the fire which burns my heart allay.

The Resolution. A Sonnet of Petrarc. Out of Italian

Oh Time! Oh rolling Heavens, that fly so fast,
  And cheat us mortals ignorant and blind!
  Oh fugitive Day, swifter than bird or wind!
Your frauds I see, by all my suff'rings past.

But pardon me, 'tis I myself must blame,
  Nature that spreads your wings, and makes you fly,
  To me gave eyes, that I my ills might spy:
Yet I retain'd them to my grief, and shame.

Time was I might, and Time is still I may
Direct my steps in a securer way,
  And end this sad infinity of ill;
Yet 'tis not from thy yoke, O Love, I part,
But the effects; I will reclaim my heart:
  Virtue's no chance, but is acquir'd by skill.

Invokes Death

Come, Terror of the wise, and valiant, come,
And with a sigh let my griev'd soul have room
Amongst the shades; then shall my cares be gone;
All there drink Waters of Oblivion.

So went the Heroes of the World, and so
Or soon, or late, all that are born must go;
Thou, Death, to me art welcome as a friend,
For thou with life putt'st to my griefs an end.

Of this poor earth, and blast of breath allied,
How easily by thee the knot's untied:
This spring of tears which trickles from mine eyes
Is natural, and when I die, it dries.

Matter for sighs I drew with my first breath,
And now a sigh ushers my soul to death;
So cares and griefs determine by consent,
This favour owe I to my monument.

A Hint from the Beginning of the Third Satire of Juvenal

Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum Civem donare Sibyllae, &c.

A NEIGHBOUR, now, shall aged Sibyl have,
For I'll withdraw to Cuma's sacred cave,
Where I, Vesuvius-like, when years attire
My head with snow, shall still maintain my fire.

In hatred of the World my days I'll spend,
Till with despite my wretched life shall end;
My haughty plumes I've clipp'd, I'll soar no more,
So the Fates cut what they had spun before.

I was, when bad, of virtuous men despis'd,
And by the scourge vice brings with it, chastis'd;
That course I left, and turning good again,
Was hated, and oppress'd by wicked men.

Thus seems the partial world on all sides bent,
Its utmost spite on wretched me to vent.
My sins were fruitless: must, when life is done,
Virtue lie buried in oblivion?

A Contemplation on Man's Life. Out of Spanish

VILE Composition, Earth inspir'd with breath,
  Man, that at first wert made of dust and tears,
And then by law divine condemn'd to death;
  When wilt thou check thy lusts in their careers?

Change all thy mirth to sorrow, and repent,
  That thou so often didst just Heav'n offend,
Deplore thy precious hours so vainly spent,
  If thou wilt 'scape such pains as have no end.

The gaping grave expects thee as its right,
  'Tis a strait place, but can contain with ease,
Honour, Command, Wealth, Beauty, and Delight,
  And all that does our carnal senses please.

  Only th' immortal soul can never die,
  Therefore on that thy utmost care employ.

The Nightingale that was drowned

Upon a bough, hung trembling o'er a spring,
Sate Philomel, to respite grief, and sing:
Tuning such various notes, there seem'd to nest
A choir of little songsters in her breast,
Whilst Echo at the close of ev'ry strain,
Return'd her music, note for note again.

The jealous bird, who ne'er had rival known,
Not thinking these sweet points were all her own;
So fill'd with emulation was, that she
Express'd her utmost art and harmony;
Till as she eagerly for conquest tried,
Her shadow in the stream below she spied:

Then heard the waters bubbling, but mistook,
And thought the nymphs were laughing in the brook;
She then enrag'd, into the spring did fall,
And in sad accents thus upbraids them all:
'Not Tereus self offer'd so great a wrong,
Nymphs, take my life, since you despise my song.'

On a Child sleeping in Cynthia's Lap

Sleep, happy boy, there sleep, and take thy rest,
Free from the passions which disturb my breast;
Yet know 'tis Innocence that thee has freed,
And lets thee sleep so quiet on this bed.

Thy wearied limbs have sweetly rested here,
If with less sun, in a more happy sphere;
Whilst in despair my soul afflicted lies,
And of mere envy to behold thee, dies.

Dream, thou enjoy'st more true felicity,
Than lavish fortune can bestow on thee;
That thou amidst such precious gems art hurl'd,
Are able to enrich th' insatiate world:

That thou the Phoenix shalt transcend in fame,
Who sleep'st, and risest, in a purer flame;
That thou'rt an Angel, Heav'n's that lap I view:
Yet all this while, it is no dream, but true.

Philip Ayres

Cure for Afflictions

A Hint from an imperfect Ode of ARCHILOCHUS; beginning

Θυμέ, θύμ’ ἀμηχάνοισι κήδεσι[ν] κυκώμενε.

SOUL, rule thy passions, dry thy weeping eyes,
Thou, breath of Heav’n, should’st earthly cares despise:
When fiercest troubles thus disturb thy rest,
To their assaults oppose a constant breast.

O’er Fortune’s pow’r then shalt thou have command:
So rocks unmov’d ’gainst beating surges stand.
Nor boast, if in this conflict thou o’ercome,
Or when subdu’d, poorly lament at home.

Think, having cause to grieve, or to rejoice,
No course of human things is in thy choice.

Cynthia Sporting

ALONG the river’s side did Cynthia stray,
More like a Goddess, than a Nymph, at play;
The flood stopt to behold her; pleas’d to see ’t,
She to its kisses yields her naked feet.

Brisk air saluted her, ne’er stay’d to woo;
The very boughs reach’d to be toying too;
The little birds came thronging to admire,
And for her entertainment made a choir:

The meadows smile, and joy surrounds the place,
As if all things were infl’enc’d by her face;
The grass and leaves take freshness from her eyes,
And as of lesser force, Sol’s beams despise.

No herb press’d by her foot but blossoms straight,
Flowers, for her touch to ripen them, do wait;
They, from her hand, new fragrancy do yield,
Her presence fills with perfumes all the field.

The Fly

Out of Spanish from DON FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO

Out of the wine-pot cried the Fly,
Whilst the grave Frog sate croaking by,
Than live a wat’ry life like thine,
I’d rather choose to die in wine.

The Fly] This quite admirable song ought to be much better known than it is.

The Fly

I

I never water could endure,
Though ne'er so crystalline and pure.
Water 's a murmurer, and they
Design more mischief than they say,
Where rivers smoothest are and clear.
Oh there 's the danger, there 's the fear;
But I'll not grieve to die in wine,
That name is sweet, that sound 's divine.
Thus from the wine-pot, &c.

II

Dull fish in water live, we know,
And such insipid souls as thou;
While to the wine do nimbly fly,
Many such pretty birds as I:
With wine refresh'd, as flowers with rain,
My blood is clear'd, inspir'd my brain;
That when the Tory boys do sing,
I buzz i' th' chorus for the king.
Thus from the wine-pot, &c.

III

I'm more belov'd than thou canst be,
Most creatures shun thy company;
I go unbid to ev'ry feast,
Nor stay for grace, but fall o' th' best:
There while I quaff in choicest wine,
Thou dost with puddle-water dine,
Which makes thee such a croaking thing.
Learn to drink wine, thou fool, and sing;
Thus from the wine-pot, &c.

IV

In gardens I delight to stray,
And round the plants do sing and play:
Thy tune no mortal does avail,
Thou art the Dutchman's nightingale:
Would'st thou with wine but wet thy throat,
Sure thou would'st leave that dismal note;
Lewd water spoils thy organs quite,
And wine alone can set them right.
Thus from the wine-pot, &c.

V

Thy comrades still are newts and frogs,
Thy dwelling saw-pits, holes, and bogs:
In cities I, and courts am free,
An insect too of quality.

What pleasures, ah! didst thou but know,
This heav'nly liquor can bestow:
To drink, and drown thou'dst ne'er repine;
The great Anacreon died by wine.
Thus from the wine-pot, &c.

On Gold

This glitt'ring metal, dazzler of the eyes,
In so small bulk, where so much mischief lies,
Disclaims the earth, when it has pass'd the fire,
And then no longer owns the rock for sire.

When coin'd, it boasts of pow'r omnipotent;
Which monstrous birth the long-scorn'd mountains sent:
'Tis bane of peace, 'tis nourisher of war;
And o'er the world does spread its venom far.

With confidence this bold usurper can
Hold competition with its former, man:
Man whose sublimer soul should upward soar,
Yet for a god can his own works adore.

Laws are remiss when thou the pow'r dost git,
All vices thou unpunish'd dost permit;
Torrent of mischiefs, source of ills the worst!
The more we drink of thee, the more we thirst.

To his Grace, George Duke of Northumberland[1]

Th' unruly steed by laws to tame and ride;
With graceful course the well-pois'd lance to guide;
In martial sports ever to win the prize;
And troops with skill and judgement exercise:

In a calm breast a warlike heart to show;
To glory friend, to wantonness a foe;
To keep on Passion, Reason's powerful hand;
Over his soul, and self, to have command:

To sport with books, whilst arms aside he lays;
To interweave the olive with the bays;
When tir'd with arts, to tune Apollo's lyre;
To merit honours ere he them desire.

These fruits which others bring with art and time,
Your blooming age does yield before your prime.

---

13 'G*i*t' seems worth keeping.

[1] It may be just as well to remind the reader that this was one of Charles the Second's natural sons (by Barbara Villiers), who (1665–1716) received the titles of Earl and Duke of Northumberland during the eclipse of the Percies.

Love's New Philosophy[1]

I

Whoe'er a lover is of art,
May come and learn of me
A new philosophy,
Such as no schools could e'er impart.
Love all my other notions does control,
And reads these stranger lectures to my soul.

II

This god who takes delight to lie,
Does sacred truths defame,
And Aristotle blame,
Concluding all by subtilty:
His syllogisms with such art are made,
Not Solomon himself could them evade.

III

So wondrous is his art and skill,
His reasons pierce, like darts,
Men's intellects and hearts;
Old maxims he destroys at will,
And blinded Plato so, he made him think,
'Twas water, when he gave him fire to drink.

IV

That water can extinguish fire,
All ages did allow;
But Love denies it now,
And says it makes his flame rage higher;
Which truth myself have prov'd for many years,
Wherein I've wept whole deluges of tears.

V

At the sun's rays, you, Cynthia, know,
The ice no more can melt,
Nor can the fire be felt,
Or have its wonted influence on snow:
By your relentless heart is this exprest,
Your eyes are suns, the fire is in my breast:

VI

When soul and body separate,
That then the life must die:
This too I must deny,
My soul's with her, who rules my fate.

---

[1] This metaphysical *bravura*, whatever its originality of substance, is excellently hit off, and seems to me one of Ayres's claims to resuscitation.

Yet still my organs move a proof to give,
That soul and body can divided live.

VII

Remove the cause, th' effects will cease.
This is an error too,
And found by me untrue;
My fair when near disturbs my peace,
But when she's furthest off, no tongue can tell
The raging pangs of Love my heart does feel.

VIII

All creatures love not their own kind.
I this new axiom try:
And that all fear to die
By nature—a mistake I find:
For I, a man, do a fierce creature love,
And such, I know, that will my murd'ress prove.

IX

Here two extremes are eas'ly join'd,
Joy and grief in my breast,
Which give my soul no rest;
Both to torment me are combin'd:
For when I view the source of all my wrong,
I sigh my music, mix with tears my song.

X

That all things like effects produce:
I readily can prove
A paradox in Love,
And my conclusion hence deduce;
Cold Cynthia to my zeal yields no return,
Though ice her heart, she makes my heart to burn.

XI

Whilst in this torment I remain,
It is no mystery
To be, and not to be;
I die to joy, and live to pain.
So that, my fair, I may be justly said,
To be, and not to be, alive and dead.

XII

Now, go, my song, yet shun the eyes
Of those ne'er felt Love's flame,
And if my Cynthia blame
Thy arguments as sophistries,
Tell her, this is *Love's* New Philosophy,
Which none can understand, but such as try.

The Vanity of Unwarrantable Notions

Done out of Portuguese, from Lewis[1] de Camoëns

Truth, Reason, Love, and Merit may endure
Some shocks, to make us think ourselves secure:
But Fortune, Time, and Destiny, do still
Dispose all human matters at their will.

What various strange effects perplex the mind,
For which we can no certain causes find?
We know we live, but what succeeds our end,
Man's understanding cannot comprehend.

Yet doctors will their notions justify,
And vouch for truths what no man e'er could try;
Doubt real things, as if no such had been,
And things believe which never yet were seen.

These men are proud to have their madness known;
Believe in *Christ*, and let the rest alone.

To the Nightingale

Why, little charmer of the air,
Dost thou in music spend the morn?
Whilst I thus languish in despair,
Opprest by Cynthia's *hate and scorn:*
Why dost thou sing, and hear me cry;
Tell, wanton Songster, tell me why?

I

Wilt thou not cease at my desire?
Will those small organs never tire?
Nature did these close shades prepare,
Not for thy music, but my care:
Then why wilt thou persist to sing,
Thou beautiful malicious thing?
When kind *Aurora* first appears,
She weeps, in pity to my tears;
If thus thou think'st to give relief,
Thou never knew'st a Lover's grief.

Then, little charmer, &c.
That dost in music, &c.

II

Thou Feather'd Atom, where in thee
Can be compris'd such harmony?
In whose small fabric must remain,
What composition does contain.

---

[1] In the Preface Ayres had spelt him 'Luis,' and so in the Table.

All griefs but mine are at a stand,
When thy surprising tunes command.
How can so small a tongue and throat
Express so loud, and sweet a note?
Thou hast more various points at will,
Than Orpheus had with all his skill.

Then, little charmer, &c.
That dost in music, &c.

III

Great to the ear, though small to sight,
The happy Lover's dear delight,
Fly to the bow'r where such are laid,
And there bestow thy serenade.
Haste from my sorrow, haste away;
Alas, there's danger in thy stay,
Lest hearing me so oft complain,
Should make thee change thy cheerful strain,
Thy songs cannot my grief remove,
Thou harmless syren of the grove.

Then cease, thou charmer of the air,
No more in music spend the morn,
With me that languish in despair,
Opprest by Cynthia's *hate and scorn;*
And do not this poor boon deny,
I ask but silence whilst I die.

Apollo and Daphne

Panting for breath, towards her parent brook,
Like the tir'd deer before an eager chase,
Fair Daphne ran, nor durst behind her look:
With wingèd feet, and with a blubb'red face.

The beardless God, who, taken with her charms,
Had long pursu'd, by his hot passion led,
Straight saw her stop, and upward stretch her arms
On Peneus' banks, where she for aid had fled.

He saw her nimble feet take root and grow,
And a rough bark her tender limbs enclose;
Her hair, which once like curls of gold did show,
Chang'd green, and in a shade of boughs arose.

To the resistless tree he courtship makes,
And with vain kisses his fond love deceives;
Then of her bays by force a chaplet takes:
So 'stead of fruit, he only gathers leaves.

So many creatures live not in the sea

A Sestina, in Imitation of Sig. Fra. Petrarca

I

So many creatures live not in the sea,
Nor e'er above the circle of the Moon,
Did man behold so many stars at night,
Nor little birds do shelter in the woods,
Nor herbs, nor flow'rs e'er beautified the fields;
As anxious thoughts my heart feels ev'ry day.

II

I, wishing Death, pray each may be the day,
And seek in vain for quiet in the fields,
My griefs succeed like waves upon the sea;
Such torments sure, no man beneath the Moon
E'er felt as I; 'tis known amongst the woods,
Where to complain I oft retire at night.

III

I never could enjoy a quiet night,
And do in pain and sorrow spend the day,
Since angry Cynthia drove me to the woods;
Yet e'er I quit my Love I'll weep a sea;
The Sun his light shall borrow of the Moon,
And May with flowers refuse to deck the fields.

IV

Restless I wander up and down the fields,
And scarce can close my eyes to sleep at night:
So that my life's unstable as the moon,
The air I fill with sighs both night and day;
My show'rs of tears seem to augment the sea,
Make the herbs green, and to refresh the woods.

V

I hating cities, ramble in the woods,
And thence I shift to solitary fields,
I rove and imitate the troubled sea,
And hope most quiet in the silent night,
So that I wish at the approach of day,
The Sun would set, and give his place to th' Moon.

VI

Oh, that like him who long had lov'd the Moon,
I could in dreams be happy in the woods;
I'd wish an end to this most glorious day,
Then should I meet my Cynthia in the fields,
Court her, and entertain her all the night;
The day should stop, and Sol dwell in the sea.

But day nor night, sea, moon, nor wood, nor field
Now Cynthia frowns, can ease or pleasure yield.

A Sonnet of Sig. Francesco Petrarca, giving an Account of the Time when he fell in Love with Madonna Laura

Will spurs me on, Love wounds me with his dart,
Pleasure does draw me, Custom pulls me too,
Hope flatters, that I should my ends pursue,
And lends her right hand to my fainting heart.

My wretched heart accepts, nor yet espies
The weakness of my blind disloyal guide,
My Passions rule, long since my Reason died,
And from one fond Desire, still others rise.

Virtue and Wealth, Beauty and Graceful Mien,
Sweet Words, and Person fair as e'er was seen,
Were the allurements drew me to her net:

'Twas Thirteen hundred twenty sev'n, the year,
April the sixth, this Nymph did first appear,
And tied me so, I ne'er shall Freedom get.

A Sonnet, of Petrarc, showing how long he had lov'd Madonna Laura

Pleasure in thought, in weeping ease I find;
I catch at shadows, grasp air with my hand;
On seas I float are bounded with no land;
Plough water, sow on rocks, and reap the wind.

The sun I gaz'd so long at, I became
Struck with its dazzling rays, and lost my eyes;
I chase a nimble doe that always flies,
And hunt with a dull creature, weak and lame.

Heartless I live to all things but my ill,
Which I'm solicitous to follow still;
And only call on Laura, Love and Death.

Thus twenty years I've spent in misery,
Whilst only sighs, and tears, and sobs I buy,
Under such hard stars first I drew my breath.

A Sonnet, of Petrarc, going to visit M. Laura, remembers she is lately dead

Oh eyes! Our Sun 's extinct, and at an end,
Or rather glorified in Heav'n does shine;
There shall we see her, there does she attend,
And at our long delay perchance repine.

Alas, my ears, the voice you lov'd to hear,
Is now rais'd up to the cœlestial choir;
And you, my feet, she 's gone that us'd to steer
Your course, where you till death can ne'er aspire.

Cannot my soul nor body yet be free?
'Twas not my fault, you this occasion lost;
That seeing, hearing, finding her y' are crost:
Blame Death, or rather blest be ever He,

Who binds and looses, makes and can destroy,
And, when Life 's done, crowns with Eternal Joy.

A Sonnet. Petrarc laments for the Death of M. Laura

This Nightingale that does so much complain
Robb'd of her tender young, or dearest mate,
And to the fields and heav'ns her tale relate,
In such sad notes, but yet harmonious strain:

Perhaps this station kindly does retain,
To join her griefs with my unhappy state;
'Twas my assurance did my woe create:
I thought Death could not have a Goddess slain.

How soon deceiv'd are those, who least mistrust!
I ne'er could think that face should turn to dust,
Which, than all human beauties seem'd more pure:

But now I find that my malicious fate,
Will, to my sorrow, have me learn too late:
Nothing that pleases here, can long endure.

A Sonnet. Petrarc on Laura's Death

Hold, treacherous thoughts, that dare my rule despise,
Is 't not enough 'gainst me in war are join'd
Love, Fortune, and grim Death, but I must find
Within me such domestic enemies?

And thou, my heart, that dost my peace oppose,
Disloyal thou wilt give my soul no rest,
But harb'ring still these thoughts within my breast,
Keep'st correspondence with my deadly foes;

To thee Love all his messages conveys,
Fortune my now departed pomp displays,
Death in my mind does all my griefs express;

That my remains fall by necessity,
My thoughts with errors arm themselves in thee:
Thou art the cause of my unhappiness.

Constancy

PLACE me where Sol dries up the flow'ry fields,
Or where he to the frosty winter yields:
Place me where he does mod'rate heat dispense,
And where his beams have a kind influence:

Place me in humble state, or place me high,
In a dark clime, or a serener sky;
Place me where days or nights are short or long,
In age mature, or be it old or young:

Place me in Heav'n, on earth, or in the main,
On a high hill, low vale, or level plain:
Let me have vigorous parts, or dullness have;
Place me in liberty, or as a slave:

Give me a black, or an illustrious fame:
As I have liv'd, I'll ever live the same;
Where I at first did fix my constant love,
Nothing from Cynthia can it e'er remove.

To his Viol

I TUN'D my viol, and have often strove,
  In Mars's praise to raise his humble verse,
  And in heroic strain his deeds rehearse,
But all my accents still resound of Love.

In foreign countries, or on English ground,
  Love for my theme does dictate Cynthia's charms,
  Nor will he let me sing of other arms,
Than those with which he lovers' hearts does wound.

This viol then, unfit for rougher notes,
  My muse shall tune to its accustom'd way;
  So shall it my harmonious points obey,
For it to Cynthia all its tunes devotes.

Then to my soft and sweetest strokes I keep,
  Whilst angry Mars his fury may lay by,
  He list'ning to my song will quiet lie,
And in his Cytherea's bosom sleep.

Hope. Out of Italian, from Fra. Abbati

I

GRIEVE no more, Mortals, dry your eyes,
    And learn this truth of me,
Fate rolls, and round about us flies,
    But for its ills carries a remedy.

The leafless boughs on all those stocks,
With green shall beautify their locks;
And straight
Such store of various fruits shall yield,
That their tough backs shall truckle with the weight.
For in a little space
Winter shall give to Spring its place,
And with fresh robes, Hope's Emblem, clothe the field.

CHORUS

He has no faith who sighs and whines,
And at his present ill repines:
For we should strive
'Gainst all afflictions to apply
This Universal Remedy,
To hope and live.

II

Hope does our future joys anticipate,
It eases all our pains;
For in the present ill that reigns,
Endurance only triumphs over Fate.
Young colts fierce and untaught,
In time submit,
For they to yield are brought,
Their backs to burdens, and their mouths to th' bit:
With Patience also will the country swain
His conquest gain;
And make the stubborn heifer bow
Its neck to th' yoke, and labour at the plough.

CHORUS

Then he wants faith who sighs and whines,
And at his present ill repines:
For Man should strive
'Gainst all afflictions to apply
This Universal Remedy,
To hope and live.

III

Thus sang a smiling Courtier t'other day,
Under the covert of a spreading tree,
And to his song upon his lute did play,
By whom an Ass you might attentive see.

The Ass in scorn drew nearer him and bray'd,
And arguing thus, methought, in answer said:

If this green grass on which I fed but now,
To be of Hope the symbol you allow,
And if the Ass's proper meat be grass,
Sure he that lives on Hope, feeds like an Ass.

---

9 This 'truckle' looks as if the former (*v. sup.* p. 275) were correct after all.

Finding Cynthia in Pain, and crying

A Sonnet

Why, Idol of my Heart, these mournful cries,
  And so much grief on those fair cheeks appears?
  From whence proceed those envious showers of tears,
Dark'ning the lustre of thy beauteous eyes?

How dares bold Sorrow labour to remove
  So many graces from their proper place?
  Ah, Cynthia! Pain endeavours, in thy face,
To poison all the sweetest charms of Love.

Sense of thy grief my soul with anguish fills,
Which out of pity into tears distills,
  And for thy ease would fain endure thy woe!

But this affliction, sure thy heart sustains,
That, cruel Thou, being sensible of pains,
  May'st to thy constant martyr pity show.

Cynthia sleeping in a Garden

A Sonnet

Near a cool fountain, on a rose-bed lay
  My Cynthia, sleeping in the open air;
  Whom Sol espied, and seeing her so fair,
Gaz'd, till his wanton coursers lost their way.

The proudest flowers were not asham'd to find
  Their scent and colour rivall'd in her face;
  Her bright curl'd hairs were toss'd from place to place,
On neck and bosom by the amorous wind.

Her smiles were animated by her breath,
Which still as soon as born receiv'd their death,
  Being mortal made in pity to men's hearts:

Poor Lovers then did lie and take their rest,
For the Blind Boy who does our peace molest,
  Had in her sleeping eyes hid all his darts.

Lesbia's Complaint against Thyrsis his Inconstancy

A Sonnet

I lov'd thee, faithless Man, and love thee still,
  Thou fatal object of my fond desires,
  And that which nourishes these amorous fires,
Is Hope, by which I love against my will.

Lesbia's Complaint against Thyrsis

Great was the passion thou didst late express,
Yet scorn'st me now, whom long thou didst adore,
Sporting with others, her thou mind'st no more,
Whom thou hast call'd thy Heav'n and happiness.

Think not by this, thy Lesbia thee invites,
To spend thy years in dalliance and delights,
'Tis but to keep her faith in memory;

But if to grieve my soul thou only strive,
To thy reproach, and to my boast I'll live,
A monument of thy INCONSTANCY.

On Lydia Distracted

A Sonnet

With hairs, which for the wind to play with, hung,
With her torn garments, and with naked feet,
Fair Lydia dancing went from street to street,
Singing with pleasant voice her foolish song.

On her she drew all eyes in ev'ry place,
And them to pity by her pranks did move,
Which turn'd with gazing longer into Love
By the rare beauty of her charming face.

In all her frenzies, and her mimicries,
While she did Nature's richest gifts despise,
There active Love did subt'ly play his part.

Her antic postures made her look more gay,
Her ragged clothes her treasures did display,
And with each motion she ensnar'd a heart.

The Four Seasons

SPRING

When Winter's past, then ev'ry field and hill,
The *SPRING* with flowers does fill,
Soft winds do cleanse the air,
Repel the fogs, and make the weather fair;
Cold frosts are gone away,
The rivers are at liberty,
And their just tribute pay,
Of liquid pearls, and crystal to the sea;
To whom each brook and fountain runs,
The stable mother of those straggling sons.

1 With hairs] This quaint and fascinating vignette is another 'proof' for Ayres to put in. It is very likely borrowed to a more or less degree; but I do not know the original. As a pendant to 'The Fair Beggar' it will always hang, for some folk, in the 'chamber ruinous and old' of memory.

CHORUS

But then,
In a short space,
WINTER returns again,
Ere Sol *has run his annual race;*
But, Ah! When Death's keen arrow flies,
And hits poor MAN,
Do what he can,
He dies;
Returns to dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lies.

SUMMER

When flow'ry May is past, the Spring is o'er,
Then our cool breezes end;
For Aeolus does send
His sultry blasts from off the southern shore;
The Sun bows down his head,
And darts on us his fiery rays,
Plants droop, and seem as dead,
Most creatures seek for shade their diff'rent ways;
All things as if for moisture cry,
Even rivers with the common thirst grow dry.

CHORUS

But then,
In a short space,
The SPRING returns again,
Ere Sol *has run his annual race:*
But, Ah! When Death's keen arrow flies,
And hits poor MAN,
Do what he can,
He dies;
Returns to dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lies.

AUTUMN

When Summer's done, green trees begin to yield;
Their leaves with age decay,
They're stript of their array;
Scarce can the rains revive the russet field:
The flowers run up to seed,
Orchards with choice of fruit abound,
Which sight and taste do feed:
The grateful boughs even kiss their parent ground:
The Elm's kind wife, the tender Vine,
Is pregnant with her heavenly burden, Wine.

CHORUS

But then,
In a short space,
SUMMER returns again,
Ere Sol *has run his annual race:*
But, Ah! When Death's keen arrow flies,
And hits poor MAN,
Do what he can,
He dies;
Returns to dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lies.

WINTER

When Autumn 's past, sharp eastern winds do blow,
Thick clouds obscure the day,
Frost makes the currents stay,
The aged mountains hoary are with snow.
Altho' the Winter rage;
The wronged trees revenge conspire,
Its fury they assuage;
Alive they serve for fence, when dead for fire;
All creatures from its outrage fly,
Those which want shelter or relief must die.

CHORUS

But then,
In a short space,
AUTUMN returns again,
Ere Sol *has run his annual race:*
But, Ah! When Death's keen arrow flies,
And hits poor MAN,
Do what he can,
He dies;
Returns to dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lies.

A Sonnet. Translated out of Italian

Written by Sig. FRA. GORGIA, who was born as they were carrying his Mother to her Grave.

UNHAPPY I came from my Mother's womb,
As she, Oh blessed She! who gave me breath,
Having receiv'd the fatal stroke of Death,
By weeping friends was carried to her Tomb.

The sorrow I exprest, and grievous cries,
  Love's tribute were, for her to Heav'n was gone,
  My coffin, and my cradle, both were one,
And at her sunset, mine began to rise.

Wretch, how I quake to think on that sad day!
Which both for Life and Death at once made way;
  Being gave the son, and mother turn'd to earth.

Alas, I die! Not that Life hastes so fast,
But that to me each minute seems the last,
  For I, in Death's cold arms, receiv'd my Birth.

The Scholar of his own Pupil

The Third Idyllium of Bion Englished, beginning, Ἁ μεγάλα μοι Κύπρις—

I dreamt, by me I saw fair Venus stand,
Holding young Cupid in her lovely hand,
And said, Kind Shepherd, I a Scholar bring,
My little son, to learn of you to sing.

Then went away; and I to gain her praise,
Would fain have taught him all my rural lays,
How Pan found out the Pipe, Pallas the Flute,
Phoebus the Harp, and Mercury the Lute.

These were my subjects, which he still would slight,
And fill my ears with Love-Songs, day and night;
Of mortals, and of Gods, what tricks they us'd,
And how his mother Venus them abus'd.

  So I forgot my pupil to improve,
  And learn'd of him, by songs, the Art of Love.

An Epitaph, on a Foolish Boaster

Here to its pristine dust again is hurl'd,
Of an inconstant soul, the little world;
He liv'd, as if to some great things design'd,
With substance small, boasting a princely mind.

Of body crooked, and distorted face,
But manners that did much his form disgrace.
In broils, his rage pusht him beyond his art,
Was kick'd, would face again, but wanted heart.

---

6 Those who have forgotten the once free ellipse of the relative might take 'her' for the dialectic nominative. But it is not so: and 'for' is a preposition—'for her [who].'

8 A modern poet would no doubt think it necessary to write 'As her sun set' or 'At her sun's set.' But whether his state would really be more gracious, ἄδηλον πᾶσιν κτλ.'

In his whole course of life so swell'd with Pride,
That, fail'd in all 's intrigues, for grief he died.
Thus with ambitious wings we strive to soar,
Flutter a while, fall, and are seen no more.

The Danger of the Sea

From the Thirteenth Book of the *Macaronics* of MERLINUS COCCAIUS, beginning, *Infidum arridet saepe imprudentibus Aequor.*

THE treacherous seas unwary men betray,
Dissembling calms, but storms in ambush lay;
Such who in bounds of safety cannot keep,
Flock here to see the wonders of the deep:

They hope they may some of the Sea-Gods spy,
With all their train of Nymphs, and Tritons by:
But when their eyes lose the retiring shore,
Join Heaven with seas, and see the land no more:

Then wretched they, with brains are swimming round,
Their undigested meats and choler drown:
Nor yet their boiling stomachs can restrain,
Till they the waters all pollute, and stain.

When Aeolus enrag'd that human race,
Should his old friend the Ocean, thus disgrace,
To punish it, he from their hollow caves,
With rushing noise, lets loose the winds his slaves.

Who up tow'rds Heav'n such mighty billows throw,
You'd think you saw from thence Hell's vaults below.
Fools! To whom wrecks have of no caution been,
By other storms you might have this foreseen,

Ere your bold sailors launch'd into the main,
Then y' had ne'er strove to reach the shore in vain.

---

10 No such uncertainty about grammatical progress need be hinted here, as was ventured in the last note. The omission of 'he' before 'failed' [or foil'd], and the *nominativus pendens*, or awkwardly apposed, of 'swell'd' are not things to regret.

Title] Orig. by a clerical or printer's error 'Cocalius.' I have not yet identified the passage. It certainly is not in the 13th *Maccheronica* of Signor Portioli's ed. of Folengo (Mantova 1882) nor in the 12th, which, as containing the famous passage of the storm, might seem likelier.

22 The last line is an instance of the way in which the Alexandrine re-introduced itself. To get the exact decasyllable you force the elision of 'y' and the slur of 'ne'er.' Then it strikes you that

'Then ye / had ne/ver $\substack{\text{striven}\\\text{strove}}$ / to reach / the shore / in vain'

would be much better.

Philip Ayres

An Expostulation with Love

THY laws are most severe, oh Wingèd Boy!
  For us to love, and not enjoy:
What reason is't we should this pain abide?
  If love we must, you might provide,
Either that our affections we restrain,
From her we're sure to love in vain:

  Or after our desires so guide our feet,
  That where we love, we may an equal passion meet.

On the Art of Writing

SURE 'twas some God, in kindness first to men,
Taught us the curious art to use the pen.
'Tis strange the speaking quill should, without noise,
Express the various tones of human voice.

Of loudest accents we no sound retain,
Voice to its native air resolves again;
Yet tho' as wind words seem to pass away,
By pen we can their very echoes stay.

When we from other converse are confin'd,
This can reveal the secrets of the mind:
All authors must to it their praises own,
For 'twas the pen that made their labours known.

Good acts with bad tradition would confound,
But what we writ is kept entire and sound:
Of this ingenious art Fame loudly sings,
Which gives us lasting words, and lasting things.

The Morn

WHEN Light begins the eastern Heav'n to grace,
And the night's torches to the Sun give place,
Diana leaves her Shepherd to his sleep,
Griev'd that her horns cannot their lustre keep.

The boughs on which the wanton birds do throng,
Dance to the music of their chirping song,
Whilst they rejoice the dusky clouds are fled,
And bright Aurora rises from her bed.

Then fools and flatterers to Courts resort,
Lovers of game up, and pursue their sport;
With last night's sleep refresh'd, the lab'ring swain
Cheerfully settles to his work again.

Pleas'd Hobb unfolds his flocks, and whilst they feed,
Sits, and makes music on his oaten reed;
Then I wake too, and viewing Lesbia's charms,
Do glut myself with pleasure in her arms.

To his Ingenious Friend, Mr. N. Tate

Thro' various paths, for pleasures have I sought,
Which short content, and lasting trouble brought;
These are the clouds obscure my reason's light,
And charge with grief, when I expect delight.

Spite of all lets, thou Honour's hill dost climb,
Scorning to spend in empty joys thy time;
Thou in the foremost list of Fame dost strive,
Whose present virtues, future glories give.

With myrtle I, with bays, thou crown'st thy head,
Thine still is verdant, but my wreath is dead:
The trees I plant, and nurse with so much care,
Are barren; thine the glory of the year.

I only tune my pipe to Cynthia's fame,
With verse confin'd, but constant as my flame;
In thousand streams thy plenteous numbers fall,
Thy muse attempts all strains, excels in all.

Less Security at Sea than on Shore

An Idyllium of Moschus Englished, beginning, Τὰν ἅλα τὰν γλαυκάν—

When seas are calm, tost by no angry wind,
What roving thoughts perplex my easy mind!
My Muse no more delights me, I would fain
Enjoy the tempting pleasures of the main.

But when I see the blust'ring storms arise,
Heaving up waves, like mountains, to the skies;
The seas I dread, and all my fancy bend
To the firm land, my old and certain friend.

In pleasant groves I there can shelter take;
'Mongst the tall pines the winds but music make:
The fisher's boat 's his house, on seas he strives
To cheat poor fish, but still in danger lives.

---

16 If we read 'and fails' for 'excels' in the last couplet of this poem, it will not be inadequate to its subject.

Sweetly does gentle sleep my eyes invade,
While free from fear, under the plane-trees' shade
I lie, and there the neighb'ring fountains hear,
Whose purling noise with pleasure charms the ear.

A Sonnet. Platonic Love

Chaste Cynthia bids me love, but hope no more,
  Ne'er with enjoyment,—which I still have strove
  T' obey, and ev'ry looser thought reprove;
Without desiring her, I her adore.

What human passion does with tears implore,
  The intellect enjoys, when 'tis in love
  With the eternal soul, which here does move
In mortal closet, where 'tis kept in store.

Our souls are in one mutual knot combin'd,
Not common passion, dull and unrefin'd;
  Our flame ascends, that smothers here below:

The body made of earth, turns to the same,
As Soul t' Eternity, from whence it came;
  My Love 's immortal then, and mistress too.

Praises the Fountain Casis

Translated from Jovianus Pontanus

Casis, where Nymphs, and where the Gods resort,
Thou art a friend to all their am'rous sport;
Often does Pan from his Lycaeus run,
In thy cool shades to 'scape the mid-day's Sun;

With music he thy neighb'ring hills does fill,
On his sweet Syrinx, when he shows his skill;
To which the Naïdes hand in hand advance,
And in just measures tread their graceful dance:

By thee the goats delight, and browsing stray,
Whilst on the rocks the kids do skip and play;
Hither Diana, chasing deer, does hie,
For on thy banks her game will choose to die.

Here tir'd and hot, she sits and takes the air,
Here bathes her limbs, and combs and dries her hair:
The Muses in their songs thy praise express;
Dryas by thee begins to trick and dress.

Oft to thy streams Calliope retires,
And all the beauties of thy spring admires;
In whose close walks, while she from heat does keep,
Charm'd with thy murm'ring noise, she falls asleep.

To Cynthia gone into the Country

THO' the late parting was our joint desire,
It did with diff'rent passions us inspire;
Thou wert o'erjoy'd, opprest with sorrow I;
Thy thoughts did faster than thy footsteps fly.

But tho' I strove and labour'd to depart,
Spite of my feet, I follow'd with my heart;
Since thus I griev'd my loss, it was unkind
Not once to sigh for what thou left'st behind.

Soneto Español de Don Felipe Ayres

En alabanza de su Ingenioso Amigo, Don Pedro Reggio, uno de los mayores Musicos de su tiempo.

SI el Thebano Sabio, en dulce Canto
De su Tierra los Hechos escrivia,
Y en elegantes Versos los dezia,
Que viven y con embidia, con espanto;

Tu Reggio, ya con soberano encanto,
Del Pindaro Ingles, con Armonia,
Assi exprimes la dulce Melodia,
Que la admiration suspende el llanto.

No es mucho pues, que venҫes lo mas fuerte,
(Si ya tu voz merece eterna Palma)
Y tu Instrumento al mismo Apolo assombre,

Pues Logras dos Victorias en tu suerte,
Una de la Armonia para L'alma:
Otra del Instrumento para el Nombre.

A Sonnet. On Cynthia sick

HELP! Help! Ye Nymphs, whilst on the neighb'ring plain
Your flocks do feed, come and assistance bring;
Alas! Fair Cynthia's sick and languishing,
For whom my heart endures a greater pain.

Ye Syrens of the Thames, let all your train
Tune their shrill Instruments, and to them sing,
And let its flow'ry banks with echoes ring,
This may her wonted cheerful looks regain.

Soneto] I print Don Felipe here exactly as in the original, having no title to treat him otherwise.

Ye herbs, that richest med'cines can produce,
Come quickly and afford such sov'reign juice,
  As from her heart may all the pains remove:

But in her face if death would paleness give,
And Fate ordain that she in torment live,
  Then let her suffer in the flames of Love.

The Turtle Doves

From Jovianus Pontanus

Ye happy pair of turtle doves,
Renewing still your former loves,
Who on one bough, both sing one song,
Have but one care, one heart, one tongue;

Whilst our Loves varying as our fate,
Can scarce sometimes be known from Hate;
You to your first amours are true,
Would we could pattern take by you.

What force of love amongst us, tell,
Such opposition can compel?
If from some powerful fire it spring,
Whence all this cold and shivering?

From cold if Love's strange force arise
How are our hearts his sacrifice?
This myst'ry I can ne'er unfold,
Why Love is rul'd by heat and cold.

  You might the scruple best remove
  That are the emblem of TRUE-LOVE.

An Essay towards a Character of His Sacred Majesty King James the Second

I paint the Prince the World would surely crave,
Could they the sum of all their wishes have;
Pattern of goodness him on earth we see,
Who knows he bears the stamp of Deity;
He's made, by Nature, fit for sword or gown,
And with undoubted right enjoys his Crown;
As gold by fire, he's tried by suffering,
Preserv'd by miracles to be a King;
Troubles were foils to make his glories shine,
Through all conducted by a Hand Divine:
Malice long strove his fortunes to defeat,
Now Earth and Heav'n conspire to make him great:

He of all temp'ral blessings is possest,
But in a Royal Consort doubly blest:
His mind, as head, with princely virtue crown'd,
To him, no equal can on Earth be found.
His ev'ry action has peculiar grace,
And MAJESTY appears in mien and face.
In subjects' hearts, as on his throne he reigns;
Himself the weight of all his realms sustains;
Of ablest statesmen ever seeks advice,
And of best councils knows to make his choice;
Is taught by long obedience, to command;
His own best gen'ral He for sea, and land.
Loves Peace, whilst thus for War and Action fit,
And Arms and Hate lays down when foes submit:
Not of too open, nor too frugal mind,
In all things to the Golden Mean inclin'd;
Seems for himself not born, but people rather,
And shows by's care, that He's their common Father;
Lewdness expels both from his camp and Court;
No flatt'rers please, nor fools can make him sport;
Grave in discoursing, in his habit plain,
And all excess endeavours to restrain:
As Fates decree, so stands his Royal word,
O'er all his passions governs as their lord;
Nicely does he inspect each fair pretence,
Justice alike to friend and foe dispense;
He 's the retreat to which opprest do fly,
Extending help to those in misery.
Gracious to good, to wicked men severe,
Supports the humble, makes the haughty fear;
To true deserts in mercy unconfin'd,
His laws do more Himself than others bind,
At sea his naval power He stretches far,
In Europe holds the scales of Peace and War,
His actions lasting monuments shall frame,
None leave to future age so sweet a name.
  Add ten times more, the Royal Image must
  Fall short of JAMES the Great, the Good, the Just.

Sleeping Eyes

Fair Eyes, ye mortal stars below,
  Whose aspects do portend my ill!
That sleeping cannot choose but show
  How wretched me you long to kill;
    If thus you can such pleasure take,
    What would you, if you were awake?

---

50 And the next year was 1688.

To the Swallow

Εἰς Χελιδόνα

An Ode of Anacreon Englished

Beginning, Σὺ μὲν φίλη Χελιδών

I

Dear Bird, thy tunes and sportings here,
Delight us all the day;
Who dwell'st amongst us half the year,
And then art forc'd away.

II

Thou canst not Winter's fury bear,
But, cross the Southern Main,
To warmer Afric dost repair,
Till Spring return again.

III

But, ah! no force of storm, or art,
Drives Cupid from my breast,
He took possession of my heart,
And in it built his nest.

IV

This Bird there hatches all his young,
Where each by instinct led,
Learns of its sire his tricks and song,
With shell upon its head.

V

And ere these Loves have plum'd their wings,
They multiply apace,
For as one plays, or cries, or sings,
It propagates its race.

VI

Now their confusion 's grown so loud
It cannot be exprest:
I've such disturbance with the crowd,
They give my soul no rest.

Love so as to be belov'd again

An Idyllium of Moschus

Beginning, Ἤρα Πὰν Ἀχῶς τᾶς γείτονος . . .

Pan lov'd his neighbour Echo, Echo strove
To gain a nimble Satyr to her Love;
This Satyr had on Lyda fixt his flame,
Who on another swain had done the same.

As Echo Pan, did Satyr Echo hate;
And Lyda scorn'd the Satyr for her mate:
Thus Love by contrarieties did burn,
And each for Love and Hatred took the turn.

For as these did the other's flame despise,
As little those their lovers' passions prize:
Then learn all you who never felt the pain,
To love, as you may be belov'd again.

All things should contribute to the Lover's Assistance

An Idyllium of Moschus Englished

Beginning, Ἕσπερε, τᾶς ἐρατᾶς . . .

Of loving Venus, O Celestial Light!
Hesperus, Usher of the sable Night,
Tho' paler than the Moon, thou dost as far
Transcend in brightness ev'ry other star.

To my dear Shepherdess my steps befriend,
In Luna's stead do thou thy conduct lend;
With waning light, not long before the Sun,
She rose, and now by this her course has run.

No base intrigue this night I undertake,
No journey I for common bus'ness make:
I love, and bear within me Cupid's Fire,
And all things should to lovers' aid conspire.

Cupid turn'd Ploughman

An Idyllium of Moschus

Λαμπάδα θεὶς καὶ τόξα . . .

Once for his pleasure Love would go
Without his quiver, torch, or bow;
He took with him a ploughman's whip,
And corn as much as fill'd his scrip;
Upon his shoulders hung the load,
And thus equipp'd he went abroad;
With bulls that often yokes had worn,
He plough'd the ground, and sow'd his corn,
Then looking up to Heav'n with pride,
Thus mighty Jove he vilified.
'Now scorch my field, and spoil my seed,
Do, and you shall repent the deed;
Europa's bull! I'll make you bow
Your haughty neck, and draw my plough.'

Love's Subtilty

An Idyllium of Moschus

Beginning, Ἀλφειὸς μετὰ Πῖσαν . . .

By Pisa's walls does old Alpheus flow
To Sea, and thence to 's Arethusa go,
With waters bearing presents as they move,
Leaves, flowers, and olive-branches, to his Love.

And of the sacred dust the heroes raise,
When at Olympic Games they strive for bays;
He sinks and dives with art beneath the sea,
And to Sicilia does his streams convey.

But still will he his purity retain,
Nor is his course obstructed by the main.
'Twas Love, whose subtil tricks will ne'er be done,
That taught the am'rous river thus to run.

Love makes the best Poets

An Idyllium of Bion

Beginning, *Ταὶ Μοῖσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα τὸν ἄγριον* . . .

Darts, Torch, or Bow, the Muses do not fear,
They love and follow Cupid ev'ry where,
And him whose breast his arrows cannot reach,
They all avoid, refusing him to teach.

But if Love's fire begin to warm a heart,
They straight inspire it with their sacred art;
Let none with subtil logic this deny,
For I too well the truth can testify.

If Men or Gods I strive to celebrate,
My music's discord, and my verse is flat:
For Love, or Lycis, when my vein I show,
My viol's tun'd, and sweetest numbers flow.

The Death of Adonis

Ἄδωνιν ἡ Κυθήρη

Of Theocritus Englished

When VENUS her ADONIS found,
Just slain, and welt'ring on the ground,
With hair disorder'd, ghastly look,
And cheeks their roses had forsook;
She bad the Cupids fetch with speed,
The Boar that did this horrid deed:
They, to revenge Adonis' blood,
As quick as birds search'd all the wood,
And straight the murd'rous creature found,
Whom they, with chains, securely bound;
And whilst his net one o'er him flung,
To drag the captive Boar along;
Another follow'd with his bow,
Pushing to make him faster go;
Who most unwillingly obey'd,
For he of VENUS was afraid.
  No sooner she the Boar espied,
But, 'Oh! Thou cruel beast,' she cried,
'That hadst the heart to wound this thigh,
How couldst thou kill so sweet a boy?'
  'Great Goddess' (said the Boar, and stood
Trembling), 'I swear by all that's good,

By thy fair Self, by Him I've slain,
These pretty hunters, and this chain;
I did no harm this youth intend,
Much less had thought to kill your friend:
I gaz'd, and with my passion strove,
For with his charms I fell in love:
At last that naked thigh of his,
With lover's heat I ran to kiss;
Oh fatal cause of all my woe!
'Twas then I gave the heedless blow.
These tusks with utmost rigour draw,
Cut, break, or tear them from my jaw,
'Tis just I should these teeth remove,
Teeth that can have a sense of Love;
Or, this revenge if yet too small,
Cut off the kissing lips and all.'
When Venus heard this humble tale,
Pity did o'er her rage prevail,
She bad them straight his chains untie,
And set the Boar at liberty;
Who ne'er to wood return'd again,
But follow'd Venus in her train,
And when by chance to fire he came,
His am'rous tusks sing'd in the flame.

Love a Spirit

I told Jacinta t'other day,
As in a pleasant bow'r we sate,
Sporting and chatting time away,
Of Love, and of I know not what;

That Love 's a spirit, some maintain,
From whom (say they) we're seldom free;
He gives us both delight and pain,
Yet him we neither touch, nor see.

But when I view (said I) your eyes,
I can perceive he thither skips,
He now about them hov'ring flies,
And I can feel him on your lips.

Commends the Spring

A Paraphrase on an Idyllium of Bion

Beginning, Εἴαρος, ὦ Μύρσων, ἢ χείματος ἢ φθινοπώρου.

Cleodemus and Myrson

Cleodemus

Which season, Myrson, does most pleasure bring,
The Summer, Autumn, Winter, or the Spring?
Does not the Summer? When the joyful swain
Pays Ceres' rights, and fills his barns with grain.
Or is the Autumn best in your esteem?
That drives no shepherd to the distant stream
To quench his thirst: or wanting common food,
To range for nuts and acorns in the wood.

---

4 rights] *sic* in orig. It is often difficult to know whether to read 'rights' or 'rites,' and this is one of the cases.

For then our vines their nectar juice afford:
And orchards with ambrosian fruits are stor'd.
Or can you the cold WINTER more admire?
When frost and snow confine you to the fire,
With wine and feasting, music and delights,
And pleasant tales, to shorten tedious nights.
Or give you for the flow'ry SPRING your voice?
Pray tell me, for I long to hear your choice.

MYRSON

Since God at first (as we from poets hear)
Distinguish'd these Four Seasons of the Year,
Sacred to Deities, to whom we bow,
Our judgement of them they will scarce allow.
Yet, Cleodemus, answ'ring your request,
I'll tell my thoughts, which I esteem the best.
SUMMER offends, when Sol with fiercest ray,
On my tir'd limbs, does fainting heats convey:
And me as little can moist AUTUMN please,
Engend'ring fogs, that season 's all disease;
Much less could I delight in WINTER's snow,
Its nipping frosts, or tempests when they blow.
But, oh, the SPRING! whose name delights the ear,
Would a continual spring were all the year.
If th' others brought no damage, yet the Spring,
With purer air, makes birds in concert sing.
It clothes our fields, our gardens, and our bowers,
In fresh array, adorn'd with various flowers.
It makes the fruitful Earth, when pregnant long,
Bring forth, and kindly nurse her tender young.
Herds leave their fodder, and in pastures keep;
And day is equal to the time of sleep.
When God from Nothing made the Heav'ns and Earth,
And first gave all his creatures life and birth:
Sure it was Spring, and gentle winds did blow,
And all Earth's products full perfection show.

To sweet Meat, sour Sauce

An Imitation of THEOCRITUS or ANACREON

As Cupid from the bees their honey stole,
Being stung, he in the anguish of his soul,
Fled with his dear-bought purchase, which he laid
On Cynthia's lips, and thus in anger said:
'Here I'm resolv'd shall a memorial be,
Of this my sweet, but punish'd robbery:
Let him endure as great a pain as this,
Who next presumes these nectar lips to kiss;
Their sweetness shall convey revenging smart,
Honey to's mouth, but torment to his heart.'

The Young Fowler that mistook his Game

An Idyllium of Bion

'Ιξευτὰς ἔτι κῶρος ἐν ἄλσεϊ δενδράεντι
ὄρνεα θηρεύων . . .

A brisk young archer that had scarce his trade,
In search of game, alone his progress made
To a near wood, and as he there did rove,
Spied in a box-tree perch'd, the God of Love:
For joy, did he his lucky stars adore,
Ne'er having seen so large a bird before;
Then in due order all his lime-twigs set,
Prepar'd his arrows, and display'd his net;
Yet would the crafty bird no aim allow,
But flew from tree to tree, and bough to bough;
At which his strange success, for grief he cried,
In anger throwing bow and toils aside:
And to the man that taught him, ran in haste,
To whom he gave account of all that past,
Making him leave his plough, to come and see,
And show'd him Cupid sitting in the tree.
The good man, when he saw it, shook his head;
'Leave off, fond boy, leave off,' he smiling said;
'Haste from this dang'rous fowl, that from you flies,
And follow other game, let me advise.
For when to riper age you shall attain,
This bird that shuns you now, you'll find again;
Then use your skill, 'twill all your art abide;
Sit on your shoulders, and in triumph ride.'

Cupid's Nest

Ah! Tell me, Love, thy nesting place,
Is't in my heart, or Cynthia's face?
For when I see her graces shine,
There art thou perch'd with pow'r divine:
Yet straight I feel thy pointed dart,
And find thee flutt'ring in my heart;
Then since amongst us thou wilt show,
The many tricks thou, Love, canst do,
Prithee for sport remove thy nest,
First to my face, and then to Cynthia's breast.

To Himself

Εἰς Ἑαυτόν

An Ode of Anacreon

Beginning, Ὅταν ὁ Βάκχος εἰσέλθῃ . . .

When fumes of Wine ascend into my brain,
Care sleeps, and I the bustling world disdain,
Nor all the wealth of Croesus I esteem,
I sing of mirth, for Jollity's my theme.

With garlands, I my ruby temples crown,
Keeping rebellious thoughts of business down;
In broils, and wars, while others take delight,
I with choice friends indulge my appetite.

Then fetch more bottles, Boy, and charge us round,
We'll fall to Bacchus, victims on the ground;
Nor value what dull moralists have said,
I'm sure 'tis better to be drunk, than dead.

To his Mistress

Εἰς Κόρην

An Ode of Anacreon

Beginning, Ἡ Ταντάλου ποτ᾽ ἔστη . . .

Near Troy, Latona's rival makes her moan,
Chang'd by the Gods, into a weeping stone;
And ravish'd Philomel (they say 'tis true)
Became a bird, stretch'd out her wings, and flew.

But I could wish to be your looking-glass,
Thence to admire the beauties of your face:
Or *robe de chambre*, that each night and morn,
On those sweet limbs undrest, I might be worn.

Or else a crystal spring for your delight,
And you to bathe in those cool streams invite:
Or be some precious sweets to please the smell,
That in your hand, I near your lips might dwell.

Or string of pearls, upon your neck to rest,
Or pendent gem, kissing your snowy breast;
E'en to your feet, would I my wish pursue,
A shoe I'd be, might I be worn by you.

To Love

Εἰς Ἔρωτα

An Ode of Anacreon

Beginning, Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι . . .

'Tis sad if Love should miss a heart,
Yet sadder much to feel the smart,
But who can Cupid's wounds endure,
And have no prospect of a cure?

We Lovers are not look'd upon
For what our ancestors have done.
Wit and good parts have slight regard,
No Virtue can obtain reward.

They ask what coin our purses hold,
No object 's like a heap of gold.
But doubly be the wretch accurst
Who taught us to esteem it first.

This thirst of gold incites one brother
To ruin or destroy another:
Our fathers we for gold despise.
Hence Envy, Strife, and Wars arise:
  And Gold 's the bane, as I could prove,
  Of all that truly are in Love.

On a Death's-Head, covered with Cobwebs, kept in a Library, and said to be the Skull of a King

A Sonnet. Out of Spanish, from Don Luis De Gongora

This mortal spoil which so neglected lies,
  Death's sad Memento, now where spiders weave
  Their subtil webs, which innocence deceive,
Whose strength to break their toils cannot suffice:

Saw itself crown'd, itself triumphant saw,
  With mighty deeds proclaiming its renown;
  Its smiles were favours, terror was its frown,
The World of its displeasure stood in awe.

Where Pride ordaining laws did once preside,
Which land should peace enjoy, which wars abide,
  There boldly now these little insects nest;

Then raise not, Kings, your haughty plumes so high,
For in Death's cold embraces when you lie,
  Your bones with those of common subjects rest.

From an Imperfect Ode of Hybrias the Cretan

Beginning, *Ἔστι μοι πλοῦτος, μέγα δόρυ, καὶ ξίφος . . .*

My riches are a trusty sword, and spear,
And a tough shield, which I in battle wear;
This, as a rampart, its defence does lend,
Whilst with the others I my foes offend.

With these I plough, with these my crops I reap,
With these, for wine, I press the juicy grape,
These are (unless I fall by fickle chance)
Machines which me to dignities advance.

Oh thrice beloved Target, Spear, and Sword,
That all these heav'nly blessings can afford!
Those who the havoc of my weapons fear,
And tremble when of blood, and wounds they hear.

They are the men which me my treasures bring,
Erect my trophies, style me Lord and King:
And such, while I my conquests spread abroad,
Fall and adore me, as they do their God.

Complains of the Shortness of Life

An Idyllium of Bion

Εἴ μοι καλὰ πέλει τὰ μελύδρια . . .

Tho' I had writ such poems, that my name
Deserv'd enrolment in the Book of Fame;
Or tho' my Muse could ne'er acquire the bays,
Why thus in drudging do I spend my days?
For should indulgent Heav'n prolong our date,
Doubling the term of life prescrib'd by Fate,
That we might half in care and toil employ,
And spend the other in delights and joy:
We then this sweet assurance might retain,
To reap in time the fruits of all our pain:
But since none can the bounds of life extend,
And all our troubles have a speedy end,
Why do we wrack our brains, and waste our health,
To study curious arts, or heap up wealth?
Sure we forget we came of mortal seed,
And the short time Fate has for us decreed.

Being sick of a Fever, complains of the Fountain Casis

Out of Latin from Jovianus Pontanus

Casis, to craving fields thou lib'ral flood,
Why so remote when thou should'st cool my blood?
From mossy rocks thy silver streams do glide,
By which the sultry air is qualified;
Tall trees do kindly yield thy head their shade,
Where choirs of birds their sweet retreats have made;
But me a fever here in bed detains,
And heat dries up the moisture of my veins.
For this, did I with flowers thy banks adorn?
And has, for this, thy head my garlands worn?
Ungrateful spring, 'tis I, thy tale have told,
And sang in verses, thy renown of old.
How on a time, Jove made in Heav'n a feast,
To which each God and Goddess came a guest;
Young Ganymede was there to fill the bowl,
The boy, by 's Eagle Jove from Ida stole:
Who, proud the Gods admir'd his mien and face,
And active in the duty of his place:
Turning in haste, he made a careless tread,
And from the goblet all the nectar shed,
Which pouring down from Heav'n upon the ground,
In a small pit, itself had forc'd, was found.
At which Jove smil'd, and said, 'My lovely boy,
I'll make this keep thy chance in memory;
A brook shall flow where first thy liquor fell,
And Casis call'd, which of thy fame shall tell.'
Then with a kiss he did his minion grace,
Making a crimson blush o'erspread his face.

This flatt'ring tale I often us'd to sing,
To the soft music of thy bubbling spring;
But thou to distant Umbrians dost retire,
Forgetful grown of thy Aonian lyre;
No kindness now thou yield'st me as at first,
No cooling water to allay my thirst;
I have thy image in my troubled brain,
But to my palate no relief obtain.
Whole vessels in my dreams I seem to drink,
And that I cool my raging fever think;
My sleep to me at least this comfort yields,
Whilst the fierce dog-star chaps the parchèd fields.
Some help, ye Muses, to your Poet bring,
Let him not thirst that drinks your sacred spring;
Persephon's favour with your songs implore,
Orpheus appeas'd her with his harp before.

His Heart, into a Bird

THE tears o'erflow'd fair Cynthia's eyes,
Her pretty bird away was flown;
For this great loss she made her moan,
And quarrell'd with her destinies.

My Heart a secret joy exprest,
As hoping good from that escape,
Took wings, and in the fug'tive's shape,
Got shelter in her snowy breast.

Which prov'd a fatal resting-place,
For she, th' impostor when she found,
Gave it with spite a mortal wound,
Then pleas'd, she laugh'd, and dried her face.

In Praise of a Country Life

THE bliss which souls enjoy above,
He seems on Earth to share,
Who does divine retirement love,
And frees himself from care,
Nor thought admits which may his peace control,
But in a quiet state contents his bounded soul.

Faction and noisy routs he hates,
Fills not his head with news,
Waits at no state-man's crowded gates,
Nor servile phrase does use;
From all false meaning are his words refin'd,
His sober out-side is the index of his mind.

In pleasant shades enjoys his ease,
No project spoils his sleep,
With rural pipe himself can please,
And charm his wand'ring sheep,
Till to his cottage in some quiet grove,
By dusky night's approach he's summon'd to remove.

On tempting gold, and baits of gain,
With scorn he casts his eyes,
As Mischief's root, and Virtue's bane,
Can their assaults despise;
Riches he sees our liberty abuse,
And to their slavish yoke he does his neck refuse.

9 The form 'state-man' is just worth notice.

Fruit-trees their loaded boughs extend,
For him to take his choice;
His wholesome drink the fountains lend,
With pleasant purling noise;
In notes untaught, birds that like him are free,
Strive which shall most delight him with their harmony.

Th' industrious bee example shows,
And teaches him to live,
While she from woodbine, pink, and rose,
Flies loaded to her hive:
Yet narrow bounds contain his winter's store,
Let Nature be supplied, and he desires no more.

No misery this man attends,
Vice cannot him allure,
Each chance contributes to his ends,
Which makes his peace secure;
Others may boast of their luxurious strife,
But happy he possesses more of solid life.

Mortal Jealousy

Begone, O thou distracting Care,
Partner of Sorrow, and Despair!
Thy poison spreads to ev'ry part
Of this my poor tormented heart.

If it be false, with which of late
Thou hast disturb'd my quiet state,
Why, to affright me, would'st thou bring
So well compos'd a monstrous thing?

But if with Truth thou would'st delight,
To clear my long deluded sight,
Under that veil does falsehood lie,
'Tis Death thou bring'st, not Jealousy.

The Innocent Magician; or, A Charm against Love

A great, but harmless conjurer am I,
That can Love's captives set at liberty;
Hearts led astray by his deluding flame,
I to their peaceful dwellings can reclaim;
Love's wings I clip, and take from him his arms,
By the sole virtue of my sacred charms.

His empire shakes when I appear in sight,
My words the wing'd and quiver'd boys affright;
Their close retreats my boundless power invades,
Nor can they hide them in their myrtle shades.
Their Sun's bright rays, they now eclips'd shall find,
Whose fancied light strikes giddy Lovers blind,

Rays of fair eyes, which they proclaim divine,
And boast they can Sol's dazzling beams out-shine.
The storms of sighs, and rivers of their eyes,
My skill allays, and their large current dries.
Hearts that are dead, I from their graves retrieve,
And by my magic-spell can make them live.

For know, they're only tricks, and subtil arts,
With which the Tyrant Love ensnares our hearts;
This traitor plants his toils to gain his prize,
In curls of flaxen hair, and sparkling eyes:
In each soft look, and smile, he sets a gin,
White hands or snowy breasts can tempt us in.

Wholly on mischief is his mind employ'd,
His fairest shows do greatest dangers hide;
With charming sounds his vot'ries he beguiles,
Till he destroys them by his Syren's wiles;
His cunning Circes ev'rywhere deceive,
And men of souls and human shape bereave.

A thousand other arts this treach'rous boy,
To heedless lovers' ruin does employ.
Be watchful then, and his allurements shun:
So ends my charm. Run to your Freedom: run.

The Happy Nightingale

Melodious creature, happy in thy choice!
    That sitting on a bough
Dost sing, 'Dear mate, my dear, come to me now';
    And she obeys thy voice.
Ah, could my songs such bliss procure!
For mine could Cynthia ne'er allure:

Nor have I wings like thee to fly,
    But must neglected lie;
I cannot her to pity move,
    She scorns my songs, and me:
While thou rejoicest all the grove
    (As well thou may'st) with melody,
For thou art happy in thy love.

No creature e'er could boast a perfect state,
  Unless to thee it may belong,
      Since Nature lib'rally supplies
      All thy infirmities,
  To thy weak organs gave a pow'rful song;
Tho' small in size, thou art in Fortune great,
Compar'd to mine, thy happiness is most complete.

On Fame

THE Fame we covet is a wand'ring air,
Which against Silence wages constant war;
For to be mute does her so much displease,
That true, or false, she seldom holds her peace;
She but a while can in a place remain,
'Tis running up and down, does her sustain;
Tho' dead she seem, she quickly can revive,
And with a thousand tongues, a Hydra live.

Leander Drowned

THO' winds and seas oppose their utmost spite,
Join'd with the horror of a dismal night,
To keep his word the brave Leander strove,
Honour his Convoy, and his Pilot Love;
He long resists the envious billows' rage,
Whose malice would his generous flame assuage.

At last, his weary limbs o'ercome with pain,
No longer could the mighty force sustain;
Then thoughts of losing Hero made him grieve,
Only for Hero could he wish to live.
With feeble voice, a while to respite Fate,
He with his foes would fain capitulate:

Whilst they against him still their fury bend,
Nor these his dying accents would attend:
'Since to your greater powers I must submit,
Ye Winds and Seas, at least, this prayer admit;
That with my faith I may to her comply,
And at return let me your Victim die.'

To Sleep, when sick of a Fever

HAPPY are we who when our senses tire,
Can slack the chain of thought, and check Desire.
Nature her works does in perfection frame,
Rarely producing any weak, or lame;

She looks on Man with kindest Influence,
Does for one ill a thousand goods dispence;
Sleep, blessed Sleep she gave our lab'ring eyes.
Oh how I now those happy minutes prize!

This rest, our Life's cessation we may call,
The ease of Toil, of Care the interval.
For such refreshment we from Sleep obtain,
That we with pleasure fall to work again.

To minds afflicted, Sleep a cure imparts,
Pouring its sov'reign balsam on our hearts.
When wounds or sharp distempers rage, and sting,
Kind slumbers then some welcome respites bring:

But waking kept by an excess of grief,
We from Eternal Sleep expect relief.
So wretched I, tormented to Despair,
With pain my body, and my soul with Care,

Implore thy comfort, gentle Deity,
Whom none could e'er but with clos'd eyelids see.

An Epigram on Woman

SINCE Man's a Little World, to make it great
Add Woman, and the metaphor's complete;
Nature this piece with utmost skill design'd,
And made her of a substance more refin'd,
But wretched Man, compos'd of dust and clay,
Must like all earthly things, with Time decay;

While she may justly boast of what's eternal,
A Heav'nly Count'nance, and a Heart Infernal.

Of Learning

Περὶ Γραμμάτων

A Paraphrase on CALLIMACHUS

Beginning, *Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὰ μὲν ὅσσα . . .*

THE rosy chaplets which my head adorn,
And richest garments on my body worn,
In beauty and in substance must decay,
And by degrees shall all consume away.

The meats and drinks which do my life sustain,
Nature in certain hours expels again.
We of no outward blessings are secure,
They cannot Time's nor Fortune's shocks endure.

For all my worldly goods are subject still
To a thief's mercy, or oppressor's will:
But Sacred Learning treasur'd in the mind,
When all things else forsake me, stays behind.

Cynthia returned from the Country

Is Cynthia happily return'd,
Whose absence I so long have mourn'd?
Or do I dream, or is it she?
My life's restorer 'tis, I see.
Ah, Fugitive, that hadst the heart,
Body and Soul so long to part!
Thy presence is a sweet surprise,
A welcome dream to waking eyes;
Who can such joy in bounds contain,
My Cynthia is come back again!
No notice of your coming? This
Is just to surfeit me with bliss.
You are (as when you went) unkind,
With such extremes to charge my mind;
This sudden pleasure might destroy,
E'er Sorrow could make way for Joy.
The eye is struck before the ear,
We lightning see, e'er we the thunder hear.

A Paean, or Song of Triumph, translated into a Pindaric; supposed to be of Alcaeus, of Sappho, or of Praxilla the Sicyonian[1]

Beginning, 'Εν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω . . .

THIS sword I'll carry in a myrtle bough,
It is my trophy now;
Aristogiton, and Harmodius,
They bare it thus,
When they the Tyrant had destroy'd,
Restoring Athens to those liberties,
Which she so much does prize,
And which she anciently enjoy'd.

O dear Harmodius! Thou art not dead,
But in the Island of the Blest
Dost live in peace, and rest:
For so, 'tis said,
Thou happy art in company
Of swift Achilles, and fierce Diomede;
And dost Tydides see;

---

[1] Whence did Ayres get his idea of the authorship of this famous scolion? It has no ancient warranty that I know of. The curious thing is that there *is* a fragment ('Αδμήτου λόγον &c.) which Praxilla has the honour of contesting (successfully according to the Scholiast) with the two great lyrists. As both pieces are quoted in Aristophanes, and both are commented on by the Scholiasts there, the mistake is rather creditable to Ayres than the reverse. For he had pretty evidently read his Aristophanes, though his memory shuffled the words. But his apparent severance of 'Diomede' and 'Tydides' is less excusable. In the Greek (see Bergk, iii. 647, ed. 4) there is no ambiguity. (Collins, in the *Liberty* Ode, plumps for Alcaeus, of course.)

Therefore this Sword in a green myrtle bough,
I carry as in triumph now.
The brave Harmodius,
And fam'd Aristogiton bare it thus:
For when they had perform'd the sacrifice,
To our great patroness, Minerva, due,
They, as he in his grandeur sate,
The tyrant, proud Hipparchus, slew,
Who o'er th' Athenian State,
Without pretence of right, did tyrannize.

Eternal honours you on Earth shall gain,
Aristogiton and Harmodius!
You have the bloody tyrant slain,
By which you do restore
Your city to the laws which govern'd it before.

Beauty makes us Happy

HAPPY 's the man who does thy beauty see;
Yet happier he who sees and sighs for thee:
But he does greatest happiness obtain,
Who sighs for thee, and makes thee sigh again;
Some powerful star did govern at his birth,
Who for the lov'liest creature upon earth,
Shall in content his eye and wishes join,
And safely say of thee, That heart is mine.

To John Dryden, Esq.; Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal, his Honoured Friend

MY Muse, when heated with poetic flame,
Longs to be singing thy exalted name;
The noble task she sets before my eyes,
And prompts me to begin the enterprise;

My eager hand no sooner takes the pen,
But seiz'd with trembling, lets it fall agen:
My tim'rous heart bids stop, and whisp'ring says,
What canst thou sing that may advance his praise?

His quill 's immortal, and his flights are higher
Than eye of human fancy can aspire:
A lasting fountain, from whose streams do flow
Eternal honours where his works shall go.

From him the wits their vital humour bring:
As brooks have their first currents from the Spring;
Could my unskilful pen augment his fame,
I should my own eternize with his name.

But hold, my Muse, thy theme too great decline,
Remember that the subject is divine:
His works do more than pen or tongues can say,
Each line does Beauty, Grace, and Wit display.

To a Singing Bird

Dear prison'd Bird, how do the stars combine
To make my am'rous state resemble thine?
Thou, happy thou! dost sing, and so do I,
Yet both of us have lost our liberty;
For him thou sing'st who captive thee detains,
And I for her who makes me wear her chains:
But I, alas, this disproportion find,
Thou for delight, I sing to ease my mind:
Thy heart 's exalted, mine depress'd does lie;
Thou liv'st by singing, I by singing die.

The Happy Lover

Hark Lovers, hark, and I shall tell
A wonder that will please you well;
She, whom I lov'd as my own heart,
For whom I sigh'd and suffer'd smart;
Whom I above the world admir'd:
When I approach'd, who still retir'd:
Was so reserv'd, but yet so fair,
An angel to what others are:
Herself from Love escapes not free.
The man belov'd? 'Tis happy I am He.

On Peace

Περὶ εἰρήνης

The Paean of Bacchylides, beginning

Τίκτει δὲ θνατοῖσιν εἰρήνα μεγάλα
Πλοῦτον . . .

Great Goddess Peace does Wealth on us bestow,
From her our Sciences and Learning flow,
Our Arts improve, and we the artists prize,
Our Altars fume with richest sacrifice:

Youths mind their active sports—they often meet,
Revel, and dance with maidens in the street;
The useless shield serves to adorn the hall,
Whence spiders weave their nets against the wall;

Gauntlets and spears lie cover'd o'er with dust,
And slighted swords half eaten up with rust;
No trumpets sound, no rattling drums we hear,
No frightful clamours pierce the tim'rous ear;

Our weary eyes enjoying nat'ral rest,
Refresh the heart when 'tis with cares opprest;
Days steal away in feasting and delight,
And lovers spend in serenades the night.

An Ode of Anacreon

Beginning Πολιοὶ μὲν ἡμῖν ἤδη κρόταφοι . . .

My hairs are hoary, wrinkled is my Face,
I lose my strength, and all my manly grace;
My eyes grow dim, my teeth are broke or gone,
And the best part of all my life is done;

I'm drown'd in cares, and often sigh and weep;
My spirits fail me, broken is my sleep;
Thoughts of the gaping grave distract my head;
For in its paths, 'wake or asleep, we tread;

None can from it by art their feet restrain;
Nor back, tho' wide its gates, can come again.
Then since these ills attend the life of man,
Let's make their burden easy as we can.

Cares are no cares, but whilst on them we think,
To clear our minds of such dull thoughts, let's drink.

The Musical Conqueress

Led by kind stars one ev'ning to the grove,
I spied my Cynthia in the Walk of Love;
Her heav'nly voice did soon salute my ears,
I heard, methought, the Music of the Spheres.

Those notes on all the birds had laid a spell,
And list'ning 'mongst the rest was Philomel;
Who thinking she, in credit, suffer'd wrong,
Strove, tho' in vain, to equal Cynthia's song:

But when herself, in voice, outdone she knew,
Being griev'd, she ceas'd, and from her rival flew,
I stay'd and saw my fair walk round the tree,
And sing her triumph for the victory.

Thus whilst my ears were feasted with delight,
My eyes no less were charm'd at her angelic sight.

A Nymph to a young Shepherd, insensible of Love

Why dost thou fly me thus? Oh cruel boy!
I am no wolf that would thy life destroy:
But a fond Nymph, admirer of thy face,
As Echo once of fair Narcissus was.

Thou e'en in dangers dost thy fancy please,
Striving with toil the hunted game to seize:
While wretched me, who languish for thy sake,
When in thy net thou dost refuse to take.

But I, alas, in vain attempt to find
Effects of pity in a hard'ned mind:
As soon the hare its hunters may pursue,
As I with prayers thy cruel heart subdue.

My pow'r, I see, cannot thy steps retain,
Thus led by sports, and wing'd by thy disdain.

Compares the Troubles which he has undergone for Cynthia's Love, to the Labours of Hercules

Not Hercules himself did undertake
Such toilsome labours for his mistress' sake:
As I for many years with endless pain,
The slave of Love, Love's fatigues sustain.

Tho' he slew Hydra; from th' Infernal King,
Did the three-headed yelping porter bring;
Tyrants destroy'd; Nemaean lion tare,
And Atlas' burden on his shoulders bare.

To stand the scorns of an imperious brow;
Resist such hate as would no truce allow;
A stubborn heart by patient suff'ring, tame;
And with weak rhythms, exalt her glorious name;

Are acts shall more the world with wonder fill,
Than his who did so many monsters kill;
Conquer a crafty bull; disturb Hell's Court;
Th' Hesperian garden rob, and Heav'n support.

The Trophy

Now, now, my heart's my own again,
The vict'ry's won, no more I'll grieve;
My mind's at peace, 'tis eased of pain
And now I shall with pleasure live.
Lovers from your IDOL fly,
He's the common ENEMY;
Let him flatter, let him smile,
All his drifts are to beguile;
His poison he distills,
By cunning ARTS,
Into our HEARTS,
And then with torment kills;
Trust not his deluding FACE,
Dang'rous is his kind embrace;
Believe not what you hear or see,
For He's made up of TREACHERY;
Nor be by TRICKS into his ambush charm'd,
The more HE naked seems, the more He's arm'd.

In Sphaeram Archimedis

Claudian, Englished

Jove saw the sphere old Archimedes made,
And to the other Gods he laughing said,
'Such wondrous skill can crafty mortals get,
Of my great work to make the counterfeit?

Heav'n's and Earth's constitutions, fixt by Fate,
This Syracusan's art does imitate;
His various planets their just order have,
Keeping by springs the motions which he gave;

Thro' the twelve signs his Sun completes its years,
And each new month, his mock new-Moon appears;
Pleas'd with his World, this artist unconfined,
Boldly rules Heav'n in his aspiring mind.

No more Salmoneus' thunder I admire,
Here's one has ap'd all Nature's works entire.'

The Frailty of Man's Life

The life we strive to lengthen out,
Is like a feather rais'd from ground,
Awhile in air 'tis tost about,
And almost lost as soon as found;

If it continue long in sight,
'Tis sometimes high and sometimes low,
Yet proudly aims a tow'ring flight,
To make the more conspicuous show.

The air with ease its weight sustains,
Since 'tis by Nature light, and frail;
Seldom in quiet state remains,
For troops of dangers it assail.

And after various conflicts with its foes,
It drops to Earth, the Earth from whence it rose.

Of the Miseries attending Mankind

Posidippus the Comic Poet

Beginning, *Ποίην τίς βιότοιο τάμοι τρίβον;* . . .

Oh mis'ry of Mankind! For at the Bar
Are strifes and quarrels; at our houses, Care;
In fields, hard labour; dangers, on the sea;
Who travels rich, can ne'er from fears be free;

Grievous is Want; Marriage, eternal strife:
A single, is a solitary life;
Children, bring Care and Trouble; to have none,
The happiness of wedlock is not known;

Our Youth is Folly; e'er we can grow wise,
We're old, and loaded with infirmities.
So we may wish, who have th' experience try'd,
That we had ne'er been born: or soon as born had died.

Of the Blessings attending Mankind

Metrodorus the Athenian Philosopher, contradicting the former

Beginning, *Παντοίην βιότοιο τάμοις τρίβον* . . .

Happy mankind! For where we fix to live,
The Gods a blessing to that station give;
If at the Bar it be our lot to plead,
There Wisdom reigns, and there is Justice weigh'd;

Or if at home we would ourselves maintain,
We there by industry may riches gain,
Of Nature's bounty, fields the prospect show;
From Sea the merchant knows his treasures flow;

Who travels rich, with Honour does appear;
Who has least Wealth, hath still the less to fear;
If married, thou may'st rule as lord at home;
If single, hast the liberty to roam;

Children, the comfort of our lives procure;
If none, we are from thousand cares secure;
To exercise and sports is Youth inclin'd;
Old Age does ever veneration find:

So we may those imprudent fools deride,
That wish they'd ne'er been born; or soon as born had died.

To make a Married Life happy

From Menander the Athenian

Γυνὴ πολυτελής ἐστ' ὀχληρόν . . .

A brisk young wife, who did a fortune bring,
Proves to her husband a vexatious thing;
Yet these advantages to him she gives,
By her, in his posterity, he lives;

She takes of him, when sick, a prudent care,
In his misfortunes bears an equal share;
To her, for ease, he does his griefs impart,
Her pleasant converse often cheers his heart;

And when (if she survive) he ends his life,
She does the office of a pious wife.
Set these against her ills, and you will find
Reasons to quiet your uneasy mind.

But if you'll strive her temper to reclaim,
Slight these good things, the bad expose to shame,
And no compliance to her humour lend,
To your vexations ne'er shall be an end.

On Man's Life

Simonides, *Εἰς τῶν θνητῶν βίον*

Beginning, *Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μένει χρῆμ' ἔμπεδον αἰεί.*

No human thing in constancy will stay;
The learned Chian us'd of old to say,
Our life was frailer than the fading leaves;
Which Man forgets, and scarce its flight perceives:

He harbours idle fancies in his brain,
Many which he from childhood did retain:
And whilst his vigour lasts, he's still inclin'd
To fill with trifles his unsettled mind;

On Age or Death ne'er thinks, nor takes he care
Health to preserve, or active limbs to spare.
We to more serious things our minds should give;
Youth hastes, and we have little time to live.

To weigh this well, is a material part,
This thought 's of worth, record it in thy heart.

The Contempt of Old Age

Ψόγος Γήρως

From two Elegies of Mimnermus, the first being imperfect begins

᾿Αλλ᾽ ὀλιγοχρόνιον γίγνεται . . .

'Tis a short time our precious youth will stay:
Like some delightful dream it steals away;
And then comes on us, creeping in its stead,
Benumbing Old Age, with its hoary head;

Which beauty spoils, our nerves with crampings binds,
It clouds our eyesight, and disturbs our minds.
When Jove to Tithon endless old age gave,
'Twas sure of greater terror than the grave.

Some have in youth been for their beauty priz'd,
Which when deform'd by age, become despis'd;
Then peevish grown, and vex'd at children's slight,
Take not abroad, nor at their homes, delight.

Bed-rid, and scorn'd, with pains, and rheums, they lie:
The Gods on Age throw all this misery.

In Praise of Old Age

From Anaxandrides the Rhodian Poet, beginning

Οὔτοι τὸ γῆράς ἐστιν
τῶν φορτίων μέγιστον . . .

Old Age, which we both hope and fear to see,
Is no such burden as it seems to be:
But it uneas'ly if we undergo,
'Tis then ourselves take pains to make it so.

A yielding patience will create our ease,
So do the wise compound in youth for peace.
Who thus complies, both to himself is kind,
Whilst he secures the quiet of his mind:

And to his friends a just respect does show,
Which gains him love, and veneration too.

From Crates the Philosopher, on the same

Beginning, Ὠνείδισάς μοι γῆρας ὡς κακὸν μέγα . . .

Some giddy fools do rev'rend Age deride,
But who enjoy'd it not, untimely died;
We pray we may to good old age attain,
And then of its infirmities complain;
But their insatiate minds I must admire,
Who old, infirm, and poor, can longer life desire.

The Timely Memento

The shipwrack'd bark cannot more sure convey
Our human life into the raging sea:
Nor darts to mark can more directly fly:
Nor floods to th' ocean, than we post to die.

Then happy thou, who dost so well begin,
And so thy race hold on, the palm to win!
Blest Runner! that when tir'd, and lying down,
Dost rise possess'd of an Eternal Crown.

Only by closing here thy mortal eyes,
Opens the passage to celestial joys.
Then let him take the Earth who loves to reign,
Yet a small tract, e'er long, shall him contain;

Where he as monarch cannot be obey'd,
For saucy worms his limits shall invade.
If all must die, why should we fear and grieve,
Since dying is the only way to live?

On Good Friday, the Day of our Saviour's Passion

Weep this great day! Let tears o'erflow your eyes;
When Father gave his Son in sacrifice;
This day for us his precious Blood was spilt,
Whose dying made atonement for our guilt.

He on a cross, with shame, gave up his breath,
E'en He who could not die, did suffer death:
Closing his eyes, to Heav'n He op'd a way,
And gave those life who then expiring lay.

Death did against our souls those arms prepare,
But He the fury of the conflict bare;
To guard our lives his body was the shield,
And by our Gen'ral's fall we gain the field.

When graves shall open, Temple's Veil be torn,
The El'ments weep, and Heav'ns themselves shall mourn;
O hearts more hard than stones, not to relent!
May we shed pious tears, and of our sins repent.

Of Imprudence

Περὶ ἀφροσύνης

Rhianus the Cretan

Ἦ ἄρα δὲ μάλα πάντες ἁμαρτίνοοι πελόμεσθα
Ἄνθρωποι . . .

What is't that thus frail Men with Error blinds?
Who bear Heav'n's gifts in such imprudent minds;
The Poor with eyes and hearts dejected go,
Charging the Gods as authors of their woe;
They suit their habit to their humble state,
And scarce their minds with virtues cultivate;
How they should speak, or move, they stand in fear,
When 'mongst the rich and pow'rful they appear;
They ev'ry gesture do to sadness frame,
And blushing faces show their inward shame.

But he whom Heav'n has blest with lib'ral hand,
And giv'n him o'er his fellow men command,
Forgets he on the Earth his feet does place,
Or that his parents were of mortal race;
He, swell'd with Pride, in thunder speaks like Jove,
Does in a sphere above his betters move.
But tho' so rich, so stately, and so grave,
Has not more stock of brains than others have.
Yet would he climb to Heav'n to find a seat
Amongst the Gods, and at their banquets eat.
Till swift-wing'd Ate, Mischief's Deity,
Light on his head, e'er he her coming spy;
Who can herself in various shapes disguise,
When old or young, she would in snares surprise;
She on poor fools, as well as those in height,
Does to great Jove, and to Astraea right.

His Remedies against the Miseries of Man's Life

Timocles the Athenian. More at large exemplified

Ὦ τᾶν ἄκουσον ἤν τί σοι δοκῶ λέγειν.

Consider well this truth, for 'tis of use,
Nature did ne'er a thing like Man produce,
So charged with ills, from which so seldom free,
Sometimes his life's a scene of misery.

Nor human industry can respite gain
For his soul's anguish, or his body's pain,
But by reflecting what some men endure,
Which to himself may present ease procure,
And tales of what in former times was done,
Laid in the scale, and weigh'd against his own.

Art thou reduc'd to beg from door to door?
When Telephus was young he suffer'd more;
In woods expos'd, without relief he lay,
For some devouring beasts a royal prey;
If thou, with his, thy miseries compare,
Thou wilt confess he had the greatest share.

Have troubles turn'd thy brain to make thee rage?
Thoughts of Alcmaeon may thy griefs assuage;
By furies scourg'd, he mad, in torments died,
Yet justly suffer'd for his parricide.

Wert thou by chance, or made by others blind?
Call Œdipus the Theban King to mind;
Who quit his throne, himself of sight depriv'd,
Became more wretched still, the more he liv'd,
Till Sorrow brake his heart, which scarcely cou'd
Atone for incest, and his father's blood.

Thy son if dead, or was in battle slain?
A greater loss did Niobe sustain;
She saw her fourteen children slaughter'd lie,
A punishment for her IMPIETY,
Who great Latona's offspring had defied,
By whom, thus childless, drown'd in tears, she died.

On Philoctetes think, should'st thou be lame;
He, a most pow'rful Prince, endur'd the same;
To conquer Troy he show'd the Greeks a way,
To whom he did the fatal shafts betray;
His foot disclos'd the secret of his heart,
For which, that treach'rous foot endur'd the smart.

Hast thou thy life in ease and pleasure led,
Till Age contract thy nerves, and bow thy head?
Then, of thy greatest joy on earth, bereft,
O'erwhelm'd in Sorrow, and Despair, art left?

So old King Œneus lost his valiant son,
For slights himself had to Diana shown,
Slain by his mother when he had destroy'd
The Boar, which long his father's realm annoy'd:
Which actress in this mischief felt her share,
Herself becoming her own murderer.
The father, losing thus his son and wife,
Ended in cries and tears his wretched life.

Are Kings thus forc'd to yield to rig'rous Fate?
It may thy lesser ills alleviate.

FINIS

THE TABLE

[*It will be observed that this 'Table'—the original one—does not exactly coincide with the titles to the pieces themselves.*—Ed.]

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Emblems of Love

IN FOUR LANGUAGES.

Dedicated to the Ladys
by *PH. AYRES*, Eſq.

Printed and sold by *Hen: Overton*,
at the *White Horse* without
Newgate, *London*.

[The title on a scroll held by a Cupid—other figures beneath.]

EMBLEMS OF LOVE

Cupid to Chloe Weeping

A SONNET

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Chloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee.
The cheerful birds no longer sing;
Each drops his head and hangs his wing:
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower;
The brooks beyond their limits flow,
And louder murmurs speak their woe:
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares:
They heave thy sighs and weep thy tears,
Fantastic nymph! that Grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against Love.
Strange tears! whose power can soften all—
But that dear breast on which they fall.

I

[Cupid sowing : a crop of heads rising from the ground.]

Amoris semen mirabile

INDOLIS eximiae quis semina nescit amoris?
  Hinc gnarus Divae Pallados exit homo.

The Marvellous Seed of Love

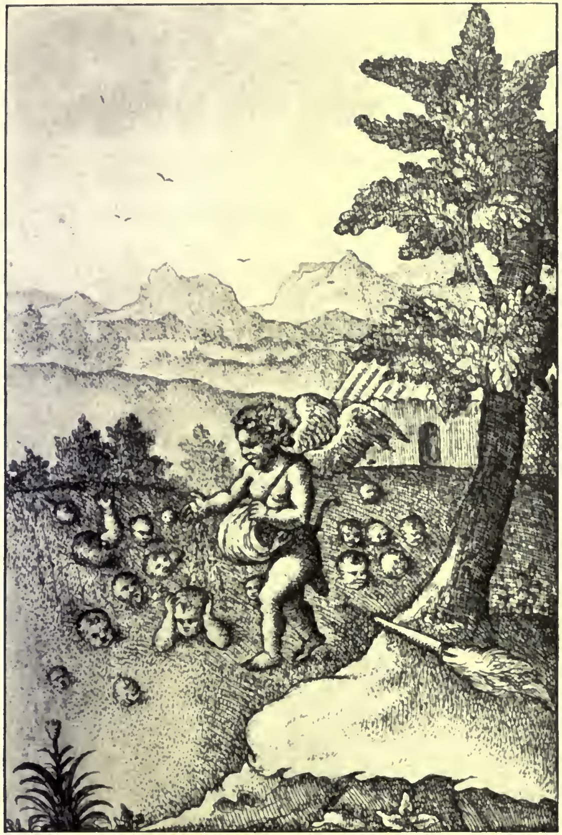
STRANGE power of Love thus to transform our parts!
  It gives new souls, and does our wits improve;
Confess hereafter that the Queen of Arts
  Sprung from Love's seed, not from the brain of Jove.

Il seme d'Amore mirabile

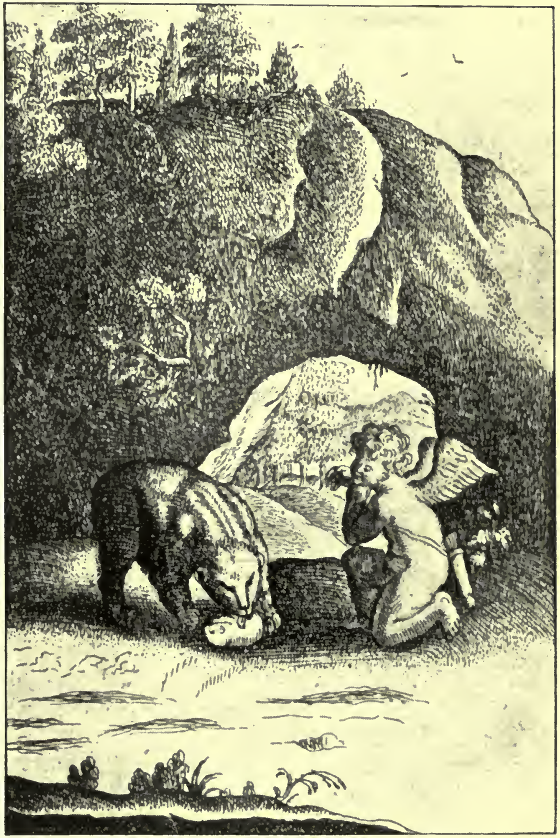
Quanta tua forza, Amor, prevale al mondo!
Non humile pastor, non re potente
Resister puote al arco tuo pungente,
Di glorie di trofei sei sol fecondo.

La semence d'amour merveilleuse

Que ta semence, Amour, est puissante et divine!
Depuis l'humble berger jusqu'au prince orgueilleux,
Depuis le simple enfant jusqu'au docteur fameux,
Tout de ton sein fécond tire son origine



I. THE MARVELLOUS SEED OF LOVE



V. BY LITTLE AND LITTLE

To face p. 354]

II

[Two Cupids, each lighting his torch from the other's. In the distance two couples making active love: and a church in the corner to save the proprieties.]

Mutual Love

LOVE requires love: then let your busy fools
  Pursue in haste what does as fast retire:
Wisely we act by mother Nature's rules,
  Our hearts, like torches, burn with equal fire.

III

[Cupid sitting under a tree and holding the strings of entwined nets, with decoy-birds in cages.]

The Voluntary Prisoner

UNTRAINED in all Love's subtle tricks and wiles,
  I late was free and boasted of my state:
Now willingly I'm taken in his toils
  And feel those ills which I myself create.

IV

[Cupid, his arm in a leash which a hare holds in its mouth, timidly approaches a house in the porch of which are two damsels, with another at the window.]

The timorous[1] Adventurer

I'LL on and venture to express my mind—
Both Love and Fortune to the bold are kind;
How oft do I my timorous[1] heart upbraid,
Abasht for fear and, 'cause abasht, afraid.

V

[Cupid pensively watches a bear licking her cub. A tree-crowned rock-arch behind with a vista.]

By Little and Little

SEE how the bear industriously does frame,
  And bring in time to form, her unshaped young:
So may you mould the rough unpliant dame
  With melting lips and with a soothing[2] tongue.

---

[1] Orig. 'timerous.'
[2] Orig. 'sooting.'

VI

[Cupid fixing the plough-yoke on a restive ox.]

Fair and Softly

THE yoke uneasy on the ox doth sit
Till by degrees his stubborn neck does bow,
So Love's opposers do at last submit
And gladly drudge at the accustom'd plough.

VII

[Two Cupids, with a tinder-box, endeavour in vain to strike a light, while their bows and arrows lie broken on the ground. In the distance, two couples not getting on well together.]

The Impossibility

WHO warmly courts the cold and awkward dame,
Whose breast the living soul does scarce inspire,
With them an equal folly may proclaim,
Who without fuel strive to kindle fire.

VIII

[Cupid, standing boldly in the foreground, has just loosed one shaft and is holding another ready to fit it to the string. In the background a castle, with something hanging from the highest tower (a white flag? or a culprit's body?), and a couple of lovers, the lover hurrying the beloved onwards. Cupid has on his right wrist an extra pair of winglets, and this peculiarity is referred to in the *Italian* motto *only*:

Porta alata la destra Amor alato, &c.

This may give a key to origins.]

Be quick and Sure

ALL 's fish that comes to net, whate'er she be,
Whom Love's blind god, or blinder chance shall send
Into thy arms, receive; each deity[1]
Will to the active Lover be a friend[1].

IX

[This is a curious contrast, for here the *Italian* motto has no obvious reference to the Emblem. This is a spirited sea-piece—Cupids drawing their nets in a boat, two others climbing a stepped pole standing out of the sea, a beacon flaming and smoking on a tower in the distance, and a ship under full sail off the coast. The Latin, English, and French mottoes deal only with the *fishing*. The Italian, probably misplaced, is about Hope as the nurse of Love.]

Love a Ticklish Game

VIRGINS are like the silver finny race,
Of slippery kind, and fishes seem in part:
Lovers! look to't; be sure to bait the place,
Lay well your hooks—and cast your nets with art.

---

[1] The engraver, perhaps shocked at the poet, has made this 'D*ie*ty,' and 'freind.' The sense of this epigram depends on the punctuation.

IX. LOVE IS A TICKLISH GAME

XXII. 'TIS HONOURABLE TO BE LOVE'S MARTYR

To face p. 356]

X

[Cupid gropes blindfold in a narrow town-street—girls stand at the house-doors: but seem to be clapping their hands to confuse him.]

Blind Love

Love is that childish play call'd Blind-man's buff.
The fond youth gropes about till he is lost,
Too late convinced of Reason's wise reproof
When 's little brains are dashed against a post.

XI

[Cupid, in a dark cellar with one window, holds an empty barrel over a candle which pours its rays through the bung-hole and out of the window itself.]

Love will out

Long think not to conceal thy amorous flame:
In it thou canst thy ignorance discover;
See how the light confined with searching beam[1]
Breaks through and so betrays the lurking lover!

XII

[Cupid in a poultry-house, leaning on his bow and watching a cock-fight.]

Life for Love

Not the brave birds of Mars feel half that rage,
Though likewise spurr'd by Love and Victory,
Or can more freely bleed upon the stage,
Than rival lovers that dare fight and die.

XIII

[A Cupid-Fight. One blows the horn; two others wrestle fiercely; a fourth has a fifth by the throat; and a sixth has got the seventh down and is pummelling him, while apparently a dog is snapping at him likewise.]

Cupid is a Warrior[2]

Lovers are skilled in all the art of wars,
Sieges, alarms, ent'ring by storm the fort,
As if Love's mother, when she played with Mars,
Conceived his humour in her secret sport.

---

[1] Engraved 'beam*es*.'

[2] Engraved 'Warier.'

XIV

[Cupid sits *on* a flower-plot, while a sunflower in the next bends itself towards him. Here the English motto rather diverges from the other three: and, as will be seen, does not mention the *girasol.* The first line of the Latin is good and may serve to identify it. *Corpus ubi Dominae est, ibi cor reperitur amantis.*]

The Powerful Attraction

WHERE'ER She be, the distance ne'er so great,
  Mounted on sighs, thither my wingèd soul
Does take its flight, and on her motions wait,
  True as magnetic needle to its pole.

XV

[Cupid stands before a lady who sits, fan in hand, on a canopied sofa; and holds out to her a scroll, or banneret, with a heart, arrow-pierced, upon it.]

Rather Deeds than Words

YOU say you love, but I had rather see't
  Show Love's impressions in a wounded heart;
Words are but wind, and strangers thus may greet.
  But doing, doing, that 's the proving part.

XVI

[Venus puts her hand on Cupid's bee-stung forehead. In the distance is the actual scene of the stinging.]

Cupid himself stung

DOES a bee's sting thus make thee cry and whine?
  A small revenge for thy bold robbery!
Think on *thy* sting! The bee's compared to thine[1]
  Comes as much short as that compared to thee.

XVII

[Cupid gathering roses and flinching from the thorns. In the distance a pair of lovers rather dimly embracing under a palace wall.]

The Difficult Adventure

WHILE wanton Love in gathering Roses strays,
  Blood from his hands, and from his eyes drop tears.
Let him poor Lovers pity who tread ways
  Of bloody prickles where no Rose appears.

---

[1] Engraved 'thyne.'

XVIII

[A girl kneeling and gathering flowers into her lap. Cupid, standing before her, appears to be holding forth.]

Hard to be Pleased

SEE how she picks, and cuts, and casts aside,
  Whilst the scorned flowers look pale at her disdain!
This is the triumph of her nicer Pride,
  And thus she does her lovers entertain.

XIX

[A naked figure, with hands behind its back, leans against a wall nonchalantly, though with one arrow up to the feathers in its breast. Cupid is discharging another almost *à bout portant.*]

The Heart, Love's Butt

TEN thousand times I've felt the cruel smart
  Of thy drawn bow, as often more I court:
Till in thy quiver not one single dart
  Be left for thee to prosecute thy sport.

XX

[A study-bedroom with bookcase, a globe, a table with a violin, &c., and the poet in bed. The 'Ghost' is very much materialized, and has one foot on the bed-step.]

Ever Present

HER name is at my tongue, whene'er I speak,
  Her shape 's before my eyes where'er I stir;
Both day and night, as if her ghost did walk,
  And not she me, but I had murder'd her.

XXI

[A tree bending but not breaking, under the combined efforts of Cupid, who has dropped his bow and is pushing it, and of two wind-heads blowing in the usual way from a cloud.]

'Tis Constancy that gains the Prize

WHEN low'ring and when blustering winds[1] arise,
  The weather-beaten Lover, tough as oak,
Endures the haughty storm, bends and complies,
  Gets ground and grows the stronger for the shock.

---

[1] 'Words' in original: and this obviously may be right, though the plate, and the occurrence of *procella*, *venti*, &c. in the other mottoes, as obviously suggest 'winds.'

XXII

[Cupid, bound to a stake, in the midst of a roaring fire, which a very cheerful maiden is poking with a two-pronged fork. In the distance another Cupid has run a body (perhaps by its hands only) up to a gallows: while a female figure in front either applauds or requests 'cutting-down'—it is not clear which. None of the mottoes deals very directly with the plate.]

'Tis honourable to be Love's Martyr

Bear up against her scorns: 'tis brave to die,
  And on Love's altars lie, a pious load.
Mount Oeta's top raised Hercules so high,
  For 'twas Love's martyrdom made him a god.

XXIII

[Cupid, holding his head in one hand and supporting himself with the other on a staff, his wings tied together and his right leg strapped upon a stump, is turning and looking back upon a house where a girl sits, apparently reading a letter[1].]

Sooner wounded than cured

Brighter than lightning shine her sparkling eyes,
  And quicker far they penetrate my heart,
Tho' quick to take, yet slow to leave the prize,
  Till they have made deep wounds and lasting smart.

XXIV

[Cupid holding a chameleon (by courtesy). In the distance Europa and the Bull.]

Compliance in Love

Each passion of my soul is timed by you,
  I seem your life, more than my own to live;
And change more shapes than ever Proteus knew,
  Camelion-like the colour take, you give.

XXV

[A street. Cupid pointing to dogs over a bone.]

Envy accompanies Love

Two you may see like brothers sport and play
  As if their souls did in one point unite:
Throw but the bone call'd woeman[2] in the way,
  How fiercely will they grin and snarl and bite!

---

[1] Here also the epigrams in the other languages are closer to the plate.

[2] Though there are other slips in the engraving, this uncomplimentary spelling was probably intended.

XXVI

[Cupid, neglecting one deer already pierced by his arrows, aims at another.]

Platonic[1] Love

DULL fools that will begin a formal siege,
  Intrench, attack, yet never wish to win,
And vainly thus to[2] linger out your age
  When 'tis but 'knock at gate and enter in.'

XXVII

[Cupid, approaching an unseen object with a caduceus in his hand.]

The Power of Eloquence in Love

HE that's successless in his love ne'er knew
  The strength of Eloquence, whose magic power
Can all the boasted force of arms outdo;
  For golden words will storm the virgin tower.

XXVIII

[Cupid, a rod in his left hand, spurns and turns his back on arms, crowns, riches, &c. In the background a palace—in the middle distance a lady with train, &c., greets a shepherd.]

Love's Triumph over Riches

BENEATH Love's feet are royal ensigns spread,
  While fettered kings make up his pompous show,
Twice-captive statues are in triumph led,
  And sceptres do to rural shepherds bow.

XXIX

[No Cupid. Three human persons, feeding, turning, and receiving the grist of a hand-mill.]

All not worth a Reward

WHAT means this worship? All this cringe and whine,
  And this attendance dancing at her door?
Like slave that labours in a mill or mine
  Toiling for others, thou thyself grow'st poor.

---

[1] Platoniq*ue*.

[2] 'Do'?

XXX

[Four Cupids trying to catch a hare.]

The Hunter caught by his own game

THE busy youth pursue the timorous Puss
  Whilst eager Hope makes pleasure of a toil;
But I must fly when I have beat the bush,
  And to the hunted prey become a spoil.

XXXI

[Cupid, his bow and quiver dropped, cooper's tools hanging on the wall on one hand, a cask sunk in the ground on the other, is diligently bending a hoop with feet and hands.]

'Tis Yielding gains the Lover Victory

THE yielding Rod, managed by cooper's trade,
  In close embraces does the vessel bind:
Wouldst thou hoop in the weaker vessel, Maid,
  Bend to her humour with a pliant mind.

XXXII

[Cupid shoots at a suit of armour fastened on a tree, and has already pierced the cuirass (heart-marked) while shoulder-piece and shield, also shot through, lie on the ground.]

There's no defence against Love

To sword and gun we steel oppose and buff,
  To bearded shafts a trusty coat of mail,
But against Cupid's darts no armour's proof,
  There is no fence against his Prot'stant flail[1].

XXXIII

[Cupid, flying aloft in a cloud, discharges an arrow at a globe already studded with others.]

Love keeps all things in Order

How does this vast machine with order move
  In comely dance to th' Music of the Spheres!
Did not wise nature cement all with love
  The glorious frame would drop about our ears.

---

[1] There is not and could not be much 'local colour' in these Emblems, so this touch is interesting. For this invention of the unlucky College see Scott's *Dryden* (my revision VII. 18 sq.) or Macaulay. There is probably also a play on the word—cf. Herrick's famous 'Thy *Protestant* to be.'

XXXIV

[Cupid hangs a ticket marked I on a tree, trampling other numbers under foot. N.B. The Latin Motto is here, by exception, partly quoted from Ovid.]

True Love knows[1] but One

You live at large, abroad you range and roam,
At vizor-mask[2] and petticoat you run,
This you call Love. True Love confines you home,
And gives you manna-taste of all in one.

XXXV

[A more than usually plump Cupid hews sturdily at a tree.]

Persevere

What if her heart be found as hard as flint?
What if her cruel breast be turned to oak?
Continu'd drops will make the stone relent,
And sturdy trees yield to repeated stroke.

XXXVI

[On a terrace (below and behind which stretches a formal garden surrounded with pleached walks in which pairs of lovers disport themselves) Venus, in something like Medicean posture but with a [golden?] apple in her right hand, and a fish lying between her left arm and her breast, stands on a pedestal between two [golden?] apple trees, the fruit of which four Cupids are busily catching as it falls and packing in baskets[3].]

Gold the Picklock

The golden key unlocks the iron door,
Poor Danae is surprised; no thunder-clap
Forceth like gold, nor lightning pierceth more,
It proves like quicksilver in virgin-lap.

XXXVII

[The Lady with the Fan (see 15) now sits under a tree, and Cupid, standing in front, shows her a compass in a box from which a line leads up to a star.]

Love 's my Pole-star

Others are led by tyranny of Fate,
But gentle love alone commands my soul:
Upon his influence all my actions wait;
I am the Loadstone, he 's my fixèd Pole.

---

[1] Orig. 'know*e*,' but this must be a slip of the graver.

[2] 'Vizor-mask,' or 'vizard-mask,' as Dryden usually writes it, was the sign of, and a by-name for, a courtesan.

[3] The connexion of plate and mottoes is rather general.

XXXVIII

[Venus, one hand on a very inadequate car with sparrows, and a cloak so disposed on her shoulders as to cloak nothing, turns with a laugh and a deprecating gesture from her son, who is gravely reading an oath from a service-book with a pillar bearing the face of Jove for lectern.]

No Perjury in Love

WHAT mortal lovers swear, protest and vow,
Heaven looks upon but just as common speech:
'Refuse me if I don't'—'Confound me—now'
Do signify no more than 'kiss my br—ch[1].'

XXXIX

[The race of Hippomenes and Atalanta. She stops and stoops for the apple as he touches the post—the turning-post apparently, for he has still one in reserve. In the distance he is receiving the apples from Aphrodite.]

Won by subtilty

LIFE and a dearer mistress is the prize,
For the swift fair had run great numbers dead.
Hippomenes ventures, bribes her covetous eyes,
And a gold pippin[2] wins a maidenhead.

XL

[Two Cupids, their bows and arrows dropped and broken, are busy with a box of coin, jewels, &c.]

Love bought and sold

OF old the settlement that lovers made
Was firm affection: jointure was a jest:
But love is now become a Smithfield trade
And the same bargain serves for wife and beast.

XLI

[One Cupid runs away, with gestures of refusal, from another who follows with the arrow in his own breast, and hands clasped in entreaty.]

Love requires no Entreaties

WHEN parchèd fields deny the welcome floods,
When honey shall ungrateful be to drones,
When wanton kids refuse the tender buds,
Then Love shall yield to sighs, and tears and groans.

---

[1] Ayres is not often thus 'Restoration.'

[2] Although it is not necessary, Ayres may have used this particular phrase because of the old superstition that if you sleep with a Golden Pippin under your pillow you will dream of your future husband or wife.

XLII

[Cupid drags with difficulty a huge faggot to a blazing fire, fanned by the usual wind puffed from a face in a cloud.]

Augmented by favourable Blasts

As gentle flames fann'd by fresh gales of wind,
At once do widen, spread and mount up higher,
So would her breath, the glowing heat I find
Within me, kindle to a vestal fire.

XLIII

[Cupid runs holding two dogs in leash while one is already slipped. A hare is in front and another runs off to the left. He is apparently, with outstretched hand, hallooing in the sense of the text.]

All grasp, All lose

ONE at a time 's enough, one puss pursue.
Some greedy silly coxcombs I have known
Bobb'd finely when they slip their dogs at two,
Then gape, and stare, and wonder where they're gone.

XLIV

[Cupid, kneeling on one knee and supporting his cheek on his hands, his hands on his bow, watches pensively, and perhaps himself weeping, a furnace and still in operation before him. A spring pouring from a rock, and a stream, probably also suggest tears. The other mottoes are closer than is the English to the plate.]

Tears the symptom of Love

THERE can be now no further cause of doubt;
In every tear my passion may be seen.
Love makes wet eyes, this moisture that 's without
Proceeds from pent-up flames that scorch within.

THEALMA

AND

Lo: Grey

Clearchus.

A

PASTORAL HISTORY,

In ſmooth and eaſie VERSE.

Written long ſince,

By *JOHN CHALKHILL*, Eſq;

An Acquaintant and Friend of

EDMUND SPENCER.

LONDON:

Printed for *Benj. Tooke*, at the Ship in S. *Paul's*

Church-yard, 1683.

INTRODUCTION TO JOHN CHALKHILL (?)

THE authorship of *Thealma and Clearchus* used to be regarded—and perhaps some people may be allowed to see reasons for regarding it still—as one of the minor puzzles of English Literature. As all readers of Walton's *Angler* know, the revered Izaak included therein (A.D. 1653) two pieces of verse (which for completeness' sake are given here at the end of *Thealma*) attributing them (later?) to a certain Jo. Chalkhill. The second of these he says he learnt many years since, and was obliged to patch of his own invention. Thirty years later again, being then a man of ninety, he issued *Thealma and Clearchus* with the same attribution, and the notable addition that 'Jo. Chalkhill' was 'an acquaintant and friend' of Edmund Spenser. But nobody knew anything about this Jo. Chalkhill: and Singer, in the reprint which has been used for setting up this our text, went so far as to suggest that Walton may have written it himself. In 1860, however, a Mr. Merryweather discovered that a certain John Chalkhill had been coroner of Middlesex 'towards the end of Elizabeth's reign,' which would suit well enough with the Spenser friendship. And it appears further that Walton's wife's stepmother was a Martha Chalkhill, daughter of John, which again fits, chronologically, well enough, and explains the access which the Angler, alone of men, seems to have had to the coroner's relics, if coroner there was. Nor, though the limits of literary make-believe need not be drawn with any too Puritanical strictness, is Walton at all the man whom, without any evidence, we should suspect of a deliberate and volunteered lie. Nor yet, once more, can we readily pay him the compliment of believing that he had poetry enough for *Thealma and Clearchus*.

The difficulty, however, is not, from the point of view of criticism, wholly or even to any great extent removed by these discoveries and considerations. A man who could be spoken of as a friend and acquaintant of Spenser (*ob.* 1599) could hardly be in his very first youth at the end of the sixteenth century; a man who was coroner for so important and businessful a county as Middlesex would be still less likely to be a mere boy. Nor, in the third place, would any man be likely to write *Thealma and Clearchus* at a very advanced period of life, leaving no other poetical remains except a couple of occasional songs. Therefore, if all the tales are to be taken as true, we must suppose that *Thealma* itself was not composed much after the beginning of the seventeenth century. And the *D. N. B.* has as a matter of fact corrected its original rash 'fl. 1678' to 'fl. 1600.'

Now if *Thealma and Clearchus* was written about 1600, it will follow almost inevitably that to it and to its author must be assigned the post of leading in respect of the breathless, enjambed, overlapping decasyllabic couplet. There are passages in the poem which, from this point of view, look as if they might have been written forty or fifty years later by Marmion, or even by Chamberlayne. It is quite true—the present writer has done what he could in his humble way to insist on the fact in divers places and at sundry times—that the common notion of the strict separation of the couplets is a mistake—that you find both 'stop' and 'overlap' in Chaucer, and that the true Elizabethan poets, especially Drayton, develop the form in both kinds with great industry and freedom. But, save as an exception, it will be difficult to find in any non-dramatic poet before Browne and Wither, in any dramatic poet before the third decade or thereabouts of the century, such constant breathlessness, such unbridled overlapping, as you find here. Moreover, the Caroline (and the rather late than early Caroline) volubleness of form is accompanied by a nonchalant disorder of matter which is also by no means strictly Elizabethan. I do not know any Elizabethan poem—plays are not here in question—which comes anywhere near Chalkhill (if Chalkhill it be) and Chamberlayne in bland indifference to clarity of plot and narration. *They* do not say 'The Devil take all order!' that would be far too violent and energetic a proceeding for them. They blandly ignore Order altogether, with its troublesome companions, Verisimilitude and Concatenation. No Aristotelian of the straitest sect can hold more stoutly and devoutly than I do to the Aristotelian 'probable-impossible.' But such incidents as the opening one, where Anaxus cannot or will not recognize his sister, and is converted not by herself but by a portrait which she produces, and which any counterfeit could have easily stolen or counterfeited, take no benefit from this licence at all. They are merely, at least to those who trouble themselves about such things, what the French, who laugh at and misspell our 'shocking,' themselves call *choquant*. So, towards the end, the imbroglio of Alexis-Anaxus-Thealma-Florimel-Clarinda is embroiled deeper in the same tactless way. Of course the piece is unfinished—indeed one may say that to finish it anyhow would have tasked any one out of a lunatic asylum. But if you take any account of plot at all, again it is surely a first principle in poetry itself, as well as in drama, not to entangle things clumsily and uselessly.

It will be observed that I have more than once coupled Chalkhill with Chamberlayne: and it was not done without a purpose. The resemblance between the two is indeed so striking that, if I were a Biblical critic, I should at once declare confidently that either Chamberlayne wrote *Thealma and Clearchus* or Chalkhill wrote *Pharonnida*. And what is more, I could bring biblical-critical arguments, external as well as internal, of the purest water to support the contention. But I should not believe a word of them, and on the principles of *literary* criticism I am bound merely to leave the thing as the enigma that it really is. Yet it is strictly literary to say that the resemblances are extraordinary, and luckily they extend to the merits of the piece as well as to its defects. The enormous length which has hidden the beauties of *Pharonnida* from so many fainthearts cannot be urged here. Walton's pathetic and characteristic colophon appeals to *me* (I would willingly have a *Thealma* of the length of *Pharonnida*, and a *Pharonnida* at what I am given to understand is the length of *Shah Nameh*), but it cannot be expected to appeal to modern readers as a body. If, however, they have any fancy for poetry at all—I sometimes wonder what the results of a strict poetical census would be—they ought to be able to get through these few thousand lines. And I shall be surprised if, with the same proviso, they can get through them without enjoying them.

Here also, however, it may be desirable—may be even necessary—to repeat the apparently superfluous warning that neither this poet nor any other must be asked for anything more than, or anything other than, he can give. If people come to Chalkhill expecting the δεινότης of Dryden, the pungency of Pope, the majesty of Milton, &c.—if they will not be content with the Chalkhillity of Chalkhill—it cannot be helped. Perhaps they are not to blame: but certainly those are not to be blamed either who are prepared to test and accept this poetic variety also at its worth, and add it to the treasure-house which English poetry has for them. It is perhaps, as Thackeray was fond of saying, *ordinaire* only; but a fresh and pleasant tap with a flavour and little bouquet of its own. A certain quality of engagingness which it has, may have been one of the things which made Singer think that it might be very Walton. It is Spenserian; but without the Spenserian height. It never soars: but always floats along on an easy wing. The minor blemishes, which are somewhat numerous, hardly require excuse, because of the obvious absence of revision: the major involution, want of verisimilitude and character, breathlessness, and so forth are the fault of the 'heroic' kind, and not to be visited too heavily on the individual example. And it has abundant compensations. Hardly an English poet has given the difficult, artificial, and generally questionable 'pastoral' tone better than Chalkhill. Even his probable contemporaries and certain fellow-disciples, Wither and Browne, though at their best they are better poets, do not beat him here: and he entirely avoids the dissonant and discordant admixtures that his master Spenser and his other contemporary Milton allow themselves. That inoffensive, not in the least pert or meretricious, but fascinating, *prettiness*, which is so characteristic of our group, abounds in him ; he is master now and then of phrases and passages which transcend the merely pretty ; and he exhibits the Battle of the Couplets—the enjambed and serpentine on the one hand, the sententious and tightly girt on the other—in a new and interesting manner. Add that *Thealma and Clearchus* is very rare in the original and has become one of the most expensive of Singer's reprints (on the general principle which tends to absorb into collections any book that has a connexion with a greater) and the justifications of this new appearance will be fairly sufficient.

I have added the two lyrics from the *Angler* itself, though part of one—an uncertain part—is admittedly not Chalkhill's, for completeness' sake. They resemble the larger piece in being obvious harvests of a quiet lyre and mind, nor are they untuneful. So I hope the reader, to vary Walton's words, will *not* be sorry to have them, even if he may possess them, as most should, in their original context.

The Preface

THE Reader will find in this book what the title declares, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse; and will in it find many hopes and fears finely painted, and feelingly expressed. And he will find the first so often disappointed, when fullest of desire and expectation; and the latter, so often, so strangely, and so unexpectedly relieved, by an unforeseen Providence, as may beget in him wonder and amazement.

And the Reader will here also meet with passions heightened by easy and fit descriptions of Joy and Sorrow; and find also such various events and rewards of innocent Truth and undissembled Honesty, as is like to leave in him (if he be a good-natured reader) more sympathizing and virtuous impressions, than ten times so much time spent in impertinent, critical, and needless disputes about religion: and I heartily wish it may do so.

And, I have also this truth to say of the author, that he was in his time a man generally known, and as well beloved; for he was humble, and obliging in his behaviour, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent: and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous. God send the Story may meet with, or make all readers like him.

May 7, 1678. I. W.

To my worthy friend Mr. Isaac Walton, on the publication of this Poem

LONG had the bright Thealma lain obscure,
Her beauteous charms that might the world allure
Lay, like rough diamonds in the mine unknown,
By all the sons of Folly trampled on,
Till your kind hand unveil'd her lovely face,
And gave her vigour to exert her rays.
Happy old man!—whose worth all mankind knows,
Except himself, who charitably shows
The ready road to virtue, and to praise,
The road to many long and happy days;
The noble arts of generous piety,
And how to compass true felicity;
Hence did he learn the art of living well,
The bright Thealma was his Oracle:
Inspir'd by her, he knows no anxious cares,
Through near a century of pleasant years;
Easy he lives, and cheerful shall he die,
Well spoken of by late posterity.
As long as Spenser's noble flames shall burn,
And deep devotions throng about his urn;
As long as Chalkhill's venerable name,
With humble emulation shall inflame
Ages to come, and swell the floods of Fame:
Your memory shall ever be secure,
And long beyond our short-liv'd praise endure;
As Phidias in Minerva's shield did live,
And shar'd that immortality he alone could give.

June 5, 1683. THO. FLATMAN.

THEALMA AND CLEARCHUS

Scarce had the ploughman yoked his hornèd team,
And lock'd their traces to the crooked beam,
When fair Thealma with a maiden scorn,
That day before her rise, out-blush'd the morn:
Scarce had the sun gilded the mountain tops,
When forth she leads her tender ewes, and hopes
The day would recompense the sad affrights
Her love-sick heart did struggle with a-nights.
Down to the plains the poor Thealma wends,
Full of sad thoughts, and many a sigh she sends
Before her, which the air stores up in vain:
She sucks them back, to breathe them out again.
The airy choir salute the welcome day,
And with new carols sing their cares away;
Yet move not her; she minds not what she hears:
Their sweeter accents grate her tender ears,
That relish nought but sadness: Joy and she
Were not so well acquainted; one might see,
E'en in her very looks, a stock of sorrow
So much improv'd, 'twould prove despair to-morrow.
Down in a valley 'twixt two rising hills,
From whence the dew in silver drops distils
T' enrich the lowly plain, a river ran
Hight Cygnus (as some think from Leda's swan
That there frequented); gently on it glides
And makes indentures in her crooked sides,
And with her silent murmurs, rocks asleep
Her wat'ry inmates: 'twas not very deep,
But clear as that Narcissus look'd in, when
His self-love made him cease to live with men.
Close by the river was a thick-leav'd grove,
Where swains of old sang stories of their love;
But unfrequented now since Colin died,
Colin, that king of shepherds and the pride
Of all Arcadia:—here Thealma used
To feed her milky droves, and as they brows'd
Under the friendly shadow of a beech
She sate her down; grief had tongue-tied her speech,
Her words were sighs and tears; dumb eloquence:
Heard only by the sobs, and not the sense.

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33 A certain class of editor would be confident of a reference to Spenser in 'Colin.' I am not so sure: but it may be so: and *if* so it postdates *Thealma* at least to the beginning of the seventeenth century.

With folded arms she sate, as if she meant
To hug those woes which in her breast were pent.
Her looks were nail'd unto the Earth, that drank
Her tears with greediness, and seem'd to thank
Her for those briny showers, and in lieu
Returns her flow'ry sweetness for her dew.
At length her sorrows wax'd so big within her,
They strove for greater vent: Oh! had you seen her,
How fain she would have hid her grief, and stay'd
The swelling current of her woes, and made
Her grief, though with unwillingness, to set
Open the floodgates of her speech, and let
Out that which else had drown'd her; you'd have deem'd
Her rather Niobe than what she seem'd.
So like a weeping rock wash'd with a sea
Of briny waters, she appear'd to be.
So have I seen a headlong torrent run
Scouring along the valley, till anon
It meeting with some dam that checks his course,
Swells high with rage, and doubling of its force
Lays siege to his opposer: first he tries
To undermine it, still his waters rise,
And with its weight steals through some narrow pores,
And weeps itself a vent at those small doors;
But finding that too little for its weight,
It breaks through all.—Such was Thealma's state,
When tears would give her heart no ease, her grief
Broke into speech to give her some relief:
'Oh, my Clearchus,' said she, and with tears
Embalms his name:—'Oh! if the ghosts have ears,
Or souls departed condescend so low,
To sympathize with mortals in their woe;
Vouchsafe to lend a gentle ear to me,
Whose life is worse than death, since not with thee.
What privilege have they that are born great
More than the meanest swain? The proud waves beat
With more impetuousness upon high lands,
Than on the flat and less resisting strands:
The lofty cedar and the knotty oak
Are subject more unto the thunder-stroke,
Than the low shrubs, that no such shocks endure,
Ev'n their contempt doth make them live secure.
Had I been born the child of some poor swain,
Whose thoughts aspire no higher than the plain,
I had been happy then; t' have kept these sheep,

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43 unto the Earth] S., by a singular oversight, 'nail'd to earth,' which lops the metre.

57 The 'So have I seen,' which was such a snare to Jeremy Taylor, is interesting.

63 its] S. conjectures 'their': but 'it' has been confused with 'he' before, and 'itself' in the next line can hardly be neglected.

Had been a princely pleasure; quiet sleep
Had drown'd my cares, or sweeten'd them with dreams:
Love and content had been my music's themes;
Or had Clearchus liv'd the life I lead,
I had been blest.'—And then a tear she shed,
That was forerunner to so great a shower,
It drown'd her speech: such a commanding power
That lov'd name had: when beating of her breast,
In a sad silence she sigh'd out the rest.
By this time it was noon, and Sol had got
Half to his journey's ending: 'twas so hot,
The sheep drew near the shade, and by their dam
Lay chewing of their cuds:—at the length came
Caretta with her dinner, where she found
Her love-sick mistress courting of the ground,
Moist with the tears she shed: she lifts her up,
And pouring out some beverage in a cup,
She gave it her to drink:—hardly she sips,
When a deep sigh again lock'd up her lips.
Caretta woos and prays (poor country girl),
And every sigh she spent cost her a pearl,
'Pray, come to dinner,' said she, 'see, here 's bread,
Here 's curds and cream, and cheesecake, sweet, now feed;
Do you not love me? once you said you did.
Do you not care for me? If you had bid
Me do a thing, though I with death had met
I would have done it:—honey mistress, eat.
I would your grief were mine, so you were well;
What is 't that troubles you? would I could tell.
Dare you not trust me? I was ne'er no blab,
If I do tell 't to any, call me drab.
But you are angry with me,—chide me then,—
Beat me,—forgive,—I'll ne'er offend again.'
With that she kiss'd her, and with lukewarm tears,
Call'd back her colour worn away with cares.
'Oh, my poor girl,' said she, '*sweet innocence,*
What a controlling winning eloquence
Hath loving honesty; were't not to give
Thy love a thanks, Thealma would not live.
I cannot eat;—nay, weep not,—I am well,
Only I have no stomach; thou canst tell
How long it is since good Menippus found
Me shipwreck'd in the sea, e'en well-nigh drown'd;
And happy had it been, if my stern fate
Had prov'd to me so cruel fortunate
To have un-liv'd me then.'—'Ah, wish not so!'
Answer'd Caretta, 'little do you know,

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98 at the length] While 'at last' and 'at *the* last' have survived almost equally, 'at *the* length' strikes the ear oddly, but without reason.

121–3 Italics are used in a somewhat puzzling manner by many writers (or printers)

What end the fates have in preserving you.
I hope a good one, and to tell you true,
You do not well to question those blest powers,
That long agone have number'd out our hours,
And, as some say, spin out our threads of life;
Some short, some longer, they command the knife
That cuts them off; and till that time be come
We seek in vain to shroud us in a tomb.
But I have done,—and fear I've done amiss,
I ask forgiveness.—As I guess it is
Some three years since my master sav'd your life,
'Twas much about the time he lost his wife,
And that 's three years come Autumn; my good dame
Then lost her life, yet lives in her good name.
I cannot choose but weep to think on her:
'Mongst women kind, was not a lovinger.
She bred me up e'en from my infancy,
And lov'd me as her own, her piety
And love to virtue made me love it too;
But she is dead, and I have found in you
What I have lost in her: my good old master
Follow'd her soon, he could not long outlast her,
They lov'd so well together: heav'n did lend
Him longer life, only to prove your friend,
To save your life, and he was therein blest,
That happy action crownèd all the rest
Of his good deeds: since heav'n hath such a care
To preserve good ones, why should you despair?
The man you grieve for so, there 's none can tell
But if heav'n be so pleas'd, may speed as well.
Some lucky hand Fate may, for aught you know,
Send to save him from death as well as you.
And so I hope it hath: take comfort then,
You may, I trust, see happy days again.'
  Thealma all this while with serious eye,
Ey'd the poor wench, unwilling to reply;
For in her looks she read some true presage,
That gave her comfort, and somewhat assuage
The fury of her passions; with desire
Her ears suck'd in her speech, to quench her fire:
She could have heard her speak an age, sweet soul,
So pretty loud she chud her, and condole
With her in her misfortunes. 'Oh,' said she,
'What wisdom dwells in plain simplicity!

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of this period. As I notice on Hannay (i. 626) they seem sometimes to serve as vehicles for 'asides' or parenthetical remarks of the author to the reader. It will be seen that this *might* be such, and might indeed be lifted bodily out, without injury to verse or speech.

174 chud] One would expect 'chode' if anything, but I do not remember any strong form in Middle English.

Prithee (my dear Caretta) why dost cry?
I am not angry, good girl, dry thine eye,
Or I shall turn child too: my tide's not spent,
'Twill flow again, if thou art discontent.
For I will eat if thou'lt be merry; say,
Wilt thou, Caretta? shall thy mistress pray,
And thou deny her?'—Still Caretta wept,
Sorrow and gladness such a struggling kept
Within her for the mastery; at the length
Joy overcame, and speech recovered strength.
'Sweet mistress,' said she, 'pardon your handmaid,
Unworthy of the wages your love paid
Me; for my over-boldness, think't not strange,
I was struck dumb at this so sweet a change.
I could not choose but weep, if you'd have kill'd me,
With such an overplus of joy it fill'd me:
I will be merry, if you can forgive;
Wanting your love, it is a hell to live:
I was to blame; but I'll do so no more.'
  Scarce had she spoke the word; but a fell boar
Rush'd from the wood, enrag'd by a deep wound
Some huntsman gave him: up he ploughs the ground,
And whetting of his tusks, about 'gan roam,
Champing his venom's moisture into foam.
Thealma and her maid, half dead with fear,
Cried out for help; their cry soon reach'd his ear,
And he came snuffling tow'rd them:—still they cry,
And fear gave wings unto them as they fly.
The sheep ran bleating o'er the pleasant plain,
And airy Echo answers them again;
Redoubling of their cries to fetch in aid,
Whilst to the wood the fearful virgins made,
Where a new fear assay'd them: 'twas their hap
To meet the boar's pursuer in the gap
With his sword drawn, and all besmear'd with gore,
Which made their case more desp'rate than before,
As they imagin'd; yet so well as fear
And doubt would let them, as the man drew near
They 'mplor'd his help:—he minds them not, but spying
The chafèd boar in a thick puddle lying,
Tow'rds him he makes; the boar was soon aware,
And with a hideous noise sucks in the air.
Upon his guard he stands, his tusks new whets,
And up on end his grisly bristles sets.
His wary foe went traversing his ground,
Spying out where was best to give a wound.

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189 Me] This is almost as bold a partition as the first Lord Lytton's parody of Mr. William Morris in (I think) *Kenelm Chillingly*:

Sophronia was a nice
Girl.

And now Thealma's fears afresh began
To seize on her; her care 's now for the man,
Lest the adventurous youth should get some hurt,
Or die untimely:—up th' boar flings the dirt
Dy'd crimson with his blood: his foe at length
Watching his time, and doubling of his strength,
Gave him a wound so deep, it let out life,
And set a bloody period to their strife.
But he bled too, a little gash he got,
As he clos'd with him, which he minded not;
Only Thealma's fears made it appear
More dangerous than it was,—longing to hear
Her life's preserver speak: then down she falls,
And on the gods, in thanks, for blessing calls,
To recompense his valour.—He drew near,
And smiling lifts her up, whenas a tear
Dropping into his wound, he gave a start:
Love in that pearl stole down into his heart.
  He was but young, scarce did the hair begin
In shadows to write man upon his chin:
Tall and well set, his hair a chestnut brown,
His looks majestic, 'twixt a smile and frown;
Yet smear'd with blood, and all bedew'd with sweat,
One could not know him:—by this time the heat
Was well-nigh slak'd, and Sol's unwearied team
Hies to refresh them in the briny stream.
The stranger ey'd her earnestly, and she
As earnestly desir'd that she might see
His perfect visage.—To the river side
She toles him on; still he Thealma eyed,
But not a word he spake, which she desir'd:
The more he look'd, the more his heart was fir'd.
Down both together sate, and while he wash'd,
She dress'd his wound which the boar lately gash'd;
And having wip'd, he kiss'd her for her care,
Whenas a blush begot 'twixt joy and fear
Made her seem what he took her for—his love;
And this inventiòn he had to prove,
Whether she was Clarinda, aye or no:
For so his mistress hight.—'Did not you know
The Prince Anaxus?'—Now Thealma knew
Not whether it were best speak false or true.
She knew he was Anaxus, and her brother,
And from a child she took him for no other;
Yet knew she not what danger might ensue,

226–7 th'—Dy'd] S. prints 'the,' removing an awful example of apostrophation, and 'died,' which is clearly wrong.

252 toles] This, the same word as 'toll,' means to 'draw on,' 'entice,' 'allure.'

257 having wip'd] The most indulgent critic of the syntax of the period must admit that this is unlucky.

If she disclos'd herself: her telling true
Perhaps might work her ruin, and a lie
Might rend her from his heart, worse than to die.
But she, being unwilling to be known,
Answer'd his quere with this question:
'Did not you know Thealma?'—At the name
Amaz'd he started; 'What then, lovely dame?
Suppose I did? would I could say I do';
With that he wept, she fell a melting too,
And with a flood of tears she thanks her brother:
No danger can a true affection smother.
He wipes her eyes, she weeps again afresh,
And sheds more tears t'enrich her thankfulness.
Sorrow had tied up both their tongues so fast,
Love found no vent, but through their eyes; at last,
Anaxus blushing at his childish tears,
Rous'd up himself, and the sad virgin cheers.
'And knew you that Thealma, sweet?' said he:
'I did,' replied Thealma, 'I am she:—
Look well upon me;—sorrow's not so unkind
So to transform me, but your eye may find
A sister's stamp upon me.'—'Lovely maid,
How fain I would believe thee,' the youth said,
'But she was long since drown'd: in the proud deep,
She and her bold Clearchus sweetly sleep,
In those soft beds of darkness; and in dreams
Embrace each other, spite of churlish streams.'
The very name Clearchus chill'd her veins,
And like an unmov'd statue she remains,
Pale as Death's self, till with a warm love-kiss,
He thaw'd her icy coldness; such power is
In the sweet touch of love.—'Sweet soul,' said he,
'Be comforted, the sorrow 'longs to me.
Why should the sad relation of a woe
You have no interest in, make you grieve so?'
'No interest,' said she, 'yes, Anaxus, know
I am a greater sharer in 't than you.
Have you forgot your sister? I am she,
The helpless poor Thealma, and to me
Belongs the sorrow; you but grieve in vain
If 't be for her, since she is found again.'
'Are you not then Clarinda?' said the youth,
'Twere cruelty to mock me with untruth:
Your speech is hers, and in your looks I read
Her lovely character: sweet virgin, lead
Me from this labyrinth of doubts, whate'er
You are, there is in you so much of her
That I both love and honour you.'—'Fair sir,'

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272 quere] S. 'query,' which seems a pity.

Answer'd Thealma, smiling, 'why of her
Make you so strict inquiry? is your eye
So dazzled with her beauty, that poor I
Must lose the name of sister?—say you love her,
Can your love make you cease to be a brother?'
Whereat from forth her bosom, next the heart,
She pluck'd a little tablet, whereon Art
Had wrought her skill; and opening it, said she,
'Do you not know this picture? let that be
The witness of the truth which I have told.'
With that Anaxus could no longer hold,
But falling on her neck, with joy he kiss'd her,
Saying, 'Thanks, Heaven, liv'st thou then, my dear sister
My lov'd Thealma! wert not thou cast away?
What happy hand hath sav'd thee?'—But the day
Was then far spent; 'twas time to think on home,
And her Caretta, all amaz'd, was come,
And waited her commands: the fiery sun
Went blushing down at the short race he run;
The marigold shuts up her golden flowers,
And the sweet song-birds hied unto their bowers.
Night-swaying Morpheus clothes the east in black,
And Cynthia following her brother's track
With new and brighter rays, her self adorns,
Lighting the starry tapers at her horns.
Homeward Anaxus and Thealma wend,
Where we must leave them for a while, to end
The story of their sorrows.—
Night being come,
A time when all repair unto some home,
Save the poor fisherman, that still abides
Out-watching care in tending on the tides.
Rhotus was yet at sea, and as his ketch
Tack'd to and fro, the scanty wind to snatch,
He spied a frigate, and as night gave leave
Through Cynthia's brightness he might well perceive
It was of Lemnos; and as it drew near,
From the becalmèd bark he well might hear
A voice that hail'd him; asking whence he was?
He answer'd, from Arcadia. In that place
Were many little islands, call'd of old
Rupillas, from the many rocks they hold,
A most frequented place for fish; in vain
They trimm'd their flagging sails to stem the main.
But scarce a breath of wind was stirring, when
The master hail'd the fisherman again:
And letting fall an anchor, beckon'd him
To come aboard. Rhotus delay'd no time,

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356 *Rupillas*] These Greek islands with a Latin name are quite Chamberlaynian.

But makes unto the ship; he soon got thither,
Using his oars to outdo the weather.
His ketch he hooks unto the frigate's stern,
And up the ship he climbs; he might discern
At his first entry such a sad aspèct
In all the passengers, he might collect
Out of their looks, that some misfortune had
Lately befall'n them, they were all so sad.
One 'mongst the rest there was, a grave old man,
(To whom they all stood bare) that thus began:
'Welcome, kind friend, nay sit. What bark? with fish?
Canst thou afford for Lemnian coin a dish?'
'Yes, master, that I can, a good dish too;
And as they like you, pay me; I will go
And fetch them straight.' He did so, and was paid
To his content: the fish were ready made,
And down they sate, the better sort and worse
Far'd all alike, it was their constant course;
Four to a mess; and to augment their fare,
The second courses good discourses were.
Amongst their various talk, the grave old lord
(For so he was) that hail'd the ketch aboard,
Thus question'd Rhotus:—'Honest fisher, tell
What news affords Arcadia; thou knowest well:
Who rules that free-born state, under what laws,
Or civil government remain they? what's the cause
Of their late falling out?' Rhotus replies,
And as he spake the tears stood in his eyes:
'As well as grief will let me, worthy sir,
Though I shall prove but a bad chronicler
Of state affairs, yet with your gentle leave
I'll tell you all I know; nor will I weave
Any untruths in my discourse, or raise,
By flattering mine own countrymen, a praise
Their worth ne'er merited; what I shall tell
Is nothing but the truth; then mark me well.'
  Then quiet silence shut up their discourse,
Scarce was a whisper heard,—'such a strange force
Hath novelty; it makes us swift to hear,
And to the speaker chains the greedy ear.'
'Arcadia was of old,' said he, 'a state
Subject to none but their own laws and fate:
Superior there was none, but what old age
And hoary hairs had rais'd; the wise and sage,

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364 oars] The disyllabic value is worthy of note.
377 straight] Orig., as so often, 'strait.'
388 Note the Alexandrine.
400–2. The quotes are orig. S., with some justification on the principle noted on lines 121–3, changes to italics.

Whose gravity, when they are rich in years,
Begat a civil reverence more than fears
In the well-manner'd people; at that day
All was in common, every man bare sway
O'er his own family; the jars that rose
Were soon appeas'd by such grave men as those:
This mine and thine, that we so cavil for,
Was then not heard of; he that was most poor
Was rich in his content, and liv'd as free
As they whose flocks were greatest, nor did he
Envy his great abundance, nor the other
Disdain the low condition of his brother,
But lent him from his store to mend his state.
And with his love he quits him, thanks his fate,
And taught by his example, seeks out such
As want his help, that they may do as much.
Their laws, e'en from their childhood, rich and poor
Had written in their hearts by conning o'er
The legacies of good old men, whose memories
Outlive their monuments, the grave advice
They left behind in writing:—this was that
That made Arcadia then so blest a state,
Their wholesome laws had link'd them so in one,
They liv'd in peace and sweet communion.
Peace brought forth plenty, plenty bred content,
And that crown'd all their pains with merriment.
They had no foe, secure they liv'd in tents,
All was their own they had, they paid no rents;
Their sheep found clothing, earth provided food,
And labour drest them as their wills thought good;
On unbought delicates their hunger fed,
And for their drink the swelling clusters bled:
The valleys rang with their delicious strains,
And Pleasure revell'd on those happy plains.
Content and Labour gave them length of days,
And Peace serv'd in delight a thousand ways.
The golden age before Deucalion's flood
Was not more happy, nor the folk more good.
But Time, that eats the children he begets,
And is less satisfied the more he eats,
Led on by Fate that terminates all things,
Ruin'd our state by sending of us kings:
Ambition (Sin's first-born), the bane of state,
Stole into men, puffing them up with hate
And emulous desires; love waxèd cold,
And into iron froze the age of gold.
The law's contempt made cruelty step in,

420-1 I have altered the punctuation here to bring out what seems to me to be the sense, i. e. that 'he' is the beneficiary and that 'quits' = 'requites.'

425 Alexandrine again.

And 'stead of curbing, animated sin;
The rich man tramples on the poor man's back,
Raising his fortunes by his brother's wrack.
The wrongèd poor necessity 'gan teach
To live by rapine, stealing from the rich.
The temples, which devotion had erected
In honour of the gods, were now neglected;
No altar smokes with sacrificèd beasts,
No incense offer'd, no love-strength'ning feasts.
Men's greedy avarice made gods of clay,
Their gold and silver:—field to field they lay,
And house to house; no matter how 'twas got,
The hands of justice they regarded not.
Like a distemper'd body fever-shaken,
When with combustion every limb is taken:
The head wants ease, the heavy eyes want sleep,
The beating pulse no just proportion keep;
The tongue talks idly, reason cannot rule it,
And the heart fires the air drawn in to cool it.
The palate relisheth no meat, the ear's
But ill affected with the sweets it hears.
The hands deny their aid to help him up,
And fall, as to his lips they lift the cup.
The legs and feet disjointed, and useless,
Shrinking beneath the burthen of the flesh.
Such was Arcadia then, till Clitus reign'd,
The first and best of kings that e'er obtain'd
Th' Arcadian sceptre: he piec'd up the state,
And made it somewhat like to fortunate.
He dying without issue on the sudden,
Heav'n nipp'd their growing glory in the budding:
They choose Philemon, one of Clitus' race,
To sway the sceptre, a brave youth he was,
As wise as valiant. Had he been as chaste,
Arcadia had been happy; but his lust
Levell'd Arcadia's glory with the dust.
There was a noble shepherd, Stremon hight,
As good as great, whose virtues had of right
Better deserv'd a crown, had severe fate
But pleas'd to smile so then upon our state.
He had one only daughter, young and fair,
Most richly qualitied, and which was rare,

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454 animated sin] In orig. there is no comma: and it was only after imagining and considering one or two more far-fetched interpretations for this phrase, as it stood, that I received from the reader, with gratitude and some shame, this obvious emendation.

470 pulse] The plural, in this sense, is not uninteresting.

477 useless] The combined wrench of accent and forcing of rhyme may be noteworthy. 'Guess,' by the way, appears (I think) in Scott, or in the Shepherd's talk in the *Noctes*, as 'guesh,' which is wanted *infra*, l. 649.

In the same looser age divinely chaste;
Though sued to by no mean ones, yet at last
Her father match'd her to a shepherd's son,
Equal in birth and fortune; such a one
As merited the double dower she brought,
Both of her wealth and virtue: heav'n had wrought
Their minds so both alike:—his noble sire
Was Clitus namèd, to whose Thracian lyre
The shepherds wont to tune their pipes, and frame
Their curious madrigals. The virgin's name
Was Castabella, Clitus his brave son
Lysander hight. The nuptials being done,
To which the king came willingly a guess,
Each one repair'd unto their business,
The charge of their own flocks; the nobler sort
Accompanied the king unto the court:
The meaner rout of shepherds and their swains,
With hook and scrip went jogging to the plains.
Scarce had the sun (that then at Cancer in'd)
Twice measurèd the earth, when Love struck blind
The lustful king, whose amorous desires
Grew into lawless passions, and strange fires,
That none but Castabella would serve turn
To quench his flames, though she had made them burn.
He had the choice of many fair ones too,
And well descended: kings need not to woo;
The very name will bring a nun to bed,
Ambition values not a maidenhead;
But he likes none, none but the new-wed wife
Must be the umpire to decide the strife.
He casts about to get what he desir'd,
The more he plots, the more his heart is fir'd;
He knew her chaste and virtuous, no weak bars
T' oppose the strongest soldier in Love's wars.
He knew her father powerful, well-beloved,
Both for his wisdom and good deeds approved,
Among the giddy rout;—as for his son,
His own demerit spake him such a one
As durst revenge; nor could he want for friends
To second his attempts in noble ends.
Still the king burns, and still his working brain
Plots and displots, thinks and unthinks again.
At length his will resolv'd him in this sort,

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508 And here, as not unfrequently, 'guest' becomes 'guess.' The *s* sound may have overpowered its companions in both cases perhaps, so that 'flesh' *supra* became 'fless.'

514 in'd] This, which is orig., S. altered to 'inn'd.' But the other is worth keeping because it probably exemplifies that superstition of the eye-rhyme which Spenser did not often allow to offend the ear. With the alteration, Spenser's 'friend and acquaintant' would here offend both ear and eye.

Stremon and Clitus both were yet at court,
Busied in state affairs; Lysander he
Was where a husband lately wed should be,
At home a-weaning of his wife's desires,
From her old sire, to warm her at his fires.
As hapless hap would have it, it fell out
That at that time a rude uncivil rout
Of outlaw'd mutineers had gather'd head
Upon the frontiers, as their fury led,
Burning and spoiling all; the council sit
Advising to suppress them; 'twas thought fit
Some strength should go against them. All this made
For the king's purpose. Then a care was had
Who should conduct those forces: some were nam'd,
The choice one likes is by another blam'd.
Philemon gives them line enough, for he
Had 'fore projected who the man should be;
Yet held his peace, 'twas not his cue as yet
To speak his mind; at length they do entreat
That he would name the man: the king did so,
Lysander was the man, he nam'd to go:
His judgement was agreed on; th' two old men,
Stremon and Clitus, thought them honour'd when
They heard him name Lysander, and with glad ears
Welcome his killing favour without fears.
He makes him captain of his strongest fort,
Thus wolf-like he did welcome him to court.
The days were set for his dispatch; mean space
He takes his leave of his wife's chaste embrace:
It little boots her love to weep him back,
Nor stood it with his honour to be slack
In such a noble enterprise;—he went
Arm'd with strong hopes, and the king's blandishment.
No sooner was he gone, but the sly king,
Rid of his chiefest fears, began to sing
A *requiem* to his thoughts: th' affairs of state
He left unto his nobles to debate;
And minds his sport, the hunting of the hare,
The fox and wolf, this took up all his care.
Upon a day, as in a tedious chase,
He lost his train that did out-ride his race;
Or rather of set purpose slack'd his course,
Intending to excuse it on his horse,
He stole to Stremon's lodge, the day was spent,
The fittest time to act his foul intent.
He knocks at Stremon's lodge, but no man hears,
All were abed, and sleep had charm'd their ears:

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562 Lysander, and with] This is a franker trisyllabic foot than usual, and it is almost odd that the 'apostrophation'-maniacs did not print it 'Lysand'r.'

579 The whirligig of time has affected the meaning of this line curiously.

He knocks again; with that he heard a groan,
Pow'rful enough t' have turn'd a cruel one
From his bad purpose. "Who's within?" said he,
"If you be good folks, rise and pity me."
But none replied:—another groan he hears,
And cruel Fortune drew him by the ears
To what he wish'd for. Castabella yet
Was not in bed; sorrow denied to let
Her moist eyes sleep, for her increasing fears
Conspir'd to keep them open, with her tears.
A little from the lodge, on the descent
Of the small hill it stood on, a way bent
Unto an orchard thick with trees beset;
Through which there ran a crystal rivelet,
Whose purling streams that wrangled with the stones,
In trembling accents, echo'd back her groans.
Here in an arbour Castabella sate,
Full of sad thoughts, and most disconsolate;
The door was ope, and in Philemon steals,
But in a bush a while himself conceals,
Till he the voice might more distinctly hear,
And better be resolv'd that she was there;
And so he did: Fortune his bawd became,
And led him on to lust.—The fearless dame,
After a deep-fetch'd sigh, thus faintly spake,
"O my Lysander, why would'st thou not take
Me along with thee?" then a flood of tears
Clos'd up her lips; when this had reach'd his ears,
Like a fell wolf he rush'd upon his prey,
Stopping her cries with kisses: weep she may,
And lift her hands to heaven, but in vain,
It was too late for help t' undo again
What he had done. Her honour, more to her
Than was her life, the cruel murderer
Had robb'd her of, and glories in his prize:
It is no news for lust to tyrannize.
He thank'd his fortune that did so prevent
His first design by shortening his intent.
The black deed done, the ravisher hies thence,
Leaving his shame to murder innocence:
He had his wish, and that which gilt his sin,
He knew suspicion could not suspect him.
Report, the blab-tongue of those tell-tale times,
That rather magnifies than lessens crimes,
Slept when this act was done: such thoughts as these
Sear'd up his conscience with a carelessness.

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599 crystal rivelet] S. has inserted an unnecessary and unoriginal *h* in 'crystal' and has altered 'rivelet,' a form worth keeping, to 'riv*u*let.'

626-7 Another loose rhyme.

Poor Castabella having now lost all
That she thought worth the losing, would not call
For help to be a witness of her shame:
It was too late, nor did she know his name
That had undone her: cruel thoughts arise,
And wanting other vent, break through her eyes.
Shame prompts [her] to despair and let out life;
Revenge advised her to conceal her grief:
Fear checks revenge, and Honour chides her fear,
Within her breast such mutinous thoughts there were
She could resolve on nothing: day then breaks,
And shame in blushes rose upon her cheeks.
With that she spies a ring lie at her feet,
She took it up, and glad she was to see 't.
By this she thought, if Fate so pitied her,
In time she might find out the ravisher.
Revenge then whispers in her ear afresh,
Be bold; she look'd upon 't, but could not guess
Whose it might be; yet she remember'd well
She'd seen 't before, but where she could not tell.
With that she threw it from her in disdain,
Yet thought wrought so she took it up again;
And looking better on 't, within the ring
She spied the name and motto of the king:
Whereat she starts;—"O ye blest powers!" said she,
"Thanks for this happy strange discovery."
She wrapp'd it up, and to the lodge she went
To study some revenge; 'twas her intent
By some device to 'tice Philemon thither,
And there to end his life and hers together.
But that was cross'd, Lysander back returns
Crown'd with a noble victory,—and horns
That he ne'er dream'd of: to his wife he goes,
And finds her weeping: no content she shows
At his safe coming back; but speaks in tears:
He lov'd too well to harbour jealous fears.
He wip'd her eyes, and kiss'd her to invite
A gentle welcome from her if he might:
But 'twould not be; he ask'd her why she wept,
And who had wrong'd her; still she silence kept,
And turns away: then he began to doubt
All was not well; to find the matter out
He tries all means; and first with mild entreats
He woos her to disclose it: then with threats
He seeks to wring it from her. Much ado
She told him the sad story of her woe.
The ring confirm'd the truth of her report:
And he believ'd her.—Straight he hies to court

---

649 guess] Here 'guesh' itself (*v. supra*, l. 477) is needed.
676 'Much ado' as an adverb is noteworthy.

T' acquaint his fathers with it. All three vow
To be reveng'd, but first they study how.
Well, to be brief, they muster up their friends,
And now Philemon 'gan to guess their ends,
And counter-works t' oppose them, gathers strength,
And boldly goes to meet them; at the length
They battle join. Philemon put to flight,
And many thousands butcher'd in the fight;
'Mongst whom old Stremon fell, whose noble spirit
Outdid his age, and by his brave merit
Did gain himself so glorious a name,
Arcadia to this day adores the same.
Lysander's wrongs spurr'd on his swift pursuit
After Philemon, when a sudden shout
Amongst his soldiers caus'd him sound retreat,
Fearing some mutiny—all in a sweat
A messenger ran tow'rd him, crying out,
"Return, my lord, the cunning wolf 's found out,
Philemon 's slain, and you proclaimèd king":
With that again the echoing valleys ring.
The foe, it seems, had wheel'd about a mere
In policy to set upon the rear
Of bold Lysander's troops; they fac'd about
And met his charge; when a brave youth stepp'd out
And singles forth the king: they used no words,
The cause was to be pleaded with their swords,
Which anger whet: no blow was giv'n in vain,
Now they retire, and then come on again;
Like two wild boars for mastery they strive,
And many wounds on either side they give:
Then grappling both together, both fell down,
Fainting for want of blood; when with a frown
As killing as his sword the brave youth gave
His foe a wound that sent him to his grave.
"Take that, thou murderer of my honour's name,"
Said the brave youth, or rather the brave dame;
For so it prov'd: yet her disguise was such,
The sharpest eye could not discern so much,
Until Lysander came: his piercing eye
Soon found who 'twas, he knew her presently;
'Twas Castabella, his unhappy wife,
Who losing honour, would not keep her life;
But thrusts herself into the midst of danger
To seek out death, and would have died a stranger

---

686 Philemon put] The omission of 'was' before 'put' is not so much an isolated carelessness as characteristic of the odd shorthand breathlessness of the piece.

689 It is by no means certain that the apparently missing syllable here is not due to that system of *mis*rhyming which is frequent in Wyatt and not unknown down to Spenser.

700 mere] Orig. 'meer.'

Unto Lysander's knowledge, had not he
Inform'd the world it could be none but she
That durst win honour so. The noble dame
Was not quite dead whenas Lysander came,
Who stooping down to kiss her, with his tears
T'embalm her for a grave, herself she rears,
And meeting his embrace; "Welcome," said she,
"Welcome, Lysander; since I have seen thee,
I dare Death's worst"; then sinking down she died,
The honour of her sex:—all means were tried
To call back life, but medicines came late,
Her blood was spent, and she subscribes to fate.
Lysander was about to sacrifice
Himself t'appease th' incensed destinies;
And had not one stepp'd in and held his hand,
He'd done the deed, and so undone the land.
Peace was proclaim'd to all that would submit
On the foe's side: the soldiers dig a pit
And tumble in Philemon; none there were,
Or friend or foe, that seem'd to shed a tear
To deck his hearse withal. Thus his base lust
Untimely laid his glory in the dust;
But Castabella she outliv'd her shame,
And shepherd swains still carol out her fame.
She needs no poet's pen to mount it high,
Lysander wept her out an elegy.
Her obsequies once o'er, the king was crown'd,
And war's loud noise with peals of joy was drown'd:
Janus's temple was shut up, and Peace
Usher'd in Plenty by their flocks' increase;
But long it lasted not, Philemon's friends
Soon gather'd head again. Lysander sends
Some force against them, but with bad success,
The foe prevails, and seales their hardiness.
Lysander goes in person and is slain,
Philemon's friends then make a king again;
A hot-spur'd youth, hight Hylas, such a one
As pride had fitted for commotion.
  About that time, in a tempestuous night,
A ship that by misfortune chanc'd to light
Upon the rocks that are upon our coast,
Was split to pieces, all the lading lost,
And all the passengers, save a young man
That Fortune rescued from the oceàn.
When day was broke, and I put out to sea,
To fish out a poor living; by the lea
As I was coasting, I might well espy
The carcass of a ship:—my man and I

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757 seales] *sic* in orig., with the long ſ. It may be nothing more than 'seals,' 'puts force into.'

Made straightway tow'rd it, and with wind and oar
We quickly reach'd it, 'twas not far from shore,
About some half a league; we view'd the wrack
But found no people in't, when looking back,
Upon a shelving rock, a man we spied,
As we thought, dead, and cast up by the tide:
But by good hap he was not, yet wellnigh
Starv'd with the cold, and the sea's cruelty.
We thaw'd him into life again, but he,
As if he relish'd not our charity,
Seem'd to be angry; and had we not been,
The youth had leap'd into the sea again.
Perforce we brought him home, where with warm potions
We thaw'd his numbed joints into their motions,
And chiding his despair, with good advice
I warm'd his hopes that else had froze to ice.
A braver youth mine eye ne'er look'd upon,
Nor of a sweeter disposition.'
Old Cleon could no longer silence keep,
But ask'd his name, and as he ask'd did weep.
'Was he your friend?' quoth Rhotus, 'he's alive,
Knew you as much as I, you would not grieve.
He calls himself Alexis, now our king,
And long may we enjoy his governing:
But he forgets who sav'd his life; great men
Seldom remember to look down again.
There was a time when I'd have scorn'd to crave
A thanks from any, till a churlish wave
Wash'd off my friends and thrust me from the court,
To dwell with labour; but I thank them for't.
Content dwells not at court; but I have done,
And if you please, my lord, I will go on
Where I left off a while:—Hylas being king,
Puff'd up with pride, by often conquering,
He fell to riot, king and people both
Laid arms aside to fall in love with sloth.
The downs were unfrequented, shepherd swains
Were very rarely seen to haunt the plains.
The plough lay still, the earth manuring needs,
And 'stead of corn brought forth a crop of weeds.
No courts of justice kept, no law observ'd,
No hand to punish such as ill deserv'd:
Their will was then their law; who durst resist,
Hylas connives, and all did what they list.
Lysander's friends were scatter'd here and there,
And liv'd obscurely circled in with fear.
Some till'd the ground, whilst others fed their flocks,
Under the covert of some hanging rocks.
Others fell'd wood, and some dye weavy yarn
The women spun; thus all were forc'd to earn

Their bread by sweaty labour: 'mongst the many,
I and some others fish'd to get a penny.
And had I but my daughter, which I lost
In the foe's hot pursuit (for without boast,
She was a good one), I should think me blest,
Nor would I change my calling with the best.
She was my only comfort; but she's dead,
Or, which is worse, I fear me ravishèd.
But I digress too much:—upon a day
When Care's triumphs gave us leave to play,
We all assembled on a spacious green,
To tell old tales, and choose our Summer's queen.
Thither Alexis, my late shipwreck'd guest,
At my entreaty came, and 'mongst the rest,
In their disports made one; no exercise
Did come amiss to him; for all he tries,
And won the prize in all: the graver sort
That minded more their safety than their sport,
'Gan to bethink them on their former state,
And on their country's factions ruminate.
They had intelligence how matters went
In Hylas' court, whose people's minds were bent
To nought but idleness; that fruitful sin
That never bears a child that's not a twin.
They heard they had unmann'd themselves by ease,
And how security like a disease
Spread o'er their dwellings, how their profus'd hand
Squander'd away the plenty of the land:
How civil discords sprang up ev'ry hour,
And quench'd themselves in blood; how the law's power
Was wholly slighted, Justice made a jeer,
And sins unheard-of practis'd without fear.
The state was sick at heart, and now or never
Was time to cure it: all consult together,
How to recover what they lost of late,
Their liberty and means; long they debate
About the matter: all resolve to fight,
And by the law of arms to plead their right.
But now they want a head, and whom to trust
They could not well resolve on, choose they must
One of necessity:—the civil wars
Had scarce left any that durst trade for scars.
The flower of youth was gone, save four or five
Were left to keep Arcadia's fame alive;
Yet all too young to govern, all about
They view the youth, to single some one out.

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831 Care's] This seems to be made = 'Ca-ers' *met. grat.*
848 profus'd] This for 'profuse' is noteworthy—the participial form of *profusus* kept in the adjectival sense.

By this time they had crown'd Alexis' brow
With wreaths of bays, and all the youth allow
Of him a victor; many odes they sing
In praise of him; then to the bower they bring
Their noble champion, whereas they were wont;
They lead him to a little turfy mount
Erected for that purpose, where all might
Both hear and see the victor with delight.
He had a man-like look, and sparkling eye,
A front whereon sate such a majesty
As awed all his beholders; his long hair,
After the Grecian fashion, without care
Hung loosely on his shoulders, black as jet,
And shining with his oily honour'd sweat;
His body straight, and well-proportion'd, tall,
Well-limb'd, well-set, long-arm'd;—one hardly shall
Among a thousand find one in all points
So well compact, and sinew'd in his joints.
But that which crown'd the rest, he had a tongue
Whose sweetness toal'd unwillingness along,
And drew attention from the dullest ear,
His words so oily smooth and winning were.'
  Rhotus was going on when day appear'd,
And with its light the cloudy welkin clear'd.
They heard the milkmaids halloo home their kine,
And to their troughs knock in their straggling swine.
The birds 'gan sing, the calves and lambkins bleat,
Wanting the milky breakfast of a teat.
With that he brake off his discourse, intending
Some fitter time to give his story ending.
Some household bus'ness call'd his care ashore,
And Cleon thought on what concern'd him more.
His men weigh anchor, and with Rhotus sail
Toward the land; they had so strong a gale,
They quickly reach'd the port where Rhotus dwelt,
Who with old Cleon with fair words so dealt,
He won him to his cell; where as his guest
We'll leave him, earnest to hear out the rest.
  By this time had Anaxus ta'en his leave
Of his kind sister, that afresh can grieve
For his departure; she entreats in vain,
And spends her tears to wash him back again,
But 'twould not be; he leaves her to her woes,
And in the search of his Clarinda goes.
He scarce had travell'd two days' journey thence,
When hieing to a shade, for his defence
'Gainst the Sun's scorching heat, who then began
T' approach the point of the meridian:

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887 toal'd] This (= 'drew') we had above (l. 252) as 'toled.'
893 their troughs] S. 'the,' to avoid repetition of 'their,' I suppose.

Within a little silent grove hard by,
Upon a small ascent, he might espy
A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady sycamores about:
And ever and anon he might well hear
A sound of music steal in at his ear
As the wind gave it being:—so sweet an air
Would strike a syren mute and ravish her.
He sees no creature that might cause the same,
But he was sure that from the grove it came.
And to the grove he goes to satisfy
The curiosity of ear and eye.
Thorough the thick-leav'd boughs he makes a way,
Nor could the scratching brambles make him stay:
But on he rushes, and climbs up the hill,
Thorough a glade he saw and heard his fill.
A hundred virgins there he might espy
Prostrate before a marble deity,
Which, by its portraiture, appear'd to be
The image of Diana:—on their knee
They tender'd their devotions: with sweet airs,
Off'ring the incense of their praise and prayers.
Their garments all alike; beneath their paps
Buckled together with a silver claps,
And 'cross their snowy silken robes, they wore
An azure scarf, with stars embroider'd o'er.
Their hair in curious tresses was knit up,
Crown'd with a silver crescent on the top.
A silver bow their left hand held, their right,
For their defence, held a sharp-headed flight
Drawn from their broid'red quiver, neatly tied
In silken cords, and fasten'd to their side.
Under their vestments, something short before,
White buskins, lac'd with ribbanding, they wore.
It was a catching sight for a young eye,
That Love had fir'd before:—he might espy
One, whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,
Whose head was with a golden chaplet crown'd.
He could not see her face, only his ear
Was blest with the sweet words that came from her.
He was about removing; when a crew
Of lawless thieves their horny trumpets blew,
And from behind the temple unawares
Rush'd in upon them, busy at their prayers.
The virgins to their weak resistance fly,
And made a show as if they meant to try

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939 claps] This word, like its companion 'vulgarisms' 'hapse,' 'wapse,' 'graps,' and even 'crips,' which as a Latin word hardly deserves it, has ample M.E. justification.

945 flight] For 'arrow,' not uncommon.

The mastery by opposing; but, poor souls,
They soon gave back, and ran away in shoals.
Yet some were taken, such as scorn of fear
Had left behind to fortify the rear.
'Mongst whom their queen was one, a braver maid
Anaxus ne'er beheld; she sued and pray'd
For life, to those that had no pity left,
Unless in murdering those they had bereft
Of honour.—This incens'd Anaxus' rage,
And in he rush'd, unlook'd-for on that stage:
Then out his sword he draws, and dealt such blows
That struck amazement in his numerous foes.
Twenty to one there were, too great an odds,
Had not his cause drawn succour from the gods.
The first he coped with was their captain, whom
His sword sent headless to seek out a tomb.
This cowarded the valour of the rest,
A second drops to make the worms a feast:
A third and fourth soon follow'd, six he slew,
And so dismay'd the fearful residue,
That down the hill they fled; he after hies,
And fells another villain, as he flies.
To the thick wood he chas'd them, 'twas in vain
To follow further;—up the hill again
Weary Anaxus climbs, in hope to find
The rescued virgins he had left behind.
But all were gone; fear lent them wings, and they
Fled to their home affrighted any way.
They durst not stay to hazard the event
Of such a doubtful combat; yet they lent
Him many a pray'r to bring on good success,
And thank'd him for his noble hardiness
That freed them from the danger they were in,
And met the shock himself. The virgin queen
Full little dreamt, what champion Love had brought
To rescue her bright honour; had she thought
It had Anaxus been, she would have shared
In the adventure howsoe'er she fared;
But Fate was not so pleased. The youth was sad
To see all gone: the many wounds he had
Griev'd him not so, as that he did not know
Her for whose sake he had adventur'd so.
Yet was he glad whoe'er she was, that he
Had come so luckily to set them free
From such a certain thraldom. Night drew on

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983 fells] S. 'fell.'

995 himself] Not strictly grammatical, but good enough.

1002 not so] Here 'tis not so good. The poet *says* that Anaxus was not prevented by his wounds from knowing who she was: i. e. that he *did* know. It is clear from (and necessary to) what follows that he did *not*.

And his wounds smarted: no chirurgeòn
Was near at hand to bind them up, and pour
His balmy medicines into his sore:
And surely he had died, but that his heart
Was yet too stout to yield for want of art.
Looking about, upon a small ascent
He spied an old thatch'd house, all to berent
And eaten out by time, and the foul weather,
Or rather seem'd a piece of ruin; thither
Anaxus faintly hies, and in the way
He meets with old Sylvanus, who they say
Had skill in augury, and could foretell
Th' event of things: he came then from his cell
To gather a few herbs and roots—the cates
He fed upon. Anaxus him entreats
To bind his wounds up, and with care t' apply
Unto his sores some wholesome remedy.
A trim old man he was, though age had plough'd
Up many wrinkles in his brow, and bow'd
His body somewhat tow'rd the earth; his hairs
Like the snow's woolly flakes made white with cares,
The thorns that now and then pluck'd off the down
And wore away for baldness to a crown:
His broad kemb'd beard hung down near to his waist,
The only comely ornament that grac'd
His reverend old age,—his feet were bare
But for his leathern sandals, which he ware
To keep them clean from galling, which compell'd
Him use a staff to help him to the field.
He durst not trust his legs, they fail'd him then,
And he was almost grown a child again:
Yet sound in judgement, not impair'd in mind,
For age had rather the soul's parts refin'd
Than any way infirm'd; his wit no less
Than 'twas in youth, his memory as fresh;
He fail'd in nothing but his earthly part,
They tended to its centre; yet his heart
Was still the same, and beat as lustily:
For, as it first took life, it would last die.
Upon the youth with greedy eye he gaz'd,
And on his staff himself a little rais'd;
When with a tear or two, with pity press'd
From his dry springs, he welcomes his request.
He needs not much entreaty to do good,

1043 They tended] i. e. 'retreated to the citadel,' 'made their last stand.' 'They' has no direct antecedent: in the careless way of the time the author seems to have remembered that he had written 'soul's parts' earlier, and forgotten 'earthly part' which had just dropped from his pen. Or he may have actually written 'parts' here and struck the *s* out when 'heart' required it without troubling himself about 'they.' The *insouciance* of these Carolines is delightful.

But having wash'd his wounds and stanch'd the blood,
He pours in oily balsam; fits his clothes,
And with soft tents he stops their gaping mouths;
Then binds them up, and with a cheerful look
Welcomes his thankful patient, whom he took
Home with him to his cell; whose poor outside
Promis'd as mean a lodging; pomp and pride
(Those peacocks of the time) ne'er roosted there.
Content and lowliness the inmates were.
It was not so contemptible within,
There was some show of beauty that had been
Made much of in old time, but now wellnigh
Worn out with envious time; a curious eye
Might see some relics of a piece of art
That Psyche made, when Love first fir'd her heart.
It was the story of her thoughts, which she
Curiously wrought in lively imag'ry;
Among the rest, the thought of Jealousy
Time left untouch'd, to grace antiquity.
It was decipher'd by a timorous dame,
Wrapp'd in a yellow mantle lin'd with flame:
Her looks were pale, contracted with a frown,
Her eyes suspicious, wand'ring up and down;
Behind her, Fear attended big with child,
Able to fright Presumption, if she smil'd.
After her flew a sigh, between two springs
Of briny water; on her dove-like wings
She bore a letter seal'd with a half-moon,
And superscrib'd, *This from suspicion.*
More than this, churlish Time had left no thing
To show the piece was Psyche's broidering.
Hither Sylvanus brings him, and with cates,
Such as our wants may buy at easy rates,
He feasts his guest; hunger and sweet content
Sucks from coarse fare a courtly nourishment.
When they had supp'd, they talk an hour or two,
And each the other questions how things go.
Sylvanus ask'd him how he came so hurt,
Anaxus tells him; and this sad report
Spins out a long discourse:—the youth inquir'd
What maids they were he rescued, why so tir'd:
What saint it was they worshipp'd, whence the thieves,
And who that virgin was, that he conceives
Was queen and sovereign lady of the rest?
Sylvanus willing to content his guest,

1052 fits his clothes] Unless 'clothes' is here used for 'clouts,' which the rhyme suggests and which would easily mean 'rag-bandages,' I do not know what this means.

1063 time] Observe the careless clash with the same word in the same place of the line before. This is not so delightful, but it is equally characteristic.

After a little pause, in a grave tone,
Thus courteously replied; quoth he, 'My son,
To tell a sad relation will, I fear,
Prove but unseasonable; a young ear
Will relish it but harshly; yet since you
Desire so much to hear it, I shall do
My best to answer your desires in all
That truth hath warranted authentical.
You are not such a stranger to the state,
But you have heard of Hylas, who of late,
Back'd by some fugitives, with a strong hand,
Wrested the crown and sceptre of this land
From the true owner; this same Hylas when
He had what his ambition aim'd at; then
When he grew wearied with conquering
His native countrymen, and as a king
Sate himself down to taste what Fate had dress'd,
And serv'd up to him at a plenteous feast;
When the loud clangours of these civil broils
Were laid aside, and each man view'd the spoils
He had unjustly gotten, and in peace
Securely dwelt with idleness and ease—
Those moths that fret and eat into a state,
Until they render it the scorn of Fate;
Hylas, puff'd up with pride, and self-conceit
Of his own valour that had made him great,
In riot and lasciviousness he spends
His precious hours, and through the kingdom sends
His pand'ring parasites to seek out game,
To quench th' unmaster'd fury of his flame.
His agents were so cunning, many a maid
Were to their honour's loss subtly betrayed,
With gifts and golden promises of that
Which womanish ambition levell'd at,
Greatness and honour; but they miss'd their aim,
Their hopeful harvest prov'd a crop of shame.
Amongst the many beauties that his spies
Mark'd out, to offer up a sacrifice
Unto his lust, the beauteous Florimel
Was one, whose virtue had no parallel:
She is old Memnon's daughter, who of late
Was banish'd from his country, and by fate
Driven upon our coast, and as I guess
He was of Lemnos, fam'd for healthfulness.
Under this borrow'd name (for so it was,
Or else my art doth fail me) he did pass
Unknown to any; in a shepherd's weed
He shrouds his honour, now content to feed

1124 game] S., obviously by oversight, '*gain*.'

A flock of sheep, that had fed men before,
It is no wonder to see goodness poor.
It was his daughter that the lustful king,
Beast-like, neigh'd after; still his flatt'rers sing
Odes of her praise, to heighten his desires,
To swim to pleasure through a hell of fires.
The tempting baits were laid, the nets were spread,
And gilded o'er to catch a maidenhead;
But all in vain, Eugenia would not bite,
Nor sell her honour for a base delight.
He speaks in letters a dumb eloquence
That takes the heart before it reach the sense;
But they were slighted, letters that speak sin
Virtue sends back in scorn: he writes again,
And is again repuls'd, he comes himself,
And desp'rately casts anchor on the shelf
Of his own power and greatness, toles her on
To come aboard to her destruction:
But she was deaf unto his syren charms,
Made wisely wary by another's harms.
Her strong repulses were like oil to fires,
Strength'ning th' increasing heat of his desires.
With mild entreats he woos her, and doth swear
How that his love's intendments noble were;
And if she'd love him, he protests and vows
To make her queen of all the state he owes.
But she was fix'd, and her resolves so strong,
She vow'd to meet with death, rather than wrong
Him unto whom her maiden faith was plight;
And he 's no mean one, if my aim hits right.
When Hylas saw no cunning would prevail
To make her his, his angry looks wax'd pale,
His heart call'd home the blood to feed revenge,
That there sate plotting to work out his ends.
At length it hatch'd this mischief; Memnon 's bid
To chide his daughter's coyness; so he did,
And she became the bolder, chid his checks,
And answer'd his injunctions with neglects.
Whereat the king enrag'd, laid hands upon her,
And was a-dragging her to her dishonour,
When Memnon's servants, at their mistress' cry,
Rush'd in and rescued her,—'twas time to fly,
Hylas had else met with a just reward
For his foul lust: he had a slender guard,
And durst not stand the hazard: Memnon's men
Would have pursued, but they came off again
At Memnon's call: the woful Florimel
(For so her name was) on the pavement fell,

1176-7 revenge—ends] As bad a rhyme as most: though 'checks' and 'neglects' runs it hard in more than place of line.

Waiting the stroke of death; life was about
To leave her, had not Memnon found her out.'
  Anaxus all this while gave heedful ear
To what he spake, and lent him many a tear—
To point out the full stops of his discourse;
But that he calls her Florimel, the force
Of his strong passions had persuaded him
It had been his Clarinda (as in time
The story makes her).—'Spare thy tears, my son,'
Said old Sylvanus; so his tale went on.
'These are but sad beginnings of events
Spun out to Sorrow's height; the foul intents
Of Hylas being frustrate, and his fires
Wanting no fuel to increase desires;
He lays a snare to catch his maiden prize
By murdering her old father; and his spies
Were sent to find his haunt out: Memnon, he
Of old experienced in court policy,
Wisely forecasts th' event, and studies how
He might prevent his mischiefs, ere they grow
Too ripe and near at hand to be put by,
By all the art and strength he had;—to die,
For him that now was old, he nothing cared,
Death at no time finds goodness unprepared.
But how he might secure his Florimel,
That thought most troubled him; he knew full well
She was the white was aimed at; were she sure,
He made but slight of what he might endure.
He was but yet a stranger to those friends
That his true worth had gain'd him, yet intends
To try some one of them; anon his fears
And jealous doubts call back those former cares.
He thinks on many ways for her defence;
But, except heav'n, finds none save innocence.
Memnon at last resolves next day to send her
To Vesta's cloister, and there to commend her
Unto the virgin goddess's protection,
And to that purpose gave her such direction,
As fitted her to be a vestal nun,
And time seem'd tedious till the deed was done.
The fatal night, before that wish'd-for day,
When Florimel was to be pack'd away,
Hylas besets the house with armèd men,
Loath that his lust should be deceived again.
At midnight they brake in, Memnon arose,
And e'er he call'd his servants, in he goes
Into his daughter's chamber, and besmears
Her breast and hands with blood; the rest her fears

1200 The story] It is certainly good of the author to 'show a light': for 'the story' wanted it!

Counsel her to; each hand took up a knife
T' oppose her foe, or let out her own life
If need should be, to save her honour'd name
From Lust's black sullies, and ne'er dying shame.
Memnon then calls his servants, they arise,
And wanting light, they make their hands their eyes.
Like seamen in a storm, about they go,
At their wits' end, not knowing what to do;
Down a back stairs they hurried to the hall,
Where the most noise was; in they venture all,
And all were suddenly surpris'd; in vain,
Poor men, they struggle to get loose again.
A very word was punish'd with a wound.
Here might they see their aged master bound,
And though too weak to make resistance, found
Wounded almost to death; his hoary hairs
Now near half worn away with age and cares,
Torn from his head and beard; he scorn'd to cry,
Or beg for mercy from their cruelty.
He far'd the worse because he would not tell
What was become of his fair Florimel;
She heard not this, though she set ope her ears
To listen to the whispers of her fears.
Sure had she heard how her good father far'd,
Her very cries would have the doors unbarr'd,
To let her out to plead his innocence;
But he had lock'd her up in a close room,
Free from suspicion, and 't had been her tomb,
Had not the Fates prevented; search was made
In every corner, and great care was had,
Lest she should 'scape; but yet they miss'd the lass;
They sought her everywhere but where she was.
Under the bed there was a trap-door made,
That open'd to a room where Memnon laid
The treasure and the jewels which he brought
From Lemnos with him:—round about they sought,
Under and o'er the bed; in chests they pry,
And in each hole where scarce a cat might lie;
But could not find the cunning contriv'd door
That open'd bed and all: then down they tore
The painted hangings, and survey the walls,
Yet found no by-way out.—Then Hylas calls
To know if they had found her; they reply,
She was not there: then with a wrathful eye,
Looking on Memnon;—"Doting fool," said he,

1245 hands] This is Benlowesian beyond our present author's wont.

1254 found] This has to be joined *somehow* with 'might,' if with anything. It is rather a capital example of the syntax of this period. You take the two unimpeachable sentences, 'Here they might see their master' and 'Here they found their master,' and clap them together just as they will go.

"Wilt thou not tell me where she is: if she
Be in this house conceal'd, I have a way
Shall find her out; if thou hast mind to pray
Be speedy, thou hast not an hour to live:
I'll teach thee what it is for to deceive
Him that would honour thee."—"Would shame me rather,"
Answer'd old Memnon, "and undo a father,
By shaming of his daughter; lustful king,
Call you this honour? death 's not such a thing
As can fright Memnon; he and I have met
Up to the knees in blood, and honour'd sweat,
Where his scythe mow'd down legions; he and I
Are well acquainted, 'tis no news to die."
"Dost thou so brave it?" Hylas said, "I'll try
What temper you are made on by and by.
Set fire upon the house,—since you love death
I'll teach you a new way to let out breath."
This word struck Memnon mute, not that he fear'd
Death in what shape soever he appear'd;
But that his daughter, whom as yet his care
Had kept from ravishing, should with him share
In such a bitter potion; this was that
Which more than death afflicted him, that Fate
Should now exact a double sacrifice,
And prove more cruel than his enemies.
This struck him to the heart,—the house was fired,
And his sad busy thoughts were well-nigh tired
With studying what to do: whenas a post
That had out-rid report, brought news the coast
Shined full of firèd beacons, how his lords,
Instead of sleep, betook themselves to swords;
How that the foe was near, and meant ere day
To make his court and treasury their prey;
How that the soldiers were at their wits' end
For th' absence of their king, and did intend,
Unless he did prevent them suddenly,
To choose a new one.—Hylas fearfully
Did entertain this news, calls back his men,
And through by-paths he steals to court again,
Leaving the house on fire; the thatch was wet,
And burnt but slowly: Memnon's servants get
Their master loose, and with their teeth unties
The bloody cords that binds the sacrifice,
That Fate was pleas'd to spare; they quench the fire,
Whilst he runs to his daughter; both admire
Their little hop'd-for wond'rous preservation,
Praising their gods with fervent adoration.
Next day he shifts his Florimel away
Unto the vestal cloister, there to stay

1326 unties] Apparent false concord, as so often.

Till he heard how things went, and what success
Befell the wars; his men themselves address,
At his command to wait upon the wars,
To purchase freedom, or by death, or scars.
Memnon himself keeps home, attended on
But by a stubbèd boy; his daughter gone,
His fears 'gan lessen:—Hylas was o'erthrown,
And bold Alexis' conquest gain'd a crown:
And worthily he wears it; with his reign
Desirèd Peace stept on the stage again.
The laws were executed, justice done,
And civil order stayed confusion.
Sloth and her sister Ease were banishèd,
And all must labour now to get their bread:
Yet Peace is not so settled, but we find
Some work for swords; the foe hath left behind
Some gleanings of his greater strength, that still
Commit great outrages, that rob and kill
All that they meet with, ravishing chaste maids
Both of their life and honour; some such lads
Were they that set upon the virgin crew,
That were redeem'd so worthily by you.
A hundred virgins monthly do frequent
Diana's temple, where with pure intent
They tender their devotions: one is chose
By lot to be their queen, to whom each owes
Her best respect, and for this month I guess
Their queen was Florimel, now votaress.'
Sylvanus here brake off; 'twas late, and sleep,
Like lead, hung on their eyelids, Heav'n them keep.
We'll leave them to their rest awhile, and tell
What to Thealma in this space befell.
  Anaxus had no sooner ta'en his leave
Of his glad sister, making her believe
That he would shortly visit her, when she
Led forth her flock to field more joyfully
Than she was wont to do; those rosy stains
That nature wont to lend her from her veins,
Began t' appear upon her cheeks, and raise
Her sickly beauty to contend for praise.
She trick'd herself in all her best attire,
As if she meant this day t' invite Desire
To fall in love with her: her loose hair
Hung on her shoulders, sporting with the air:

1339 stubbed] Nerissa was 'a *scrubbed* boy,' the metaphor being in both cases from trees.

1370 seq. The following picture of Thealma is a fair test-passage, whereby anybody may determine whether he likes poetry of this kind or no. It is not consummate, even of its own kind—if it were the test would not be fair. But it has a '*quaint* attractive kind of grace' of its own.

Her brow a coronet of rose-buds crown'd,
With loving woodbine's sweet embraces bound.
Two globe-like pearls were pendant to her ears,
And on her breast a costly gem she wears,
An adamant, in fashion like a heart,
Whereon Love sat a-plucking out a dart,
With this same motto graven round about
On a gold border: *Sooner in than out.*
This gem Clearchus gave her, when, unknown,
At tilt his valour won her for his own.
Instead of bracelets on her wrists, she wore
A pair of golden shackles, chain'd before
Unto a silver ring enamel'd blue,
Whereon in golden letters to the view
This motto was presented: *Bound yet free.*
And in a true-love's knot a *T.* and *C.*
Buckled it fast together; her silk gown
Of grassy green, in equal plaits hung down
Unto the earth: and as she went the flowers,
Which she had broider'd on it at spare hours,
Were wrought so to the life, they seem'd to grow
In a green field, and as the wind did blow,
Sometimes a lily, then a rose takes place,
And blushing seems to hide it in the grass:
And here and there gold oaes 'mong pearls she strew,
That seem'd like shining glow-worms in the dew.
Her sleeves were tinsel, wrought with leaves of green,
In equal distance, spangelèd between,
And shadowed over with a thin lawn cloud,
Through which her workmanship more graceful show'd.
A silken scrip and shepherd's crook she had,
The badge of her profession; and thus clad,
Thealma leads her milky drove to field,
Proud of so brave a guide: had you beheld
With what a majesty she trod the ground,
How sweet she smil'd, and angrily she frown'd,
You would have thought it had Minerva been,
Come from high Jove to dwell on earth again.
The reason why she made herself thus fine
Was a sweet dream she had; some power divine
Had whisper'd to her soul Clearchus liv'd,
And that he was a king for whom she griev'd:
She thought she saw old Hymen in Love's bands,
Tie with devotion both their hearts and hands.

1402 oaes] S. oddly enough prints *oates*, and (less oddly) italicizes. I suppose the *a* (introduced probably to prevent the diphthong pronunciation *æ*) led him astray. But it is surprising that so good an Elizabethan should not have remembered Shakespeare's '*oes* and eyes of light' and Bacon's '*oes* or spangs.' This last, with 'spangelèd' below, is a particularly close parallel. ('Strew' as pret. of the form 'straw.')

1417 power] S. 'poor.'

She was a-dreaming farther, when her maid
Told her the sun was up: she, well apaid
With what her greedy thoughts had tasted on,
Quickly got up; and hurried with her dream,
Thus tricks herself, having a mind to seem
What she would be, but was not; strong conceit
So wrought upon her; those that are born great
Have higher thoughts than the low-minded clown,
He seldom dreams himself into a crown.
Caretta, modest girl, she thought it strange,
And wonder'd greatly at so sudden change;
But durst not be so bold to ask the cause.
Obedience had prescrib'd her knowledge laws,
And she would not transgress them; yet it made
Her call to mind what garments once she had,
And when her father liv'd, how brave she went,
But, humble-minded wench, she was content.
She knew the vanity of pomp and pride,
Which if not pluck'd off, must be laid aside
One day; and to speak truth, she had a mind
So deck'd with rich endowments, that it shin'd
In all her actions; howsoe'er she goes,
Few maids have such an inside to their clothes.
Yet her dame's love had trick'd her up so brave,
As she thought fit to make her maid, and gave
Her such habiliments to set her forth,
As rather grac'd than stain'd her mistress' worth.
They made her ne'er the prouder, she was still
As ready and obedient to her will.
Thus to the field Thealma and her maid
Cheerfully went; and in a friendly shade
They sat them down to work; the wench had brought,
As her dame bid, her lute; and as she wrought,
Thealma play'd and sang this cheerful air,
As if she then would bid adieu to care.

I

Fly hence, Despair, and heart-benumbing Fears,
    Presume no more to fright
    Me from my quiet rest:
My budding hopes have wip'd away my tears
    And fill'd me with delight,
    To cure my wounded breast.

II

Mount up, sad thoughts, that whilom humbly stray'd
    Upon the lowly plain,
    And fed on nought but grief.

1444 clothes] The pronunciation 'cloes' is probably *uralt.*
1457 seq. These lines should of course be compared with the two angling songs.

My angry fate with me is well apaid,
And smiles on me again,
To give my heart relief.

III

Rejoice, poor heart, forget these wounding woes
That robb'd thee of thy peace,
And drown'd thee in despair;
Still thy strong passions with a sweet repose
To give my soul some ease,
And rid me of my care.

My thoughts presage, by Fortune's frown,
I shall climb up unto a crown.

She had not ended her delicious lay,
When Cleon and old Rhotus, who that day
Were journeying to court, by chance drew near,
As she was singing, and t' enrich their ear
They made a stand behind the hedge, to hear
Her sweet soul-melting accents, that so won
Their best attention, that when she had done,
The voice had ravish'd so the good old men,
They wish'd in vain she would begin again;
And now they long to see what goddess 'twas
That own'd so sweet a voice, and with such grace
Chid her sad woes away.—The cause that drew
Rhotus to court was this; after a view
Made by the victor—king of all his peers,
And well-deserving men, that force or fears
Had banish'd from their own, and Peace begun
To smile upon Arcadia; to shun
The future cavils that his subjects might
Make to recover their usurpèd right:
He made inquiry what each man possess'd
During Lysander's reign, to re-invest
Them in their honour'd places, and such lands
As tyranny had wrung out of their hands.
And minding now to gratify his friends,
Like a good prince, he for old Rhotus sends;
As he to whom he ow'd his life, and all
The honour he had rose to;—at his call
Old Rhotus quickly comes, leaving his trade
To an old servant whom long custom had
Wedded to that vocation; so that he
Aim'd at no higher honour than to be
A master fisher. Cleon, who of late,
As you have heard, came from the Lemnian state
In search of one whose name he yet kept close,
With Rhotus, his kind host, to court he goes,
And with him his son Dorus: in the way,
As you have heard, Thealma made them stay,

And not contented to content their ear
With her sweet music, tow'rd her they drew near;
And wond'ring at her bravery and her beauty,
They thought to greet her with a common duty
Would ill become them: humbly on their knee
They tender'd their respect, and, prince-like, she
Thank'd them with nods: her high thoughts still aspire
And their low lootings lift them a step higher.
Old Cleon eyed her with such curious heed,
He thought she might be, what she prov'd indeed,
Thealma:—her rich gems confirm'd the same,
For some he knew, yet durst not ask her name.
Caretta viewing Rhotus (loving wench)
As if instinct had taught her confidence,
Runs from her mistress, contradicts all fears,
And asks him blessing, speaking in her tears.
'Lives then Caretta?' said he.—'Yes,' quoth she,
'I am Caretta, if you'll father me.'
'Then heaven hath heard my prayers, or thine rather,
It is thy goodness makes me still a father.'
A thousand times he kiss'd the girl, whilst she
Receives them as his blessings on her knee.
At length he took her up, and to her dame
With thanks return'd her: saying, 'If a blame
Be due unto your handmaid's fond neglect
To do you service, let your frown reflect
On her poor father. She, as children use,
Is overjoy'd to find the thing they lose.'
'There needs no such apology, kind sir,'
Answer'd Thealma, 'duty bindeth her
More strictly to th' obedience of a father,
Than of a mistress: I commend her rather
For tend'ring what she owed so willingly;
Believ't I love her for it; she and I
Have drank sufficiently of Sorrow's cup,
And were content sometimes to dine and sup
With the sad story of our woes; poor cates
To feed on; yet we bought them at dear rates:
Many a tear they cost us:—you are blest
In finding of a daughter, and the best
(Though you may think I flatter) that e'er liv'd
To glad a father; as with her I griev'd
For his supposed loss, so being found
I cannot but rejoice with her; the wound
Which you have cur'd in her, gives ease to mine,
And I find comfort in her medicine.
I had a father, but I lost him too,

1516 bravery] The dress described above.
1521 lootings] 'Loutings,' 'bows.' **them]** The thoughts, not the travellers.

And wilfully; my girl, so didst not thou;
Nor can I hope to find him, but in wrath
I lost his love in keeping of my faith.'
She would have spoken more, but sighs and tears
Brake from their prison to revive her fears.
Cleon, although he knew her by her speech,
And by some jewels which she wore, too rich
For any shepherdess to wear, forbare
To interrupt her; he so lov'd to hear
Her speak, whom he so oft had heard was drown'd,
And still, good man, he kneel'd upon the ground,
And wept for joy.—'Why do you kneel?' quoth she,
'Am I a saint? what do you see in me
To merit such respects? pray rise, 'tis I
That owe a reverence to such gravity,
That kneeling better would become; I know
No worth in me to worl you down so low.'
'Yes, gracious madam, what I pay is due
To none, for aught I know, so much as you:
Is not your name Thealma? hath your eye
Ne'er seen this face at Lemnos? I can spy,
Ev'n through the clouds of grief, the stamp of him
That once I call'd my sovereign; age and time
Hath brought him to his grave, that bed of dust,
Where when our night is come, sleep we all must.
Yet in despite of Death his honour'd name
Lives, and will ever in the vote of Fame.
Death works but on corruption, things divine,
Cleans'd from the dross about them, brighter shine:
So doth his virtues. What was earth is gone,
His heavenly part is left to crown his son,
If I could find him.' You may well conceive
At his sad tale what cause she had to grieve;
Reply she could not, but in sighs and tears,
Yet to his killing language lent her ears:
And had not grief enforc'd him make a pause
She had been silent still; she had most cause
To wail her father's loss. 'Oh, unkind Fate,'
Replied Thealma; 'it is now too late
To wish I'd not offended; cruel Love,
To force me to offend, and not to prove
So kind to let him live to punish her,
Whose fault, I fear me, was his murderer.
O, my Clearchus, 'twas through thee I fell
From a child's duty; yet I do not well
To blame thee for it, sweetly may'st thou sleep,
Thou and thy faults lie buried in the deep,

1560–3 The curiously loose rhyming of the poem is well exemplified in these two couplets.

1577 worl] Worth keeping for 'whirl,' or more probably 'hurl.'

And I'll not rake them up: ye partial powers,
To number out to me so many hours,
And punish him so soon; why do I live?
Can there be hope that spirits can forgive?'
'Yes, gracious madam, his departing soul
Seal'd up your pardon with a prayer t'enroll
Amongst his honour'd acts, left you a blessing,
And call'd it love, which you do style transgressing,
Left you a dowry worthy a lov'd child,
With whom he willingly was reconcil'd.
Take comfort, then; kings are but men, and they
As well as poor men must return to clay.'
With that she op'd the flood-gates of her eyes,
And offer'd up a wealthy sacrifice
Of thankful tears, to expiate her crimes,
And drown their memory, lest after-times
Might blab them to the world. Rhotus gave ear
To all that past, and lent her many a tear:
The alms that sweet compassion bestows
On a poor heart that wants to cure its woes.
Caretta melted too, though she had found
What her poor mistress griev'd at; all drank round
Of the same briny cup. Rhotus at last
'Gan thus to comfort her:—'Madam, though haste
To obey my sovereign's commands would fit
The duty of a subject better; yet
I will incur the hazard of his frown
To do you service; glory and renown,
The mark the noble spirits still aim at
To crown their virtues, did so animate
Alexis, our new sovereign, once my guest,
(And glad he was to be so) that his breast,
Full of high thoughts, could relish no content
In a poor cottage. One day as he went
With me unto our annual games, where he
Puts in for one to try the mastery,
And from them all came off a victor, so
That all admir'd him; on him they bestow
The wreath of conquest; at that time this state
Was govern'd by a tyrant, one that Fate
Thrust in to scourge the people's wickedness,
That had abus'd the blessing of their peace,
As he abus'd his honour, which he gain'd
By cruel usurpation: for he reign'd
More like a beast than man; Fortune at length
Grew weary of him too; weak'ning his strength
By wantoning his people, without law
Or exercise to keep their minds in awe.

1635-7 Not uninteresting to compare with 'The last infirmity of noble minds.'

Which the exil'd nobility perceiving,
Took heart again, some new strong hope conceiving
Through th' enemies' neglect, to regain that
Which formerly they lost; so it pleas'd Fate
To change the scene: most of the noble youth
The former war consum'd, and to speak truth,
Unless some few old men, there was left none
Worthy to be a leader; all was gone.
Wherefore when they had seen what he could do,
And by that guess'd, what he durst undergo,
(If they were put to 't) they Alexis chose
To lead their warlike troops against their foes.
His valour spake him noble, and 's behaviour
Was such as won upon the people's favour;
His speech so powerful, that the hearer thought
All his entreats commands: so much it wrought
Upon their awful minds: this new-come stranger
They chose to be their shield 'twixt them and danger;
And he deceived not th' expectation
They fix'd upon him: Hylas was o'erthrown,
And he return'd in triumph. Joy was now
Arcadia's theme; and all oblations vow
To their protector Mars: to 'quite him then,
They chose him king, the wonderment of men.
'Twas much, yet what they gave was not their own,
They ow'd him for it; what they gave he won,
And won it bravely. When this youth I found
Hanging upon the craggy rock, half drown'd,
I little dream'd that he should mount so high
As to a crown; yet such a majesty
Shin'd on his look sometimes, as show'd a mind
Too great to be to a low state confin'd:
Though while he lived with me, such sullen clouds
Of grief hung on his brow, and such sad floods,
Rather than briny tears, stream'd from his eyes
As made him seem a man of miseries.
And often as he was alone I heard him
Sigh out Thealma; I as often cheer'd him.
May not this be the man you grieve for so?
Your name's Thealma, and for aught I know,
He may not be Alexis; perhaps fear
Borrow'd that nickname, to conceal him here.
Take comfort, madam, on my life 'tis he,
If my conjecture fail me not; then be
Not so dejected till the truth be tried.'—
'And that shall be my charge,' Cleon replied;

1656–63 The Biblical critic (see Introduction) would certainly point to the curious coincidence of these lines with the state of things between Cromwell's death and the Restoration, when *Pharonnida* was finished.

1672 awful] This, the least common meaning of the word, is perhaps the most correct.

'Thanks, noble Rhotus, this discovery
Binds me to thee for ever: thou and I
Will to the court; could I Anaxus find
My work were ended; if Fate prove so kind,
I hope a comical event shall crown
These tragical beginnings; do not drown
Your hopes (sweet madam) that I so would fain
Live to your comfort, when we meet again,
Which will be speedily; the news we bring,
I trust, shall be Clearchus is a king.'
'Most noble Cleon, thanks, may it prove so,'
Answer'd Thealma; 'yet before you go,
Take this same jewel, this Clearchus gave me,
When first I did consent that he should have me:
And if he still do love, as is a doubt,
For he ne'er hath a power to work love out,
By this you shall discover who he is.
If Fortune have assign'd me such a bliss
As once more to be his, she makes amends
For all my sorrow; but if she intends
Still to afflict me, I can suffer still,
And tire her cruelty, though 't be to kill:
I have a patience that she cannot wrong
With all her flatteries; a heart too strong
To shake at such a weak artillery,
As is her frowns: no, Cleon, I dare die,
And could I meet death nobly I would so,
Rather than be her scorn, and take up woe
At interest to enrich her power, that grows
Greater by grieving at our overthrows.
No, Cleon, I can be as well content
With my poor cot, this woolly regiment,
As with a palace; or to govern men;
And I can queen it when time serves again.
Go, and my hopes go with you; if stern Fate
Bid you return with news to mend my state,
I'll welcome it with thanks; if not, I know
The worst on't, Cleon; I am now as low
As she can throw me.'—Thus resolv'd they leave her,
And to the court the two lords wend together,
Leaving young Dorus, Cleon's son, behind,
To wait upon Thealma; Love was kind
In that to fair Caretta, that till now
Ne'er felt what passion meant, yet knew not how
To vent it but with blushes; modest shame
Forbade it yet to grow into a flame.

1706–7 comical—tragical] The *distribution* of the meaning of 'tragi-comedy' between its parts is interesting. In the strictest and truest sense the event would not of course be 'comical.'

1717 Rather obscure.

Love works by time, and time will make her bolder;
Talk warms desire, when absence makes it colder.
Home now Thealma wends 'twixt hope and fear;
Sometimes she smiles; anon she drops a tear
That stole along her cheeks, and falling down
Into a pearl, it freezeth with her frown.
The sun was set before she reach'd the fold,
And sparkling Vesper Night's approach has told.
She left the lovers to enfold her sheep,
And in she went resolv'd to sup with sleep,
If thought would give her leave: unto her rest
We leave her for awhile.—Sylvanus' guest
You know we lately left under his cure,
And now it is high time, my Muse to lure
From her too tedious weary flight, and tell
What to Anaxus that brave youth befell.
Let's pause awhile,—she'll make the better flight,
The following lines shall feed your appetite.
Bright Cynthia twice her silver horns had chang'd,
And through the zodiac's twelve signs had rang'd,
Before Anaxus' wounds were throughly well;
In the meanwhile Sylvanus 'gan to tell
Him of his future fortune; for he knew
From what sad cause his mind's distemper grew.
He had ylearnt, as you have heard, while-ere,
The art of wise soothsaying, and could clear
The doubts that puzzle the strong working brain
And make the intricat'st anigmas plain:
His younger years in Egypt's schools he spent,
From whence he suck'd this knowledge; not content
With what the common sciences could teach,
Those were too shallow springs for his deep reach,
That aim'd at Learning's utmost: that hid skill
That out-doth nature, hence he suck'd his fill
Of divine knowledge: 'twas not all inspir'd,
It cost some pains that made him so admir'd;
He told him what he was, what country air
He first drew in, what his intendments were;
How 'twas for love, he left his native soil
To tread upon Arcadia, and with toil
Sought what he must not have, a lovely dame;
But art went not so far to tell her name.
Heav'n, that doth control art, would not reveal it
Or if it did, he wisely did conceal it.
He told him of his father's death, and that
The state had lately sent for him, whereat
Anaxus starting;—'Stay, old man,' quoth he,
'I'll hear no more! thy cruel augury

1760 cure] S. 'care'—an obvious and obviously caused oversight.
1775 anigma] This form, which S. changes to 'enigma,' seems worth keeping.

Wounds me at heart; can thy art cure that wound,
Sylvanus? No,—no medicine is found
In human skill to cure that tender part:
When the soul's pain'd, it finds no help of Art.'
'Yet, sir,' said he, 'art may have power to ease,
Though not to cure, the sick soul's maladies:
And though my sadder news distaste your ear,
'Tis such as I must tell, and you must hear.
I know you're sent for, strict inquiry's made
Through all Arcadia for you; plots are laid
(By some that wish not well unto the state)
How to deprive you of a crown; but Fate
Is pleas'd not so to have it, and by me
Chalks out a way for you to sovereignty.
I say again, she whom you love, though true,
And spotless-constant, must not marry you.
One you call sister, to divide the strife,
Fate hath decreed, must be your queen and wife.
Hie to th' Arcadian court, what there you hear
Perhaps may trouble you; but do not fear,
All shall be well at length, the bless'd event
Shall crown your wishes with a sweet content.
Inquire no farther, I must tell no more,
Here Fate sets limits to my art:—before
You have gone half a league, under a beech,
You'll find your man inquiring of a witch
What is become of you? the beldame's sly,
And will allure by her strange subtlety
The strongest faith to error; have a care
She tempt you not to fall in love with air.
She'll show you wonders; you shall see and hear
That which shall rarely please both eye and ear.
But be not won to wantonness, but shun
All her enticements: credit not, my son,
That what you see is real;—Son, be wise,
And set a watch before thy ears and eyes.
She loves thee not, and will work all she can
To give thy crown unto another man.
But fear not, there's a power above her skill
Will have it otherwise, do what she will.
But Fate thinks fit to try thy constancy,
Then arm thyself against her sorcery.
Take this same herb, and if thy strength begin
To fail at any time, and lean to sin,
Smell to't, and wipe thine eyes therewith, that shall
Quicken thy duller sight to dislike all,

1810–13 Here we come, as far as we ever do come, to the 'knot' of the poem as it was intended to be.

1820 beech] The rhyme as 'bitch' was perhaps suggested by 'britch' for 'breech.' And it seems to have some dialectic justification.

And reinforce thy reason to oppose
All her temptations, and fantastic shows.
Farewell, Anaxus, hie to court, my son,
Or I'll be there before thee!'—'Twas high noon,
When after many thanks to his kind host,
Anaxus took his leave, and quickly lost
The way he was directed; on he went
As his Fate led him, full of hardiment.
Down in a gloomy valley, thick with shade,
Which two aspiring hanging rocks had made
That shut out day, and barr'd the glorious sun
From prying into th' actions there done;
Set full of box, and cypress, poplar, yew,
And hateful elder that in thickets grew,
Amongst whose boughs the screech-owl and night-crow
Sadly recount their prophecies of woe,
Where leather-wingèd bats, that hate the light,
Fan the thick air, more sooty than the night.
The ground o'ergrown with weeds, and bushy shrubs,
Where milky hedgehogs nurse their prickly cubs:
And here and there a mandrake grows, that strikes
The hearers dead with their loud fatal shrieks;
Under whose spreading leaves the ugly toad,
The adder, and the snake make their abode.
Here dwelt Orandra, so the witch was hight,
And thither had she toal'd him by a sleight:
She knew Anaxus was to go to court,
And, envying virtue, she made it her sport
To hinder him, sending her airy spies
Forth with delusions to entrap his eyes,
And captivate his ear with various tones,
Sometimes of joy, and otherwhiles of moans:
Sometimes he hears delicious sweet lays
Wrought with such curious descant as would raise
Attention in a stone:—anon a groan
Reacheth his ear, as if it came from one
That crav'd his help; and by and by he spies
A beauteous virgin with such catching eyes
As would have fir'd a hermit's chill desires
Into a flame; his greedy eye admires
The more than human beauty of her face,
And much ado he had to shun the grace:
Conceit had shap'd her out so like his love,

1855 hateful] The elder is well known for a fairy-tree, but most of the traditions give it a prophylactic rather than a 'hateful' power. However, Spenser has 'bitter elder-branches sore' in *Shepherd's Kalender* (November), and Chalkhill may have followed his 'friend and acquaintant.' Or he may have drunk elder-wine, which is a distinctly terrible liquor.

1867 toal'd] As before, ll. 252 and 887. It should perhaps have been said that Prof. Wright in the *Dialect Dictionary* prefers 'toll' as the standard form.

That he was once about in vain to prove,
Whether 'twas his Clarinda, yea or no,
But he bethought him of his herb, and so
The shadow vanish'd,—many a weary step
It led the prince, that pace with it still kept,
Until it brought him by a hellish power
Unto the entrance of Orandra's bower,
Where underneath an elder-tree he spied
His man Pandevius, pale and hollow-eyed,
Inquiring of the cunning witch what fate
Betid his master; they were newly sate
When his approach disturb'd them; up she rose,
And tow'rd Anaxus (envious hag) she goes;
Pandevius she had charm'd into a maze,
And struck him mute, all he could do was gaze.
He call'd him by his name, but all in vain,
Echo returns Pandevius back again;
Which made him wonder, when a sudden fear
Shook all his joints; she, cunning hag, drew near,
And smelling to his herb, he recollects
His wand'ring spirits, and with anger checks
His coward fears; resolv'd now to outdare
The worst of dangers, whatsoe'er they were;
He eyed her o'er and o'er, and still his eye
Found some addition to deformity.
An old decrepid hag she was, grown white
With frosty age, and wither'd with despite
And self-consuming hate; in furs yclad,
And on her head a thrummy cap she had.
Her knotty locks, like to Alecto's snakes,
Hang down about her shoulders, which she shakes
Into disorder; on her furrowed brow
One might perceive Time had been long at plough.
Her eyes like candle-snuffs by age sunk quite
Into their sockets, yet like cat's-eyes, bright:
And in the darkest night like fire they shin'd,
The ever open windows of her mind.
Her swarthy cheeks, Time, that all things consumes,
Had hollowed flat unto her toothless gums;
Her hairy brows did meet above her nose,
That like an eagle's beak so crooked grows,
It well nigh kiss'd her chin; thick brist'led hair
Grew on her upper lip, and here and there
A rugged wart with grisly hairs behung;
Her breasts shrunk up, her nails and fingers long,
Her left leant on a staff, in her right hand
She always carried her enchanting wand.

1893 The proper names here, as usual in this class of Romance, are partly classical, partly rococo. But this hybrid—*Pandevius*, 'utterly truant'—looks as if it were meant.

Splay-footed, beyond nature, every part
So patternless deform'd, 'twould puzzle Art
To make her counterfeit; only her tongue,
Nature had that most exquisitely strung.
Her oily language came so smoothly from her,
And her quaint action did so well become her,
Her winning rhetoric met with no trips,
But chain'd the dull'st attention to her lips.
With greediness he heard, and though he strove
To shake her off, the more her words did move.
She woo'd him to her cell, call'd him her son,
And with fair promises she quickly won
Him to her beck; or rather he to try
What she could do, did willingly comply
With her request; into her cell he goes,
And with his herb he rubs his eyes and nose.
His man stood like an image still, and stared
As if some fearful prodigy had scared
Life from its earthly mansion; but she soon
Unloos'd the charms, and after them he run.
Her cell was hewn out of the marble rock,
By more than human Art; she need not knock,
The door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
And interwove with Ivy's flattering twines,
Through which the carbuncle and diamond shines;
Not set by Art, but there by Nature sown
At the World's birth, so star-like bright they shone.
They serv'd instead of tapers to give light
To the dark entry, where perpetual night,
Friend to black deeds, and sire of ignorance,
Shuts out all knowledge; lest her eye by chance
Might bring to light her follies: in they went,
The ground was strew'd with flowers, whose sweet scent
Mix'd with the choice perfumes from India brought,
Intoxicates his brain, and quickly caught
His credulous sense; the walls were gilt, and set
With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
With a gold vine, whose straggling branches spread
All o'er the arch; the swelling grapes were red;
This Art had made of rubies cluster'd so,
To the quick'st eye they more than seem'd to grow;
About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
Such as were of loose Ovid sometimes sung.
On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
Held waxen tapers, taller than themselves:
Yet so well shap'd unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature.
Their rich attire so diff'ring; yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell

Which was the fairest, which the handsomest deck'd,
Or which of them Desire would soon'st affect.
After a low salute they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the stranger in a ring.
Orandra to her charms was stepp'd aside,
Leaving her guest half-won and wanton-eyed.
He had forgot his herb: cunning delight
Had so bewitch'd his ears, and blear'd his sight,
And captivated all his senses so,
That he was not himself; nor did he know
What place he was in, or how he came there,
But greedily he feeds his eye and ear
With what would ruin him; but that kind Fate,
That contradicts all power subordinate,
Prevented Art's intents; a silly fly
(As there were many) light into his eye,
And forc'd a tear to drown herself, when he
Impatient that he could not so well see,
Lifts up his hand wherein the herb he held,
To wipe away the moisture that distill'd
From his still smarting eye; he smelt the scent
Of the strong herb, and so incontinent
Recovered his stray wit: his eyes were clear'd,
And now he lik'd not what he saw or heard.
This knew Orandra well; and plots anew
How to entrap him: next unto his view
She represents a banquet, usher'd in
By such a shape, as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste; so like she was
To his Clarinda, both in shape and face.
So voic'd, so habited, of the same gait
And comely gesture; on her brow in state
Sate such a princely majesty, as he
Had noted in Clarinda; save that she
Had a more wanton eye, that here and there
Roll'd up and down, not settling anywhere.
Down on the ground she falls his hand to kiss,
And with her tears bedews it; cold as ice
He felt her lips, that yet inflam'd him so,
That he was all on fire the truth to know,
Whether she was the same she did appear,
Or whether some fantastic form it were,
Fashioned in his imagination
By his still working thoughts; so fix'd upon
His lov'd Clarinda, that his fancy strove,
Even with her shadow, to express his love.
He took her up, and was about to 'quite
Her tears with kisses, when to clear his sight
He wipes his eyes, and with his herb of grace
Smooths his rough lip to kiss with greater grace.

So the herb's virtue stole into his brain,
And kept him off; hardly did he refrain
From sucking in destruction from her lip:
Sin's cup will poison at the smallest sip.
She weeps, and wooes again with subtleness,
And with a frown she chides his backwardness.
'Have you so soon, sweet prince, (said she,) forgot
Your own belov'd Clarinda? are you not
The same you were, that you so slightly set
By her that once you made the cabinet
Of your choice counsel? hath my constant heart
(As Innocence unspotted) no desert,
To keep me yours? or hath some worthier love
Stole your affections? what is it should move
You to dislike so soon? must I still taste
No other dish but sorrow? when we last
Emptied our souls into each other's breast
It was not so, Anaxus, or at least
I thought you meant what then you promis'd me':
With that she wept afresh.—'Are you then she?'
Answer'd Anaxus, 'doth Clarinda live?'
Just thus she spake, how fain would I believe!
With that she seem'd to fall into a swound,
And stooping down to raise her from the ground,
That he must use both hands to make more haste,
He puts his herb into his mouth, whose taste
Soon chang'd his mind: he lifts her but in vain;
His hands fell off, and she fell down again.
With that she lent him such a frown as would
Have kill'd a common lover, and made cold
Ev'n lust itself; Orandra fumes and frets,
And stamping, bites the lip to see her nets
So long a-catching souls: once more she looks
Into the secrets of her hellish books,
She bares her breast, and gives her spirits suck,
And drinks a cup in hope of better luck.
Anaxus still the airy shadow ey'd,
Which he thought dead, conceit the truth belied.
This cunning failing, out she drew a knife,
And as if she had meant to let out life,
In passion aim'd it at her breast, and said,
'Farewell, Anaxus'; but her hand he staid,
And from her wrung her knife: 'Art thou,' said he,
'Clarinda then?' and kiss'd her; 'can it be
That fate so loves Anaxus?' Still with tears
She answer'd him, and more divine appears.
His herb was now forgot, lust had stol'n in
With a loose kiss, and tempted him to sin.
A bed was near, and she seem'd sick and faint:
(Women to Cupid's sport need no constraint)

Down on the bed she threw herself, and turn'd
Her blushing beauty from him; still he burn'd,
And with intreaties her seeming coyness woo'd
To meet with his embraces, and bestow'd
Volleys of kisses on her icy cheek,
That wrangled with their fire: she would not speak,
But sigh'd and sobb'd, that bellows of desire
Into a flame had quickly blown his fire.
Now did Orandra laugh within her sleeve, 4090
Thinking all was cock-sure, one might perceive
Ev'n in that wither'd hag, an ominous look,
'Twas for herself she train'd them to her hook.
Softly she steals unto the bed, and peeps
Betwixt the curtains, nearer then she creeps,
And to her spirit whispers her command:
With that the spirit seem'd to kiss his hand,
Which stew'd him into sweat; a cloth he wants
To wipe his face, and his inflam'd heart pants
Beyond its usual temper for some air, 4100
To cool the passions that lay boiling there.
Out of his bosom, where his nosegay was,
He draws a napkin, so it came to pass
In plucking of it out, the nosegay fell
Upon her face; when with a countenance fell,
She started from him, curs'd him, and with threats
Leap'd from the bed: Orandra stamps and frets,
And bit her lip; she knew the cause full well
Why her charms fail'd her, but yet could not tell
With all her art, how she might get from him 4110
That sovereign herb; for touch it she durst not,
And at this time Anaxus had forgot
The virtue of it, as in a maze he lay
At her soon starting from him. 'Cast away,'
Said she, 'that stinking nosegay': with that he
Bethinks of it; but it was well that she
Put him in mind on't; it had else been lost,
He little knew how much that nosegay cost.
He seeks for't, finds it, smells to't, and by it
Turns out his lust, and reassumes his wit. 4120
'No, hag,' said he, 'if this do vex thee so,
I'll make thee glad to smell to't ere I go.'
With that he leaps unto her, cursing ripe,
And with his herb the witch's face did wipe,
Whereat she fell to earth, the lights went out,
And darkness hung the chamber round about.
A hellish yelling noise was eachwhere heard,

4084 intreaties] S., alarmed, I suppose, at the metrical licence, changes to 'entreats.' Real trisyllabic feet are certainly not common in the poem, but we need not turn them out when they appear.

4098 he] S. 'she,' which is clearly wrong.

Sounds that would make e'en Valour's self afear'd;
A stifling scent of brimstone he might smell,
Such as the damnèd souls suck in in hell.
He kept his powerful herb still at his nose,
And tow'rd the entry of the room he goes.
For though 'twas more than midnight dark, yet he
Found the way out again. Orandra she
Threw curses after him, and he might hear
Her often say, 'I'll fit you for this gear.'
At the cave's mouth he found his careless man,
Wrapp'd in the witch's charms; do what he can
He could not wake him, such sweet lullabies
Pleasure sang to him, till he rubb'd his eyes
With this rare herb; then starting up he leaps
For joy to see his master, that accepts
His love with thanks; from thence they make no haste,
Yet where they were they knew not; at the last
They came into a plain, where a small brook
Did snake-like creep with many a winding nook,
And by it here and there a shepherd's cot
Was lowly built. To one of them they got
T' inquire the way to court: now night drew on,
It was a good old man they lighted on,
Hight Eubolus, of no mean parentage,
But courtly educated, wise and sage,
Able to teach, yet willing to enrich
His knowledge with discourses, smooth in speech,
Yet not of many words; he entertains
Them with desire, nor spares for any pains
To amplify a welcome:—with their host
Awhile we leave them.—
Now my Muse must post
Unto Alexis' court; lend me, I pray,
Your gentle aid to guide her on the way.
Alexis, after many civil broils
Against his rebel subjects, rich in spoils,
Being settled in his throne in restful peace,
The laws establish'd (and his people's ease
Proclaim'd) he 'gan to call into his mind
The fore-past times, and soon his thoughts did find
Matter to work on:—First, Thealma now
Came to his remembrance, where, and when, and how
He won and lost her; this sad thought did so
Afflict his mind, that he was soon brought low
Into so deep a melancholy, that
He minded nothing else: nor car'd he what
Became of state affairs, and though a king,
With pleasure he enjoy'd not anything.
His sleep goes from him, meats and drinks he loathes,
And to his sadder thoughts he suits his clothes.

Mirth seemèd a disease, good counsel, folly,
Unless it serv'd to humour melancholy.
All his delight, if one may call 't delight,
Was to find turtles, that both day and night
Mourn'd up and down his chamber, and with groans
His heart consented to their hollow moans;
Then with his tears, the briny drink they drank,
He would bedew them: while his love to thank,
They nestle in his bosom, where, poor birds,
With piteous mournful tones, instead of words,
They seem'd to moan their master: thus did he
Spend his sad hours; and what the cause might be
His nobles could not guess, nor would he tell;
For turtle-like he lov'd his griefs too well
To let them leave his breast; he kept them in,
And inwardly they spake to none but him.
Thus was it with him more than half a year,
Till a new bus'ness had set ope his ear
To entertain advice:—the first that brake
The matter to him, or that durst to speak
Unto the king, was bold Anaxocles,
One that bent all his study for the peace
And safety of his country; the right hand
Of the Arcadian state, to whose command
Was given the city's citadel: a place
Of chiefest trust, and this the bus'ness was.
The rebels, as you heard, being driven hence,
Despairing e'er to expiate their offence
By a too late submission, fled to sea
In such poor barks as they could get, where they
Roam'd up and down which way the winds did please
Without or chart or compass: the rough seas
Enrag'd with such a load of wickedness,
Grew big with billows, great was their distress;
Yet was their courage greater; desperate men
Grow valianter with suffering: in their ken
Was a small island; thitherward they steer
Their weather-beaten barks, each plies his gear;
Some row, some pump, some trim the ragged sails,
All were employ'd, and industry prevails.
They reach the land at length, their food grew scant,
And now they purvey to supply their want.
The island was but small, yet full of fruits,
That sprang by nature, as potato roots,
Rice, figs, and almonds, with a many more:
Till now unpeopled; on this happy shore
With joy they bring their barks, of which the best
They rig anew, with tackling from the rest.
Some six or seven they serviceable made,
They stand not long to study where to trade:

Revenge prompts that unto them; piracy
Was the first thing they thought on, and their eye
Was chiefly on the Arcadian shore, that lay
But three leagues off: their theft is not by day
So much as night, unless some straggling ship
Lights in their trap by chance: closely they keep
Themselves in rocky creeks, till sun be down
And all abed,—then steal they to some town
Or scatt'ring village; which they fire, and take
What spoils they find, then to their ship they make,
And none knew who did harm them; many a night
Had they us'd this free-booting; many a fright
And great heart's-grieving loss the unarm'd poor
Were nightly put to; and to cure the sore
The old man rous'd the king Alexis, chid
His needless sorrow: told him that he did
Not like a man, much less like one whose health
Strengthens the sinews of a commonwealth.
He lays his people's grievances before him
And told him how with tears they did implore him
To right their wrongs:—at first Alexis frown'd,
And in an angry cloud his looks were drown'd:
A sign of rain or thunder; 'twas but rain,
Some few drops fell, and the sun shone again.
Alexis rising, thanks his prudent care,
And as his father lov'd him; all prepare
T' un-nest these pirates: ships were ready made,
And some land-forces; as well to invade,
As for defence: the pirates now were strong,
By discontents that to their party throng.
Not so much friend to the late tyrant king,
As thirsting after novelty, the thing
That tickles the rude vulgar: one strong hold
The cunning foe had gain'd, and grew so bold
To dare all opposition; night and day
They spoil the country, make weak towns their prey;
And those that will not join with them they kill,
Not sparing sex, nor age, proud of their ill
By their rich booties: against these the king
Makes both by sea and land. It was now Spring,
And Flora had embroider'd all the meads
With sweet variety; forth the king leads
A chosen troop of horse, with some few foot,
But those experienc'd men, that would stand to't,
If any need were; to the sea he sends
Anaxocles, and to his care commends
His marine forces; he was bold and wise,
And had been custom'd to the seaman's guise.
He gave it out that he was bound for Thrace
To fetch a princely lady thence, that was

To be th' Arcadian queen, which made the foe
The more secure and careless: forth they go
Assur'd of victory, and prosperous gales,
As Fate would have 't, had quickly fill'd their sails:
The pirates' rendezvous was soon discover'd
By scouting pinnaces, that closely hover'd
Under the lee of a high promontory,
That stretch'd into the sea; and now day's glory
Night's sable curtains had eclips'd, the time
When robbers use to perpetrate a crime.
The pirates steal aboard, and by good hap,
Without suspect, they fell into the trap
Anaxocles had laid; for wisely, he
Divides his fleet in squadrons, which might be
Ready on all sides: every squadron had
Four ships well mann'd, that where'er the foe made
He might be met with; one kept near the shore,
Two kept at sea, the other squadron bore
Up tow'rd the isle, yet with a wheeling course,
Not so far distant, but the whole fleet's force
Might quickly be united if need were.
Between these come the pirates without fear,
Making tow'rds th' Arcadian shore, where soon
Th' Arcadians met them; now the fight begun,
And it was hot, the foe was three to one,
And some big ships: Anaxocles alone
Gave the first onset. Cynthia then shone bright,
And now the foe perceives with whom they fight,
And they fought stoutly, scorning that so few
Should hold them tack so long: then nearer drew
The two side squadrons, and were within shot
Before they spied them: now the fight grew hot:
Despair put valour to the angry foe,
And bravely they stand to 't, give many a blow.
Three ships of theirs were sunk at last, and then
They seek to fly unto their isle again;
When the fourth squadron met them, and afresh
Set on them, half o'ercome with weariness;
Yet yield they would not, but still fought it out;
By this the other ships were come about,
And hemm'd them in; where, seeing no hope left,
Whom what the sword did not ex'cute for theft,
Leap'd in the sea and drown'd them; that small force
They'd left within the isle fared rather worse
Than better; all were put to the sword,
And their nest fir'd; much booty brought aboard,

2306 tack] To 'hold tack' for 'to hold out' is used by Milton.
2321 Either we must read 'unto,' or accept the semi-colon as a 'pause-half-foot,' or, which is perhaps best, acknowledge a mere negligence. The frank octosyllable three lines lower is in favour of this last.

With store of corn, and much 'munition
For war; thus glad of what was done
The fleet with joy returns. The like success
Alexis had by land, at unawares
Surprising their chief fort: some lucky stars
Lending their helpful influence that night,
Yet for the time it was a bloody fight.
At length the fainting foe gave back, and fled
Out of a postern-gate with fear half dead,
And thinking in the port to meet their fleet,
They meet with death; an ambush did them greet
With such a furious shock, that all were slain,
Only some straggling cowards did remain,
That hid themselves in bushes, which next day
The soldiers found, and made their lives a prey
Unto their killing anger.—Home the king
Returns in triumph, whilst Pan's priests do sing
Harmonious odes in honour of that day,
And dainty nymphs with flowers strew'd the way.
Among the which he spied a beauteous maid,
Of a majestic count'nance, and array'd
After so new a manner, that his eye
Imp'd with delight upon her, and to try
Whether her mind did answer to her face,
He call'd her to him, when with modest grace
She fearless came, and humbly on her knee
Wish'd a long life unto his majesty.
He ask'd her name;—she answer'd, Florimel;
And blushing, made her beauty to excel,
That all the thoughts of his Thealma now
Were hush'd and smotherèd;—upon her brow
Sate such an awful majesty, that he
Was conquer'd ere oppos'd; 'twas strange to see
How strangely he was alter'd:—still she kneels,
And still his heart burns with the fire it feels.
At last the victor, pris'ner caught with love,
Lights from his chariot, and begins to prove
The sweetness of the bait that took his heart,
And with a kiss uprears her: yet Love's dart
Fir'd not her breast to welcome his affection,
Only hot sunny beams with their reflection
A little warm'd her;—then he questions who
Her parents were, and why apparell'd so.
Where was her dwelling, in what country born?
And would have kiss'd her, when 'twixt fear and scorn
She put him from her; 'My dread lord,' said she,
'My birth is not ignoble, nor was he
That I call father, though in some disgrace,

2345 Imp'd] 'Fixed,' 'fastened itself,' an extension of the sense of 'grafting.'

Worthy his unjust exile: what he was,
And where I first breath'd air, pardon, dread king,
I dare not, must not tell you: none shall wring
That secret from me: what I am, you see,
Or by my habit you may guess to be
Diana's votaress: the cause, great sir,
That prompts me to this boldness to appear
Before your majesty, was what I owe,
And ever shall, unto your valour: know,
(For you may have forgot it) I am she
Who with my good old father you set free,
Some two years since, from bloody-minded men
That would have kill'd my honour, had not then
Your timely aid stepp'd in to rescue me,
And snatch'd my bleeding father, dear to me
As was mine honour, even from the jaw of death,
And given us both a longer stock of breath.
'Twas this, great king, that drew me with this train,
From our devotion to review again
My honour's best preserver, and to pay
The debt of thanks I owe you: many a day
I've wish'd for such a time, and heav'n at last
Hath made me happy in it.'—Day was now
Well nigh spent, and cattle 'gan to low
Homewards t' unlade their milky bags, when she
Her speech had ended; every one might see
Love sit in triumph on Alexis' brow,
Firing the captive conqueror, and now
He 'gins to court her, and Love tipp'd his tongue
With winning rhetoric; her hand he wrung,
And would again have kiss'd her; but the maid
With a coy blush, 'twixt angry and afraid,
Flung from the king, and with her virgin train,
Fled swift as roes unto their bower again.
Alexis would have follow'd, but he knew
What eyes were on him, and himself withdrew
Into his chariot, and to courtward went
With all his nobles, hiding his intent
Under the veil of pleasant light discourse,
Which some mark'd well enough;—that night perforce
They all were glad within the open plain
To pitch their tents, where many a shepherd swain
Upon their pipes troll'd out their evening lays
In various accents, emulous of praise.
It was a dainty pleasure for to hear
How the sweet nightingales their throats did tear,
Envying their skill, or taken with delight,
As I think rather, that the still-born night

2389 review again] Cf. for the pleonasm 'to courtward,' *infra*, l. 2407.

Afforded such co-partners of their woes.
And at a close from the pure streams that flows
Out of the rocky caverns, not far off,
Echo replied aloud, and seem'd to scoff
At their sweet-sounding airs: this did so take
Love-sick Alexis, willingly awake,
That he did wish 't had been a week to-day
T' have heard them still; but Time for none will stay.
The wearied shepherds at their usual hour
Put up their pipes, and in their straw-thatch'd bower
Slept out the rest of night: the king likewise,
Tir'd with a weary march, shut in his eyes
Within their leaden fold, all hush'd and still;
Thus for awhile we leave him, till my quill,
Weary and blunted with so long a story,
Rest to be sharpen'd, and then she is for ye.
  No sooner welcome day, with glimmering light,
Began to chase away the shades of night,
But Echo wakens, rous'd by the shepherd swains,
And back reverberates their louder strains.
The airy choir had tun'd their slender throats,
And fill'd the bushy groves with their sweet notes;
The flocks were soon unfolded, and the lambs
Kneel for a breakfast to their milky dams.
And now Aurora blushing greets the world,
And o'er her face a curlèd mantle hurl'd,
Foretelling a fair day; the soldiers now
Began to bustle; some their trumpets blow,
Some beat their drums, that all the camp throughout
With sounds of war they drill the soldiers out.
The nobles soon were hors'd, expecting still
Their king's approach, but he had slept but ill,
And was but then arising, heavy-ey'd,
And cloudy-look'd, and something ill beside.
But he did cunningly dissemble it
Before his nobles: all that they could get
From him was, that a dream he had that night
Did much disturb him; yet seem'd he make slight
Of what so troubled him;—but up, he cheers
His soldiers with his presence, and appears
As hearty as his troubled thoughts gave leave,
So that, except his groans, none could perceive
Much alteration in him:—toward court
The army marches, and swift-wing'd report
Had soon divulg'd their coming; by the way
He meets old Memnon, who, as you heard say,
Was sire to Florimel, good man, he then
Was going to his daughter: when his men,
Then in the army, in his passing by
Tender'd their duty to him lovingly.

He bids them welcome home; the king drew near,
And question'd who that poor man was, and where
His dwelling was; and why those soldiers show'd
Such reverence to him. ''Twas but what they ow'd,'
Answer'd a stander-by; 'he is their lord,
And one that merits more than they afford,
If worth were rightly valued, gracious sir.
His name is Memnon, if one may believe
His own report; yet sure, as I conceive,
He 's more than what he seems.' The army then
Had made a stand, when Memnon and his men
Were call'd before the king: the good old man
With tears, that joy brought forth, this wise began:
'To welcome home Alexis, ever be
Those sacred powers bless'd, that lets me see
My sovereign's safe return: still may that power
Strengthen your arm to conquer: heav'n still shower
Its choicest blessings on my sovereign,
My life's preserver:—welcome home again.
I would my girl were here,' with that he wept,
When from his chariot Alexis stepp'd
And lovingly embrac'd him: he knew well
That this was Memnon, sire to Florimel;
And [call'd] to mind how he had set them free
From more than cruel rebels; glad was he
So luckily to meet him: from his wrist
He took a jewel: 'twas an Amethyst,
Made like a heart with wings:—the motto this,
Love gives me wings: and with a——kiss
He gave it to old Memnon: 'Bear,' said he,
'This jewel to your child, and let me see
Both you and her at court; fail not with speed
To let me see you there: old man, I need
Thy grave advice'; all wonder'd at the deed,
But chiefly Memnon.—'Father,' said the king,
'I'll think upon your men: fail not to bring
Your daughter with you.'—So his leave he takes,
And ravish'd Memnon tow'rd his daughter makes.
The army could not reach the court that night,
But lay in open field, yet within sight
Of Pallimando, where the court then lay.
For greater state, Alexis the next day
Purpos'd to enter it; the townsmen they
In the meantime prepare what cost they may,
With shows and presents to bid welcome home
Their victor king; and amongst them were some
Studied orations, and compos'd new lays

2492 call'd] is my insertion. See *infra.*
2497 S. '. . . a' for orig. as in text. This part of the poem seems to have been left very imperfect. See *infra*, ll. 2529-30.

In honour of their king: the oaks and bays
Were woven into garlands for to crown
Such as by valour had gain'd most renown.
Scarce could the joyful people sleep that night,
In expectation of the morrow's sight.
The morrow came, and in triumphant wise
The king and soldiers enter: all men's eyes
Were fix'd upon the king with such desire,
As if they'd seen a god, while Music's choir
Fill'd every corner with resounding lays,
That spake the conquering Alexis' praise,
Drown'd in the vulgar's louder acclamations;
'Twould ask an age to tell what preparations
Were made to entertain him, and my Muse
Grows somewhat weary: these triumphant shows
Continued long, yet seem'd to end too soon,
The people wish'd 't had been a week to noon.
By noon the king was hous'd, and order given
To pay the soldiers; now it grew tow'rd even,
And all repair to rest, so I to mine,
And leave them buried in sound sleep and wine.
I'll tell you more hereafter; friendship's laws
Will not deny a friendly rest and pause.
  You heard some few leaves past Alexis had
A dream that troubled him, and made him sad;
Now being come home it 'gan revive afresh
Within his memory, and much oppress
The pensive king: Sylvanus, who you heard
Was good at divinations, had steer'd
His course, as Fate would have him, then to court,
Belov'd and reverenc'd of the nobler sort,
And sainted by the vulgar:—that that brought
The old man thither, was, for that he thought
To meet Anaxus there; but he you heard
Was otherwise employ'd:—the nobles cheer'd
Their love-sick king with the welcome report
Of old Sylvanus coming to the court;
For he had heard great talk of him before,
And now thought long to see him, and the more
Because he hop'd to learn from his tried art,
What his dream meant, that so disturb'd his heart.
Sylvanus soon was sent for, and soon came.
At his first greeting he began to blame

2527 louder] S. 'loud.'

2529-30 These repeated expressions of fatigue seem to show that even had the poem been finished it would not have been a long one. Spenser would have smiled at 'so long a story' of, up to the words, not much over 2000 lines. But Chalkhill was evidently getting weary: for, besides these gasps, he repeats 'wish 't had been a week' twice in a few pages (l. 2425 and l. 2532). And the break at l. 2538 looks like the end of a Book or Canto.

The amorous king for giving way to grief
Upon so slight occasion, but relief
Was rather needful now than admonition,
That came too late; his mind lack'd a physician,
And healing comforts were to be applied
Unto his wounds before they mortified.
Sylvanus therefore wish'd him to disclose
The troublous dream he had, and to repose
His trust in that strong pow'r that only could
Discover hidden secrets, and unfold
The riddle of a dream, and that his skill
Was but inspir'd by that Great Power, whose will
By weakest means is oftentimes made known.
'Methought,' Alexis said, 'I was alone
By the sea-side, noting the prouder waves,
How mountain-like they swell, and with loud braves
Threaten the bounden shore; when from the main
I see a turtle rise, the wings and train
Well nigh deplum'd, and making piteous moan,
And by a mark I guess'd it was mine own,
And flying tow'rd me; suddenly a kite
Swoopt at the bird, and in her feeble flight
Soon seiz'd upon her, crying, as I thought,
To me for help:—no sooner was she caught,
Whenas an eagle seeking after prey,
Flew tow'rd the main land from the isles this way,
And spying of the kite, the kingly fowl
Seiz'd on her straight; the turtle, pretty soul,
Was by this means set free, and faintly gate
Upon the eagle's back, ordain'd by Fate
To be preserv'd: full glad was I to see
Her so escape; but the eagle suddenly
Soaring aloft to seaward, took her flight,
And in a moment both were out of sight,
And left me betwixt joy and sorrow; sad
For the bird's flight, yet for her freedom glad.
Then, to my thinking, I espied a swain
Running affrighted tow'rd me o'er the plain.
Upon his wrist methought a turtle sate,
Not much unlike th' other mourning for 's mate:
Only this difference was; upon her head
She had a tuft of feathers blue and red,
In fashion of a crown; it did me good

2559 The] S. and orig. 'Th',' one of the not uncommon instances where the 'apostrophation' mania actually spoils the verse.

2569 that] Here 'since' or something of the sort must be supplied, on the security of 'wish'd' above.

2575 bounden] One would rather expect 'bound*ing*.'

2598 th'] S. 'the,' to avoid an ugly sound, I suppose, but making an almost impossible verse. This as it is is bad enough, though if 'for 's' as well as 'th'' were expanded there would be a very decent Alexandrine.

To see how proudly the poor turtle stood
Pruning herself, as if she scorn'd her thrall;
If harmless doves can scorn that have no gall.
I was so much in love with the poor bird,
I wish'd it mine, methought the swain I heard
Cry out for help to me: with that I spied
A lion running after him glare-eyed,
And full of rage; fear made the swain let go
The lovely turtle to escape his foe;
The bird, no sooner loose, made to the beast,
And in his curled locks plats out a nest.
The beast not minding any other prey,
Save what he had, ran bellowing away,
As overjoy'd; and as, methought, I strove
To follow him, I wak'd, and all did prove
But a deluding dream; yet such a one
As nightly troubles me to think upon.
The powers above direct thee to unfold
The myst'ry of it.'—'Twas no sooner told,
When old Sylvanus, with a cheerful smile,
Answer'd the king in a familiar style.
'You are in love, dread sovereign, and with two,
One will not serve your turn: look what you do,
You will go near to lose them both; but Fate
At length will give you one to be your mate:
She that loves you, you must not love as wife,
And she that loves another as her life
Shall be th' Arcadian queen; take comfort then,
The two lost turtles you will find again.
Thus much my art doth tell me, more than this
I dare not let you know: my counsel is,
You would with patience note the working fates,
That joy proves best that 's bought at dearest rates.'
He would not name Anaxus, though he knew
He should not make one in what was to ensue;
And would not hasten sorrow sooner on him,
Than he himself would after pull upon him.
The king was somewhat satisfied with what
Sylvanus told him; and subscrib'd to fate.
He puts on cheerful looks, and to his lords
No little comfort by his health affords.
He sits in council, and recalls those peers
That liv'd conceal'd in exile many years,
'Mongst whom was Rhotus, Memnon, and some others;
And though with cunning his desire he smothers,
Yet did he not forget fair Florimel,
Of whom my straggling Muse is now to tell.

2608 'Glare-eyed' is good and should be commoner.
2612 plats] = 'plaits.'
2648 straggling] Seldom has a poet been more justly self-critical.

Memnon, you heard, was going to his child,
When the king left him with a heart o'erfill'd
With joy and hopes: some marks he had espied
About Alexis, which so fortified
His strong conjecture that he was the man
He ever took him for, that he began
With youthful cheerfulness to chide his age,
That stole so soon upon him with presage,
Sweet'ning his saucy sorrows that had sour'd
Life's blessing to him;—many tears he shower'd
With thought of what had pass'd, and though not sure
Alexis was his son, those thoughts did cure,
Or at the least-wise eas'd his troubled mind.
The good old man no sooner saw his child,
And bless'd her for her duty, when he smil'd
At what he was to say, and glad she was
To see her sire so cheerful. To let pass
The long discourse between them: 'twas his will
She should prepare for court, chiding her still
For mentioning Anaxus; nor did he
Give her long time to think on what might be
The cause that mov'd her father to such haste.
But by the way he had given her a taste
Of what might follow:—three days were assign'd
Her for to get things ready;—'twas his mind
It should be so, and duty must obey:
When fathers bid, 'tis sin to say them nay.
Well then, he meant to send for her, till when
He leaves her to her thoughts, and home again
The joyful old man wends:—that very night,
Before the day prefix'd, the fates, to spite
Secure Alexis, sent Anaxus thither,
And brought his long-sought love and him together.
You know we left him with old Eubolus,
A wisely discreet man, and studious,
In liberal arts well seen, and state affairs,
Yet liv'd retir'd, to shun the weight of cares
That greatness fondly sues for:—all that night
Was spent in good discourse too long to write.
He told the prince the story of the war,
And pourtray'd out Alexis' character
So to the life, that he was fir'd to see
The man he spake of, and disguisèd he
Intended in his thoughts next day to prove
The truth of what he heard:—but cruel Jove,

2661-3 Mind—child—smil'd] One does not quite know whether to suspect a lost line or put up with an assonanced triplet here. C. would probably not have boggled at the latter.

2685 liv'd] This anacoluthon—which indeed is hardly such, 'who was' being so easily understood before 'a wisely'—is common.

That loves to tyrannize for pleasure, stay'd
His purposed journey, and unawares betray'd
Anaxus to an ambush of sad woes,
That set on him when he least dream'd of foes.
Amongst the various discourse that pass'd
Between these two, it fortunèd at last
Eubolus fell in talk of Florimel,
And of her father Memnon, who full well
He knew to be a Lemnian; howsoe'er
He gave it out for otherwise, for fear
Of double-ey'd suspicion. To the prince
He set his virtues forth, and how long since
He left his native soil; the prince conceiv'd
Good hope of what he aim'd at, and believ'd,
By all conjectures, that this Memnon might
Be banish'd Codrus, whom he meant to right,
If ever he was king. Eubolus went on
In praises of him and of Florimel.
'Friend,' quoth the prince Anaxus, 'canst thou tell
Where this fair virgin is?'—'Yes,' he replied,
'I can and will, 'tis by yon river side,
Where yonder tuft of trees stands,'—day then brake,
And he might well discern it.—'For love's sake,'
Answer'd Anaxus, 'may one see this maid,
That merits all these praises!'—'Yes,' he said,
'But through a grate; no man must enter in
Within the cloister—that they hold a sin.
Yet she hath liberty some time to go
To see her father; none but she hath so,
Whate'er the matter is; unless when all,
Arm'd with their bows, go to some festival
Upon a noted holiday, and then
This female army, out and home again,
In comely order marcheth.—Th' other day
It was my luck to see her, when this way
The king came from the wars; she with her train
(For she seem'd captain) met him on this plain.
Her coming hither, as I heard her say,
Was for her life's preserving to repay
A debt of thanks she ow'd him: many words
Did pass between them, and before the lords
Most graciously he kiss'd her, and did woo
Her for a longer stay; but she in scorn,
Or finding him too am'rous, blew her horn,
To call her troops together; all like roes
Ran swiftly tow'rd their cloister:—she is fair,

2699 it] S. 'if.'

2710 This line, as far as rhyme is concerned, is frankly 'in the air,' no triplet being here possible. The sense is not broken, and the line itself *will* scan, but so harshly that the passage was probably unrevised.

And you know beauty is a tempting snare.
Hers is no common one; her very eye,
That sparkled with a kind of majesty,
Might, without wonder, captivate a king.'—
But this is too too high a strain to sing.
It was enough that Eubolus had said,
If not too much, to him that throughly weigh'd
Each circumstance: a kind of jealous fire
Stole to his heart, and spurr'd on his desire
To see and prove her;—taking pen and ink,
He writ his mind, foreseeing (as I think)
She might not come alone unto the grate,
And so could not so privately relate
(If she should prove Clarinda) his intent.
So for an hour in vain to sleep he went,
But restless thoughts did keep him still awake,
Still musing on the words the old man spake.
Well, sun being up, with thanks he takes his leave
Of his kind host, that did not once perceive
Him to be troubled: with such cunning he
Dissembled what had mov'd him,—jealousy.
  His man and he toward the cloister go,
Casting in 's mind what he were best to do
To win a sight of her:—his nimble brain
Soon hatch'd a polity, that prov'd not vain.
The cloister outward gate was newly ope,
When he came there; and now 'twixt fear and hope
He boldly enters the base-court, and knocks
At th' inner gate, fast shut with divers locks:
At length one came, the port'ress, as I guess,
For she had many keys; her stranger dress
Much took Anaxus, who ne'er saw till then
Women attir'd so prettily like men.
In courteous wise she ask'd him what he would?
'Fair dame,' said he, 'I have been often told
By one (I make no question) whom you know,
Old Memnon, (to whose tender care I owe
For my good breeding) that within this place
I have a kinswoman, that lately was
Admitted for a holy sister here,
My uncle Memnon's daughter:—once a year,
As duty binds me, I do visit him,
And in my journey homeward at this time
A kinsman's love prompted me to bestow
A visit on my cousin; who[m] I know
Will not disdain to own me.'—'Gentle sir,'
Answer'd the man-like maid, 'is it to her
You'd pay your loving tender?'—'Yes,' said he,

2744 Perhaps this were better included in the speech.
2764 polity] Rather interesting *now* for 'policy': but of course common then.

'To Florimel, if in this place she be?
And so my uncle told me.'—'Yes,' replied
The grave virago, 'she is here: yet, sir,
You must content yourself to speak with her
Thorough this grate; her father comes not in,
And by our laws it is esteem'd a sin
To interchange aught else, save words, with men.'
'I ask no more,' the prince replied again.
'That cannot be denied,' said she, 'stay here
With patience awhile, and do not fear
But you shall see her';—so away she went,
Leaving the glad Anaxus to invent
Excuses for his boldness, if by hap
She might not prove Clarinda, and entrap
Him in a lie:—Clarinda came at last
With all her train, who as along she pass'd
Thorough the inward court, did make a lane,
Op'ning their ranks, and closing them again
As she went forward, with obsequious gesture,
Doing their reverence.—Her upward vesture
Was of blue silk, glistering with stars of gold,
Girt to her waist by serpents, that enfold
And wrap themselves together, so well wrought
And fashion'd to the life, one would have thought
They had been real. Underneath she wore
A coat of silver tinsel, short before,
And fring'd about with gold: white buskins hide
The naked of her leg; they were loose tied
With azure ribands, on whose knots were seen
Most costly gems, fit only for a queen.
Her hair bound up like to a coronet,
With diamonds, rubies, and rich sapphires set;
And on the top a silver crescent placed,
And all the lustre by such beauty graced,
As her reflection made them seem more fair,
One would have thought Diana's self were there,
For in her hand a silver bow she held,
And at her back there hung a quiver fill'd
With turtle-feathered arrows.—Thus attir'd,
She makes toward Anaxus, who was fir'd
To hear this goddess speak;—when they came near,
Both stared upon each other, as if fear
Or wonder had surpris'd them; for awhile
Neither could speak,—at length with a sweet smile,
Graced with a comely blush, she thus began.
'Good-morrow, cousin, are not you the man
That I should speak with? I may be deceiv'd;
Are not you kin to Memnon?—I believ'd

2807 The author's fancy for dress-description is remarkable. A certain kind of critic would feel convinced that he was a woman.

My maid that told me so;—he is my father,—
If you have aught to say to me.'—'Fair soul,'
Answer'd Anaxus, 'many doubts control
My willingness to answer; pardon me,
Divinest creature, if my answer be
Somewhat impertinent; read here my mind,
I am Anaxus, and I fain would find
A chaste Clarinda here.'—She was about
To call the port'ress to have let her out,
But wisely she call'd back her thought, for fear
Her virgin troop might see or overhear
What pass'd between them; doubts did rise
Within her, whether she might trust her eyes.
It was Anaxus' voice, she knew that well,
But by his disguis'd look she could not tell
Whether 'twere he or no; all that she said
Was, 'I may prove Clarinda too'; and pray'd
Him stay a little, till her short return
Gave him a better welcome:—all her train
Thought she had fetch'd some jewel for the swain;
And, as they were commanded, kept their station
Till her return. The prince with expectation
Feeds his faint hopes; she was not long from thence,
And in a letter pleads her innocence,
Which he mistrusted; now she could not speak,
But wept her thoughts, for fear her heart should break,
And casting o'er a veil to hide her tears,
She bid farewell, and leaves him to his fears.
With that the gate was shut: Anaxus reads,
And with judicious care each sentence heeds;
And now he knew 'twas she, whom he so long
Had sought for; now he thinks upon the wrong
His rash mistrust had done her: 'twas her will,
Whate'er he thought of her, to love him still:
Nor could th' Arcadian crown tempt her to break
Her promise with Anaxus:—now to seek
For an excuse to gild o'er this offence.
Yet this did somewhat cheer him,—two hours thence
He was enjoin'd to come unto a bower,
That overlook'd the wall;—and at his hour
Anaxus came;—there she had often spent
One hour or two each day alone, to vent
Her private griefs:—she came the sooner then
To meet Anaxus, and to talk again
With him, whom yet her fears misgave her, might
Be some disguised cheat.—At the first sight
She frown'd upon him, and with angry look,
A title that but ill became the book,

2847 Octosyllabic.

Wherein her milder thoughts were writ. 'Are you,'
Said she, 'Anaxus? these loose lines do show
Rather you are some counterfeit; set on
By some to tempt my honour. Here are none
That love the world so well to sell her fame,
Or violate her yet unspotted name,
To meet a king's embraces, though a crown,
And that the richest, Fortune can stake down
Should be the hire.—I tell thee, saucy swain,
Whoever sent thee, I so much disdain
To yield to what these looser lines import,
That rather than I will be drawn to court,
To be Alexis' whore; nay, or his wife,
I have a thousand ways to let out life.
But why dost thou abuse Anaxus so
To make him pander to my overthrow?
Know'st thou the man thou wrong'st;—uncivil swain!
Thou hast my answer, carry back disdain.'
With that she was about to fling away
When he recall'd her; loath to go away,
Whate'er she seem'd.—Before she'd turn'd about
He pull'd off his false hair, and cured her doubt.
'My dearest Florimel,' said he, and wept:
'My sweet Clarinda; and hath Heav'n kept
Thee yet alive to recompense my love?
My yet unchang'd affection, that can move
But in one sphere, in thee, and thee alone.
Forgive me, my Clarinda, what is done
Was but to try thee, and when thou shalt know
The reason why I did so, and what woe
My love to thee hath made me willingly
To undergo, thou wilt confess that I
Deserve Clarinda's love.'—Poor Florimel
Would fain have sooner answer'd; but tears fell
In such abundance, that her words were drown'd,
E'en in their birth; at length her passions found
Some little vent to breathe out this reply.
'O, my Anaxus, if it be no sin
To call you mine, methinks I now begin
To breathe new life, for I am but your creature,
Sorrow hath kill'd what I receiv'd from nature.
Before I see you, though this piece of clay
My body seem'd to move, until this day
It did not truly live: my heart you had,
And that you pleas'd to have it I was glad:
Yet till you brought it home, the life I led,
If it were any, was but nourishèd

2925 see] S. not unnaturally alters to 'saw,' noting the fact. But perhaps we ought to remember that the *sense*-grammar is all right, for Clarinda *sees* him as she speaks. And they did not care overmuch for book-grammar then.

By th' warmth I had from yours, which I still cherish'd
With some faint hopes, or else I quite had perish'd.
But time steals on, and I have much to say;
Take it in brief, for I'd be loath my stay
Above my usual hour, should breed suspect
In my chaste sisterhood.—Blest powers! direct
Me what to do; my soul 's in such a strait
And labyrinth of doubts and fears, that wait
Upon my weakness, that I know no way
How to wade out:—to-morrow is the day,
Th' unwelcome day, when I must to the court,
For what intent I know not.—To be short,
I would not go, nor dare I here to stay,
The king so wills it: yet should I obey,
It may perhaps undo me; besides this,
My father so commands it, and it is
A well-becoming duty in a child
To stoop unto his will: yet to be styled,
For doing what he bids me, a loose dame,
And cause report to question my chaste fame!
'Twere better disobey;—a father's will
Binds like a law in goodness, not in ill.
I hope I sin not, that so ill conceive
Of th' end I'm sent for; and, can I believe
That honour 's aim'd at in 't? Court favours shine
Seldom on mean ones, but for some design.
Are not these fears to startle weak-built woman,
A virgin child of virtue, should she summon
Her best and stout'st resolves';—with that, in tears
And sighs, she speaks the remnant of her fears,
And sinks beneath their weight. Anaxus soon
Caught hold of her, pluck'd her to the grate,
And with a kiss reviv'd her.—'Twas now late,
The cloister bell had summon'd all to bed,
And she was missing, little more she said:
'Save, help me, my Anaxus, keep the jewel
My love once gave thee':—swift Time was so cruel
He could not answer; for her virgin train
Flock'd to the lodge, and she must back again.
She had enjoin'd him silence, and to speak
Anaxus durst not, though his heart should break:
As it was more than full of care and grief
For his Clarinda, thirsting for relief.
And in his looks, one might have read his mind,
How apt it was to afford it; still she enjoin'd
Him not to speak; such was her wary fears
To be discovered; kisses mix'd with tears
Was their best oratory: then they part,
Yet turn again t' exchange each other's heart.

2962 '*and* pluck'd her'? 'pluck'd her *un*to'?

Something was still forgot; it is Love's use
In what chaste thoughts forbid, to find excuse.
Her virgins knock, in vain she wipes her eyes,
To hide her passions, that still higher rise.
She whispers in his ear, 'Think on to-morrow';
They faintly bid farewell, both full of sorrow.
The window shuts, and with a feignèd cheer,
Clarinda wends unto her cloister, where
Awhile we'll leave her to discourse with Fear.
  Pensive Anaxus to the next town hies,
To seek a lodging: rather to advise
And counsel with himself, what way he might
Plot Florimel's escape: 'twas late at night,
And all were drown'd in sleep, save restless lovers.
At length, as chance would have it, he discovers
A glimm'ring light, tow'rd it he makes, and knocks,
And, with fair language, open picks the locks.
He enters, and is welcome by his host,
Where we will leave him, and return again
Unto th' Arcadian court, to sing a strain
Of short-liv'd joy, soon sour'd, by such a sorrow
As will drink all our tears:—and I would borrow
Sometime to think on't, 'twill come at the last:
Sorrows we dream not on, have sourest taste.
  Cleon and Rhotus, as you heard of late,
Were travelling to court, when (led by Fate)
They met Thealma, who by them had sent
A jewel to the king:—six days were spent
Before they reach'd the court; for Rhotus' sake
Cleon was nobly welcom'd, means they make
To do their message to the love-sick king,
And with Sylvanus found him communing.
Sometimes he smil'd, another while he frown'd,
Anon his paler cheeks with tears been drown'd;
And ever and anon he calls a groom,
And frowning, ask'd if Memnon were not come?
One might perceive such changes in the king,
As hath th' inconstant welkin in the Spring;
Now a fair day, anon a dropsy cloud
Puts out the sun, and in a sable shroud
The day seems buried; when the clouds are o'er,
The glorious sun shines brighter than before:
But long it lasts not; so Alexis fared:
His sun-like majesty was not impair'd
So much by sorrow, but that now and then
It would break forth into a smile again.
At last Sylvanus leaves him for a space,
And he was going to seek out a place
To vent his griefs in private; ere he went,
He ask'd if one for Memnon was yet sent?

With that he spies old Rhotus, him he meets,
And Cleon with him; both he kindly greets.
They kneeling kiss his hand; he bids them rise,
And still Alexis noble Cleon eyes.
'Whence are you, father,' said he, 'what's your name?'
Cleon replied, 'From Lemnos, sir, I came,
My name is Cleon';—and full well the king
Knew he was so, yet he kept close the thing.
He list not let his nobles know so much,
Whate'er the matter was: his grace was such
To the old men, as rich in worth as years.
He leads them in, and welcomes them with tears,
The thoughts of what had pass'd wrung from his eyes:
And with the king, in tears, they sympathize.
'O Rhotus,' said he, ''twas thy charity
That rais'd me to this greatness, else had I
Fall'n lower than the grave, and in the womb
Of the salt ocean wept me out a tomb.
Thy timely help preserv'd me, so it pleas'd
The all-disposing Fates.'—There the king ceas'd
His sad discourse; he sighs and weeps afresh,
And wrings old Rhotus' hand in thankfulness.
Sorrow had tongue-tied all, and now they speak
Their minds in sighs and tears, nor could they check
These embryos of passion: reason knows
No way to counsel passion that o'erflows.
Yet like to one that falls into a swoon,
In whom we can discern no motion,
No life, nor feeling, not a gasp of breath,
(So like the body's faintings are to death)
Yet little and by little life steals in,
At last he comes unto himself again.
Life was but fled unto the heart for fear,
And thronging in it, well-nigh stifles there,
Till by its struggling, Fear that chill'd the heart,
Meeting with warmth, is forc'd for to depart,
And Life is loose again:—So Sorrow wrought
Upon these three, that any would have thought
Them weeping statues; Reason at the length
Struggling with passions recover'd strength,
And forc'd a way for speech.—Rhotus was first
That brake this silence, there's none better durst;
He knew his cause of sorrow, and was sure
The gladsome news he brought had power to cure
A death-struck heart; yet in his wisdom he
Thought it not best, whate'er his strength might be
To let in joy too soon; too sudden joy,
Instead of comforting, doth oft destroy:
Experience had taught him, so 't might be;
Nor would old Rhotus venture 't, wherefore he

By some ambigual discourses thought
It best to let him know the news he brought.
So, lowly bowing, Rhotus thus begins:
'Dread sovereign, how ill it suits with kings
(Whose office 'tis to govern men) that they
Should be their passions' laws; self-reason may,
Or should instruct you: pardon, gracious sir,
My boldness; virtue brooks no flatterer;
Nor dare I be so; you have conquer'd men,
And rul'd a kingdom; shall your passions then
Unking Alexis?—be yourself again,
And curb those home-bred rebel thoughts that have
No power of themselves, but what you gave
In suff'ring them so long: had you not nurs'd
Those serpents in your bosom, but had crush'd
Them in the egg, you then had had your health.
He rules the best, that best can rule himself.'
And here he paus'd. Alexis' willing ear
Was chain'd to his discourse; when with a tear,
He sigh'd out this reply:—'I know it well,
I would I could do so';—but tears 'gan swell,
Rais'd by a storm of sighs: he soon had done.
Which Rhotus noting, boldly thus went on.
'Most royal sir, be comforted; I fear
My rude reproofs affect not your soft ear,
Which if they have I'm sorry, gracious sir:
I ask your pardon, if my judgement err.
I came to cure your sorrows, not to add
Unto their heavy weight that makes you sad.'
'To cure me, Rhotus?' said Alexis, 'no!
Good man, thou canst not do't, didst thou but know
The sad cause whence they spring?' 'Perhaps I do,'
Replied old Rhotus, 'and can name it too,
If you'll with patience hear me: cheer up then,
After these show'rs it may be fair again.
As I remember, when the Heav'ns were pleased
To make me your preserver, you my guest,
(And happy was it that it fell out so)
Amongst the many fierce assaults of woe,
That then oppress'd your spirit, this was one:
When you were private, as to be alone
You most affected, I have often heard
You sigh out one Thealma: nor have spar'd
To curse the Fates for her: what might she be,

3080 ambigual] = 'ambiguous.'

3105 Which if they have] S. notes, '*sic* in orig.: but evidently erroneous.' Why? The line before is more difficult; for it seems as if it ought to go the other way, 'your soft ears affect not [do not like] my rude reproofs.' *Then* 'which if they have' would be hopeless. As it is, it looks as if we ought to read for 'affect not' 'have wounded,' or something of that sort.

And what's become of her? If I may be
So bold to question it, tell us your grief,
The heart's unlading hastens on relief:
When sorrows, pent up closely in the breast,
Destroy unseen, and render such unrest
To the soul's wearied faculties, that Art
Despairs to cure them:—pluck up a good heart,
And cast out those corroding thoughts that will
In time undo you, and untimely lay
Your honour in the dust.' The speechless king
Wept out an answer to his counselling;
For speak he could not, sighs and sobs so throng'd
From his sad heart, they had him quite untongued.
'Will it not be?' said Rhotus, 'then I see
Alexis is unthankful; not that *he*
That once I took him for:—but, I have done.—
When first I found you on the rock, as one
Left by stern Fate to ruin, well-nigh drown'd,
And starv'd with cold, yet heaven found,
E'en in that hopeless exigent, a way
To raise you to a crown; and will you pay
Heav'n's providence with frowns? for aught you know,
She that you sorrow for so much, may owe
As much to heav'n as you do, and may live
To make the joy complete, which you conceive
In your despairing thoughts impossible:
I say, who knows but she may be as well
As you; nay, better, more in health and free
From headstrong passion?'—'Can I hope to be
So happy, Rhotus?' answer'd the sad king,
'No, she is drown'd; these eyes beheld her sink
Beneath the mountain waves, and shall I think
Their cruelty so merciful, to save
Her, their ambition strove for to engrave?'
'Why not?' replied old Cleon, who till then
Had held his peace: 'the gods work not like men;
When Reason's self despairs, and help there's none,
Finding no ground for hope to anchor on;
Then is their time to work. This you have known,
And heaven was pleas'd to mark you out for one
It meant thus to preserve: 'tis for some end,
(A good one too, I hope) and heav'n may send
This happy seed-time such a joyful crop
As will weigh down your sorrows; kill not hope
Before its time, and let it raise your spirit
To bear your sorrows nobly: never fear it,
Thealma lives:'——

And here the author died, and I hope the reader will be sorry.

3143 exigent] S. 'exigence.'

John Chalkhill

Coridon's Song

Oh, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find.
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee,
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee,
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride.
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

But oh, the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee,
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheepskins,
Grey russet for our wives,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee.
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,
Yet on the *holy-day*,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee,
No *emperor* so merrily
Does pass his time away;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

To recompense our tillage
The *heavens* afford us show'rs;
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The *cuckoo* and the *nightingale*
Full merrily do sing,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee,
And with their pleasant *roundelayes*,
Bid welcome to the *spring*:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee.
Though others think they have as much
Yet he that says so lies:
Then come away, turn
Countryman with me.

Oh, the Brave Fisher's Life

Oh, the brave fisher's life,
It is the best of any,
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis belov'd of many:
Other joys
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is,
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

Oh, the brave fisher's life

In a morning up we rise
Ere Aurora's peeping,
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping;
Then we go
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a brook
With a hook,
Or a lake
Fish we take,
There we sit
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too,
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too:
None do here
Use to swear,
Oaths do fray
Fish away,
We sit still,
Watch our quill,
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Makes our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter,
Where in a dike
Perch or Pike,
Roach or Dace
We do chase,
Bleak or Gudgeon
Without grudging,
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a show'r,
Making earth our pillow;
There we may
Think and pray
Before death
Stops our breath:
Other joys
Are but toys
And to be lamented.

TRIVIAL POEMS,

AND

TRIOLETS.

WRITTEN

IN OBEDIENCE TO MRS TOMKIN'S COMMANDS,

By PATRICK CAREY.

20th Aug. 1651.

TANT QUE JE PUIS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1819.

INTRODUCTION TO PATRICK CAREY

As about our last constituent, so about this, there has been (though there need no longer be) a certain uncertainty. In 1819 Sir (then still Mr., though just on his promotion) Walter Scott published the book which is here reproduced, with the title also given. He had nine years previously, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, communicated specimens of it from the MS. which had been given to him by John Murray. All that he then knew about the author (and Scott, let it be remembered, while he knew a great deal about English history and literature, knew hardly any part better than the seventeenth century) is contained in the Preface, also reproduced *infra.*

There were, however, other things that he might have known both concerning the MS. itself and concerning its probable author, and these latter would certainly have interested him. The Poems (or at least some of them) had been printed; and that (London 1771) in the year of his own birth. The MS. (or another?) was then in the possession of a certain Mr. Crump, though strangely enough the original Murray was the publisher, which looks very much as if the MSS. were identical. The book contained only nine of the poems which are noted below, and added some fancy titles, such as *Seriae Nugae*, &c. But this is mere bibliography, and has nothing to do with the identification of the poet. One of the public indications towards this it was possible for Scott to know, for it is contained in Evelyn's *Diary*, which Bray had just published. When Evelyn got to Rome in November 1644, among the English residents there to whom he had letters of recommendation was 'Mr. Patrick Cary, brother to our learned Lord Falkland, a witty young priest, who afterwards came over to our church.' But Scott clearly did not know this.

Some years later, however, when, in circumstances more grievous, if not physically (*v. inf.*), yet to mind and fortune, he wrote *Woodstock*, his information had evidently been increased. He not merely introduces 'Pat Carey' in the mouth of the King (as 'Louis Kerneguy') and quotes a verse of his, but makes Charles call him 'a younger brother of Lord Falkland's.' And in the note on this passage he refers to the previous edition, to his earlier ignorance of it, and to his increased knowledge about the author. But he does not say who gave him that knowledge, and I am not aware that any one has filled in the gap till this moment, when I am accidentally enabled to do so, and at the same time to complete the link between book and author.

In the interval additions had been made which will be found fully abstracted in the *D. N. B.*, chiefly from letters in the Clarendon correspondence. From these it appeared that, Carey's mother having become a Roman Catholic, he was sent to Rome for his education, was pensioned by Henrietta Maria, protected by Pope Urban VIII, and endowed with an abbacy, though he seems never to have taken orders. Later, in 1650, just before the date of the Poems, he became a monk at Douay, but did not find it agree with him, and supplicated Hyde for assistance, offering, it would seem, to exchange the cowl for the sword. But there information about him, as generally known, seems to have ceased, though I do not pretend to have looked up all the references in the *Dictionary*.

It so happens, however, that my copy of the *Trivial Poems*, which has been used in the present reprint, had been originally presented by Scott to Sir Cuthbert Sharp[e], soldier, Collector of Customs, antiquary, and historian of Hartlepool. Sharpe was attracted by the genealogical puzzle, by the reference to 'Sir William of Wickham[1]' (*v. inf.* p. 452), and as he says in a note, by the name of Victoria, 'very peculiar at that period[2].' He set to work, and 'by laborious research in the British Museum,' 'and the help of the talisman 'Victoria,' unearthed Sir William *Uvedale* of Wickham, co. Southampton, who married Victoria Carey, second daughter of Henry, first Viscount Falkland and Deputy of Ireland, and so sister of the 'peace-ingeminating' Lucius and of Patrick the abbé. Sharpe embodied all this in a printed pedigree, which he has inserted in the copy, and which, as it is of some interest, I have reproduced here. If correct, it of course establishes and explains at once our poet's identity, and his connexion with 'Sir William of Wickham,' and removes all doubt about the matter. Its correctness I must leave to heralds and genealogists to discuss. Sir Cuthbert adds, 'It was sent to Sir Walter, but I got no reply as Sir W. was ill at the time, and it was perhaps laid aside and forgotten.' It will be remembered that immediately after the date of Scott's Preface (April 1, 1819) came on his second violent attack of cramp in the stomach (after which Lockhart, riding out to Abbotsford, found his hair turned white), and which returned at intervals during almost the whole year. But as Lockhart says that the *Carey Papers* were not actually published till the autumn, it must have been one of the later attacks which deprived poor Sir Cuthbert of his immediate acknowledgement, though he got an indirect one later, as has been seen, in the *Woodstock* note.

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[1] Wickham is almost exactly half-way between Bishop's Waltham and Farnham. Warnford (see *infra*) is on the road from both these towns to Alton, about two miles from where it joins at Meon Stoke.

[2] A curious coincidence is that the person who was to make the name common, was born in this very year 1819.

A further point of connexion between this pedigree and the Clarendon papers may be indicated before we turn to the proper subject of this Introduction, which is literature and not biography. It seems from the letters that one of Carey's reasons for not taking Orders was the infirm health of his nephew, the third Viscount, and the consequent possibility that he might be required to marry to preserve the family. After his reversion to the Anglican Church, there was no reason why he should not carry out this genial and laudable intention, irrespective of mere family policy. And the pedigree tells us that he did so, taking unto himself *Susan* Uvedale, niece of his sister's husband, and producing a son Edward. But it is his poetical production with which we ought to busy ourselves.

And it is a very satisfactory one. Scott, as will be seen, has made no extravagant claims for his bantling; but those which he makes can be solidly sustained, and even increased, by a critic who has not the least fancy for a debauch of superlatives. It is not only true that Carey can give a hand on one side to Lovelace and on another to Suckling for tender and for merry verse: he can in the other great division of Caroline poetry, the sacred, show things not unworthy of Herbert, if not even of Vaughan, though of course he never touches any of the four at their very best. It is unlucky that the book closes with his translation of the *Dies Irae*, which is singularly bad. If I were not a really conscientious editor I should have felt much tempted to suppress it. The *Dies* is quite untranslatable into English; even Herrick, when he wrote of the 'Isle of Dreams,' could not have done it, nor could Miss Christina Rossetti. Nothing but Latin, and perhaps Spanish, can give the combination of weight, succinctness, and music. But turn to

Whilst I beheld the neck o' th' dove

and you will see what Carey could do in the sacred way. The last lines of the stanzas here, with their varied wording and yet similar form and gist, are really little triumphs of poetic expression. Several others,—'By Ambition raised high,' the fine '*Crux via Coelorum*,' the Crashaw-like *Crucifixus*, the solemn *Fallax et Instabilis*,—have each of them its own charm, and all have the marvellous devotional music of the period, which has been so seldom recovered except by that princess of English poetesses who has just been mentioned.

The selection of the triolet form for a religious piece may seem odd, but Carey had no doubt learnt it in France, and the triolet is really a very adaptable thing, as the old French playwrights knew perfectly well when they made it a vehicle of conversation, not merely in farce but in solemn mystery and miracle. Carey's use of it did not escape remark when the elaborate forms of which it is one were revived, with no small success, by English poets some five and twenty or thirty years ago. But what I should have liked best would have been a criticism on it by Mr. Joseph Addison, who would have been delightfully divided between sympathy with the piety of the substance, and sorrow for the 'false wit' of the form.

So few people, however, really like religious poetry (they are wrong, though they have the excuse of the intolerable and shameless badness of much of it) that it is probably by his secular pieces that Carey will have to stand or fall. I do not know that there is anything quite so good as the best of the 'Divines,' but there is plenty of good matter, and plenty of variety in its goodness. The political pieces keep temper fairly under sufficiently trying circumstances, and (as readers of the *Rump Poems* must admit) are not too coarse for the time. They show, too, that growing education in the tricksier parts of poetic craft (such as the rhyme 'delinquent' and 'drink went') which is characteristic of the seventeenth century, and is also an important symptom of the 'grown-up' condition of English prosody. The wholesome joviality of the 'Healths' piece, which attracted Sir Walter, could not easily be improved in a kind now, alas! dead since Peacock. The Catalogue of Mistresses may owe some royalty to Cowley, but is quite original in the handling. The pure craftsman's skill reappears in the various poems to intricate measures: and if there is no very consuming passion in the love-pieces, there is at least enough of sincerity and of 'sweet attractive kind of grace.' And the whole book, with its varied, personal, actual touch, gives a not unsatisfactory contrast to the intensely, and to some tastes it may be excessively, *literary* tone of some of our other constituents. There is not the slightest *pose* about Carey:—he is strongly distinguished by this from such a person as John Hall, for instance. One can well understand how it was that he never published his Poems, and can even believe that he never wrote them with much thought of publication.

One further contrast—an obvious one, no doubt—and we may leave him. It is impossible not to set the mental picture of this jovial, careless, and yet neither undevout nor heartless abbé, beside that of his interesting, but slightly irritating and certainly most ineffectual, brother. Anybody who chooses may call Patrick a 'coarser' nature than Lucius. But if his desire to change cowl for sword had been granted ten years earlier than the time at which he expressed it, I venture to think that the King would have had a more useful soldier, and perhaps not a worse counsellor, than he had in Falkland. The clear healthy common-sense—fully capable of keeping house with Fancy and even Imagination, as well as with Piety—which this little bundle of poetry breathes, would have seen that there were better ways of getting Peace than by moping and moaning for it, and that to kill as many of the enemy as you could was a nearer duty than to get yourself killed by them. The defect of the seventeenth century quality, in Cavalier and Puritan alike, in Milton just as in Falkland, though no doubt most in the Puritan, was a tendency to priggishness, disgustingly avenged by the base and brutal reaction of later years. From any such tendency 'Pat' Carey (it is Scott who is the foreshortener, and one may follow him with no impertinence) is delightfully free, and yet he can be as graceful and fanciful as any Metaphysical of them all, as pious as Herbert, and as jovial as Cotton. A pair with Milton's Elder and Younger Brother, and only a few years later than *Comus*![1]

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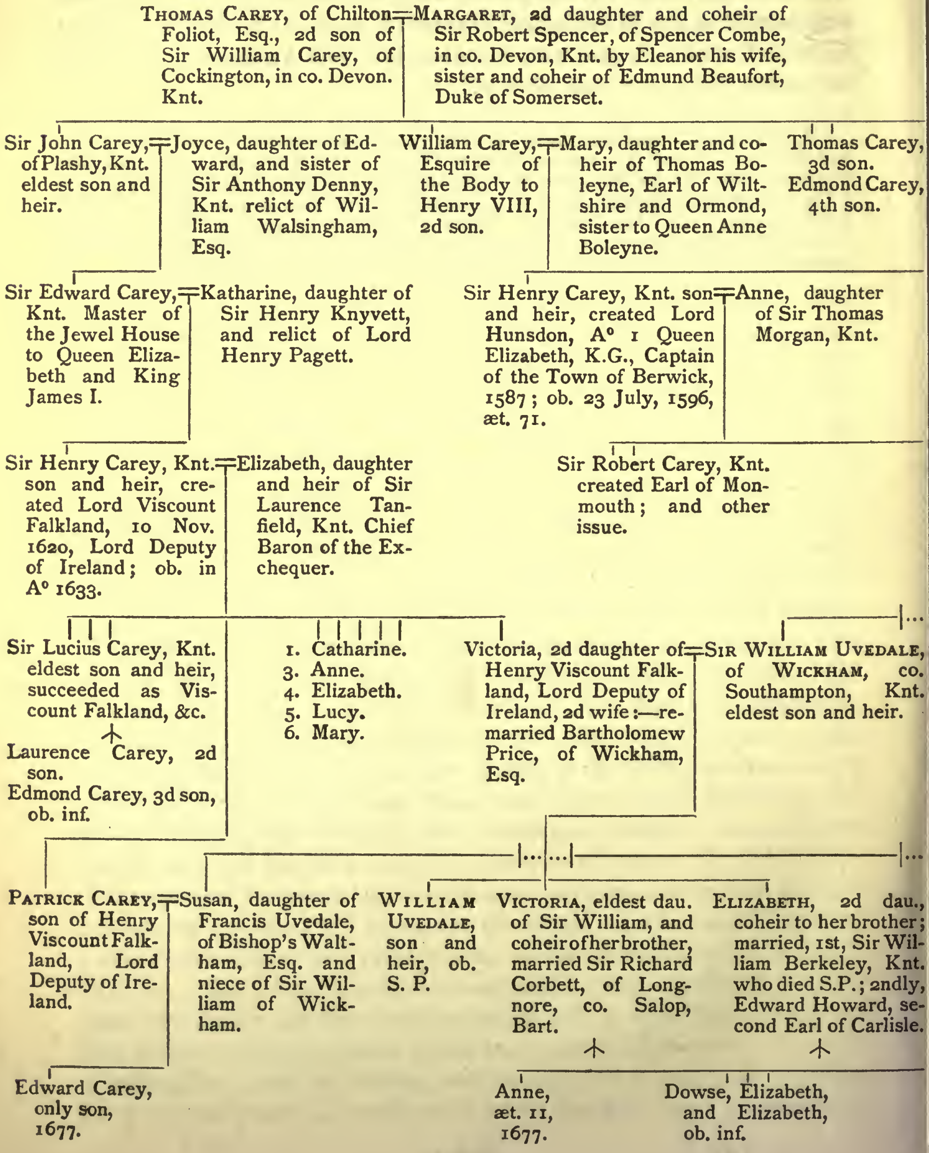
[1] I have kept the spelling 'Car*e*y,' though the Falkland branch of that widespread and worshipful house is more usually spelt 'Cary.' It will not do to press the date 1651 too hard. As for the poems of 1771, they are: (1) The 'Triolets,' p. 472; (2) 'The Extortioner's Epitaph,' p. 479; (3) *Crux via Coelorum*, p. 474, with a different Latin heading; (4) 'The Senses' ('Whilst I beheld'), p. 474; (5) *Nugae Lusoriae* ('Surely now I'm out of danger'), 457; (6) 'And can you think,' p. 460; (7) 'Good people,' p. 462; (8) 'And now a fig,' p. 463; (9) 'The Act of Oblivion,' p. 465.

PEDI
O
CAREY AND

CAREY.

Arms.—Argent, on a bend Sable, three roses of the first.
Crest.—On a wreath, a Swan with wings elevated Argent, beaked Gules, membered Sable.
Motto.—'*Comme je trouve.*'



Thomas Carey, of Chilton Foliot, Esq., 2d son of Sir William Carey, of Cockington, in co. Devon. Knt. = **Margaret**, 2d daughter and coheir of Sir Robert Spencer, of Spencer Combe, in co. Devon, Knt. by Eleanor his wife, sister and coheir of Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset.

Sir John Carey, of Plashy, Knt. eldest son and heir. = Joyce, daughter of Edward, and sister of Sir Anthony Denny, Knt. relict of William Walsingham, Esq.

William Carey, Esquire of the Body to Henry VIII, 2d son. = Mary, daughter and coheir of Thomas Boleyne, Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, sister to Queen Anne Boleyne.

Thomas Carey, 3d son.
Edmond Carey, 4th son.

Sir Edward Carey, Knt. Master of the Jewel House to Queen Elizabeth and King James I. = Katharine, daughter of Sir Henry Knyvett, and relict of Lord Henry Pagett.

Sir Henry Carey, Knt. son and heir, created Lord Hunsdon, A° 1 Queen Elizabeth, K.G., Captain of the Town of Berwick, 1587; ob. 23 July, 1596, æt. 71. = Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Morgan, Knt.

Sir Henry Carey, Knt. son and heir, created Lord Viscount Falkland, 10 Nov. 1620, Lord Deputy of Ireland; ob. in A° 1633. = Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Laurence Tanfield, Knt. Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Sir Robert Carey, Knt. created Earl of Monmouth; and other issue.

Sir Lucius Carey, Knt. eldest son and heir, succeeded as Viscount Falkland, &c.
Laurence Carey, 2d son.
Edmond Carey, 3d son, ob. inf.

1. Catharine.
3. Anne.
4. Elizabeth.
5. Lucy.
6. Mary.

Victoria, 2d daughter of Henry Viscount Falkland, Lord Deputy of Ireland, 2d wife:—remarried Bartholomew Price, of Wickham, Esq. = **Sir William Uvedale**, of **Wickham**, co. Southampton, Knt. eldest son and heir.

Patrick Carey, son of Henry Viscount Falkland, Lord Deputy of Ireland. = Susan, daughter of Francis Uvedale, of Bishop's Waltham, Esq. and niece of Sir William of Wickham.

William Uvedale, son and heir, ob. S. P.

Victoria, eldest dau. of Sir William, and coheir of her brother, married Sir Richard Corbett, of Longnore, co. Salop, Bart.

Elizabeth, 2d dau., coheir to her brother; married, 1st, Sir William Berkeley, Knt. who died S.P.; 2ndly, Edward Howard, second Earl of Carlisle.

Edward Carey, only son, 1677.

Anne, æt. 11, 1677.

Dowse, Elizabeth, and Elizabeth, ob. inf.

GREE

F

UVEDALE

UVEDALE.

ARMS.—Argent, a cross moline Gules.
CREST.—A chapeau Azure, turned up Ermine. On the dexter side, an Ostrich Plume Argent, and another on the sinister Gules.
MOTTO.—'*Tant que je puis.*'

SIR WILLIAM UVEDALE, of WICKHAM, co. Southampton, Knt., Treasurer of the King's Privy Chamber; and in A° 5 Henry VIII. one of the Justices to inquire of treasons in Salop. = **DOROTHY,** dau. of Thomas Troys, Esq. remarried to Edmund, Lord Howard.

Mary, eldest daughter, married Sir John Delaval of Seaton Delaval, co. Northumberland, Knt.

Margaret Carey, 2d daughter.

Arthur Uvedale, Esq. son and heir. = Anne, daughter of Edmond Hazlewood, of Northamptonshire.

Catherine, only daughter. = Sir Francis Knollys, Knt.

William Uvedale, of Wickham, co. Southampton, Esq. son and heir. = Ellen, daughter of Sir John Gresham, Knt., Alderman of London.

Sir Edmond Carey, Knt. 3d son; mar. 2dly, Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of John Neville, Lord Latimer, relict of Sir John Danvers, Knt. = Mary, daughter and heir of Christopher Cocker, Esq.

Sir William Uvedale, of Wickham, co. Southampton, and of Chelsham Court, co. Surrey, Knt. ob. 13 or 14 King James I. = Mary, eldest dau. of Sir Richard Norton, of Rotherfield, and of East Tisted, co. Southampton, Knt.

...

= Anne, daughter of Sir Edmond Carey, Knt. 1st wife.

Sir Richard Uvedale, of Droxford, co. Southampton, Knt. 2d son, ob. S. P. M.

Francis Uvedale, of Bishops Waltham, co. Southampton, Esq. 3d son. = Anne, daughter and coheir of Christopher Hearst, of Winchester, B.D.

...

William Uvedale, died S. P.

William 1st, and William 2d, sons died young.

William Uvedale, of Horton, co. Dorset, living, æt. 40, 1677. = Elizabeth, dau. and coheir of Giles Dowse, Esq. by Eliz. dau. and coheir of Hampden Paulett, Esq.

Richard Uvedale, 2d surviving son.

Victoria, æt. 4, 1677.

William Uvedale, eldest son, and heir apparent, æt. 9, 1677.

Francis, Edmund, ob. inf.

Thomas Uvedale, æt. 1.

Introduction

[By Sir Walter Scott.—Ed.]

Some specimens from the poems of Patrick Carey were published by the present possessor of the manuscript in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for the year 1810. As they have attracted, from time to time, the notice of our poetical antiquaries, the Editor has been induced to place them beyond the chance of total oblivion, by the present very limited edition. His researches have enabled him to add nothing to what is stated in the *Register*, of which the substance follows:—

The reader is here introduced to a Bard of the seventeenth century, as staunch a cavalier, and nearly as good a poet, as the celebrated Colonel Lovelace,

With whisker, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff composed most duly.

Of the poems of this forgotten writer, only one manuscript copy is known to exist. It was presented by Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, to Mr. Walter Scott, the present possessor, and it is from this single copy that we can extract anything concerning the author, Patrick Carey, who appears to have been a gentleman, a loyalist during the civil war, a lawyer, and a rigid High-Churchman, if not a Roman Catholic. The volume is a small duodecimo, written in a very neat hand, (the author's autograph,) is perfect, and in tolerable good order, though scribbled on the blank leaves, and stripped of its silver clasps and ornaments. It is divided into two parts. The first bears this title,—'Triviall Ballads, writt here in obedience to Mrs Tomkins commands, by *Patr. Carey*, 1651, August the 20th.' The second part consists of hymns, original and translated, and other religious poems. It is separated from the first part, being written at the other end of the book, and has a different title-page, bearing the following text, placed above a helmet and a shield:—'I will Sing unto the Lord.'—Psalm xiii. verse 6. There is no crest on the helmet, or proper distinction of colour in the shield, which bears what heralds call a cross anchoree, or a cross moline, with a motto, *Tant que je puis.* Beneath the motto is a rose, and the date, Warnefurd, 1651. These particulars may possibly assist some English antiquary in discovering the family of Patrick Carey. These devotional pieces are ornamented with small emblematical vignettes, very neatly drawn with a pen.

It does not appear that Carey's poems were ever printed. They are of that light fugitive nature, which a man of quick apprehension and ready expression throws forth hastily on temporary subjects for the amusement of society. The proprietor of an unique manuscript is apt to over-rate its intrinsic merit; and yet the Editor cannot help being of opinion, that Carey's playfulness, gaiety, and ease of expression, both in amatory verses and political satire, entitle him to rank considerably above the 'mob of gentlemen who write with ease.'

Abbotsford, *April* 1, 1819.

BALLADES

An Octave

Madame,
I blush, but must obey. You'll have it so;
And one such word of yours, stops all excuse:
Yet (pray) be sure that you let others know
How you, not pride, did me to this induce;
Else, when to any these harsh rimes you show,
They'll suffer many a flout; I, much abuse:
Since 'tis acknowledg'd that they here have place,
Not for their worth, but merely through your grace.

PATR. CAREY.

To the Tune—'Once I lov'd a Maiden Fair,' &c.

I

Fair one! if thus kind you be,
Yet intend a slaughter,
Faith, you'll lose your pains with me,
Elsewhere seek hereafter:
Though your looks be sharp, and quick,
Think not (pray) to drill me;
Love, perchance, may make me sick,
But will never kill me.

II

Were my mistress ne'er so brown,
Yet, if kind, I'd prize her; 10
Who's most fair, if she but frown,
I shall soon despise her:
I love kindness, and not face;
Who scorns me, I hate her:
Courtesy gives much more grace,
In my mind, than feature.

III

Red and white adorn the cheek
Less by far, than smiling;
That's the beauty I most seek,
That charm's most beguiling. 20
Fair one! now you know my mind
See if th' humour take you;
I shall love you, whilst y' are kind;
When y' are not, forsake you.

To the Tune—'I'll do by thee as ne'er was done'

I

'The Ermine is without all spot,
And harmless is the dove;
The lamb is innocent, but not
Like to my chastest love:
So pure a flame did never shine
From any breast before;
And (trust me) such an one as mine
Thou'lt never meet with more.

II

Hadst thou accepted of my heart,
And us'd it well awhile; 10
Hadst thou but sweet'ned all its smart
With one poor word, one smile;
Nay, hadst thou not, with angry scorn,
Bid it thenceforth give o'er;
It would not then have thus forborne,
'T had lov'd thee evermore.

III

But since thou didst my love requite
With so much coy disdain,
Pretending that thy honour might
From thence receive some stain,
My wrongèd heart (being innocent)
Broke all the chains it wore;
And vow'd, to give thee full content,
It ne'er would love thee more.'

IV

Thus to a cruel shepherdess
A poor sad shepherd sung;
He wept (such grief could do no less),
His pipe away he flung:
Then rising, for her hand he strove,
Kiss'd his last kiss, and swore
That from that time, to her of love
He'd never speak word more.

To the Tune—'I would give Twenty Pound,' &c.

I

There's no woman, but I'm caught
Whilst she looks with kind eyes on me;
If I love not then, the fault
Is unjustly cast upon me:
They are to be blam'd, not I,
If with freedom still I hover;
Were I us'd but courteously
I should soon become a lover.

II

Did I any one exclude
For her dye, or for her feature,
I should grant myself a rude
Mannerless, hard-hearted creature:
But since I except 'gainst none
By whom I am not contemnèd,
If I can't find such an one,
Pray tell, who's to be condemnèd?

III

Not by frowns, but smiles, my heart,
(I declare 't) is to be chainèd;
On fair terms with it I'll part,
But by foul 'twill ne'er be gainèd:
Take then other tasks in hand
You, who lour, and scorn to crave it;
But who's kind shall it command,
And for th' asking she shall have it.

To the Tune of 'Bobbing Joan'

I

I ne'er yet saw a lovely creature
(Were she a widow, maid, or wife)
But straight within my breast her feature
Was painted, strangely to the life:
If out of sight
(Though ne'er so bright)
I straightways lost her picture quite.

II

It still was mine, and others' wonder
To see me court so eagerly;
Yet soon as absence did me sunder
From those I lov'd, quite cur'd was I.
The reason was
That my breast has
Instead of heart, a looking-glass.

III

And as those forms which lately shinèd
I' th' glass, are easily defac'd;
Those beauties so, which were enshrinèd
Within my breast, are soon displac'd:
Both seem as they
Would ne'er away;
Yet last, but whilst the lookers stay.

IV

Then let no woman think that ever
In absence I shall constant prove;
Till some occasion does us sever
I can, as true as any, love:
But when that we
Once parted be,
Troth, I shall court the next I see.

Ballades

To the Tune of 'Troy Town'

I

Fair beauties! If I do confess
Myself inconstant in my drink,
You ought not to love me the less,
I say but that which most men think:
  And (troth) there is less hurtful art
  In a light tongue, than a false heart.

II

Some use to swear that you will find
Nothing but truth within their breasts;
Yet waver more than does the wind,
When in a tempest least it rests;
  Nought of my thoughts I say to you,
  But what you'll find to be most true.

III

More than I promise, I'll perform;
They give you oaths, but keep them not:
You build i' th' air, whenas you form
False hopes on vows long since forgot.
  Leave, leave them, then, and deal with me,
  So you will ne'er deceivèd be.

IV

Fairly beforehand I declare,
That when I'm weary, I shall leave:
Forewarnèd thus, you'll be aware,
Whilst falser men would ye deceive:
  Besides, in this I nothing do
  But what I'd swear you will do too.

V

When of your love I weary grow,
Before I change, I'll tell you on 't;
Do you the same when you are so,
And give me time to think upon 't;
  Elsewhere I soon shall place my heart,
  Then, kindly we'll shake hands, and part.

To the Tune—'But I fancy Lovely Nancy,' &c.

I

Surely now I'm out of danger,
And no more need fear my heart;
Who loves thus to be a ranger,
Ne'er will fix in any part;
All the graces
Of fair faces
I have seen, and yet am free:
I like many, but not any
Shall subdue my libertee.

II

Anne was once the word which movèd
Most my heart, I'll it avow;
Twelve at least so call'd, I've lovèd,
But I care not for them now:
Yet if ever
I endeavour
For a mistress, that's her name;
These are fancies,
But with Nancies
Luckiest still hath been my flame.

III

With three Betties I was taken;
Yet no more, than whilst in sight:
One of them is now forsaken,
And her sister has her right.
T'other 's pretty,
But (what pity!)
In a castle she is penn'd:
The third plenty
Has for twenty,
But she 's courted by my friend.

IV

Lucies there are two; for beauty,
Virtue, wit, beyond compare:
Th' one 's too high for love, in duty
I respect, but no more dare:

---

30 A certain class of critics would draw morals from 'shake hands and part' at the end here, and 'kiss and part' at the beginning of the great sonnet in *Idea*, as to the spirits of the times.

9 libertee] I could not but keep this spelling.

As for t'other,
Though a mother
(As I take 't) to half a score;
Had she tarried
To be married,
She'd have had one suitor more.

V

I know two, and each a Mary,
One 's the greatest of this land:
Th' Oxford-vintner made me wary
Least I should a-gazing stand.
Though I like her,
Most unlike her
Is the second; and I swear,
Had her portion
Some proportion
With my wants, I'd marry there.

VI

Katherne has a lip that 's ruddy,
Swelling so, it seems to pout;
How to kiss her I did study,
But could never bring 't about.
Beauteous Frances
Loves romances,
But (alas!) she 's now a wife;
She makes verses,
And rehearses
With great grace Primaleon's life.

VII

Doll has purest breasts much whiter
Than their milk, but naked still;
That 's the reason why I slight her,
For I'd seen them to my fill.
Jane is slender,
But God send her
Less opinion of her race!
Nell's so spotted
That sh' has blotted
Almost out, her little face.

VIII

Peg is blithe; but O she tattles;
Nothing 's so demure as Ruth.
Susan's head is full of rattles,
Rachel preacheth well, in truth.
Were not Tolly
Melancholy,
She hath parts I most could prize:
Amorous Sophy
Rears no trophy
On my heart, with her grey eyes.

IX

Thus I still find somewhat wanting,
Always full of ifs, or ands;
Where there 's beauty, money 's scanting;
Something still my choice withstands.
'Tis my fortune,
I'll importune
With no my prayers my destiny:
If I'm scornèd,
I'm not hornèd;
That 's some joy in misery.

To the Tune of 'The Healths'

I

Come, faith, since I'm parting, and that God knows when
The walls of sweet Wickham I shall see again;
Let 's e'en have a frolic, and drink like tall men,
  Till heads with healths go round.

---

41 One 's the greatest] Henrietta Maria, of course. She was (see Introd.) a patroness of Carey's.

42 The fate of the 'Oxford vintner' is still a mystery to me, though I have made many inquiries.

50 Katherne] This also must be kept. The form is sometimes rhymed to 'pattern' or 'slattern,' according to the circumstances.

59 Primaleon] The first of the famous *Palmerin* series of *libros de caballerias*, and sometimes used for the whole as 'Amadis' is of the other.

74 Tolly] What is this short for? Vic*toria*? see Introd.

80 'Some want, some coldness,' W. Morris, *The Hill of Venus* (in a similar review).

86 *Sic* in orig. If correct it must = 'with no prayers of mine.' The whole piece reminds one, of course, of Cowley, but has sufficient difference.

2 Wickham] See Introd.

II

And first to Sir William, I'll take 't on my knee
He well doth deserve that a brimmer it be:
More brave entertainments none ere gave than he;
  Then let his health go round.

III

Next to his chaste lady, who loves him alife;
And whilst we are drinking to so good a wife,
The poor of the parish will pray for her life;
  Be sure her health go round.

IV

And then to young Will, the heir of this place;
He'll make a brave man, you may see't in his face;
I only could wish we had more of the race;
  At least let his health go round.

V

To well-grac'd Victoria the next room we owe;
As virtuous she'll prove as her mother, I trow,
And somewhat in housewifery more she will know;
  O let her health go round!

VI

To plump Bess, her sister, I drink down this cup:
Birlackins (my masters) each man must take 't up;
'Tis foul play (I bar it) to simper and sup,
  When such a health goes round.

VII

And now helter-skelter to th' rest of the house,
The most are good fellows, and love to carouse;
Who 's not, may go sneak-up; he 's not worth a louse,
  That stops a health i' th' round.

VIII

To th' clerk, so he'll learn to drink in the morn;
To Heynous, that stares when he has quaft up his horn;
To Philip, by whom good ale ne'er was forlorn;
  These lads can drink a round.

IX

John Chandler! come on, here 's some warm beer for you;
A health to the man that this liquor did brew:
Why, Hewet! there 's for thee; nay, take 't, 'tis thy due,
  But see that it go round.

---

5 Sir William] His brother-in-law and his wife's uncle.

9 lady] His sister Victoria. alife] 'As her life,' 'dearly.' Used by all the great dramatists.

13 Will] His uncle's wish (see Pedigree) was not to be granted.

17 Victoria] Afterwards Lady Corbett.

21 Bess] Carey's enthusiasm for his niece seems to have been shared by younger men, for she became not merely Lady Berkeley but Countess of Carlisle.

30 Heynous, &c.] Here we come to 'Henry Pimpernel and old John Naps of Greece.'

X

Hot Coles is on fire, and fain would be quench'd;
As well as his horses the groom must be drench'd;
Who's else? let him speak, if his thirst he'd have stench'd,
  Or have his health go round.

XI

And now to the women, who must not be coy.
A glass, Mistress Cary, you know 's but a toy;
Come, come, Mistress Sculler, no *pardonnez moy*,
  It must, it must go round.

XII

Dame Nell, so you'll drink, we'll allow [you] a sop.
Up with 't, Mary Smith; in your draught never stop.
Law! there now, Nan German has left ne'er a drop,
  And so must all the round.

XIII

Jane, Joan, Goody Lee, great Meg, and the less,
Ye must not be squeamish, but do as did Bess:
How th' others are nam'd, if I could but guess,
  I'd call them to the round.

XIV

And now, for my farewell, I drink up this quart;
To you, lads and lasses, e'en with all my heart:
May I find ye ever, as now when we part,
  Each health still going round.

To the Tune—'I'll tell thee, Dick, that I have been,' &c.

I

AND can you think that this translation
Will benefit at all our nation,
Though fair be the pretence?
'Tis meet, you say, that in the land
Each one our laws should understand,
Since we are govern'd thence.

II

But tell me, pray, if ever you
Read th' English of Watt Montague,
Is 't not more hard than French?
And yet that will much easier be
Than the strange gibb'ring mish-mash, we
Shall henceforth hear at th' Bench.

39 stench'd] This for 'stanch' is rather a liberty, though dialectic. Professor Wright's examples are all Northern.

42 Mistress Cary] Patrick and Victoria (see Pedigree) had no less than four sisters, of whom this may be one.

45 sop] In the ordinary sense?—or = 'sup' (cf. l. 23), i. e. a 'sip'—leaving a heel-tap?

1 See Scott's Note II. The mixture of wit and common-sense in this piece is very agreeable: but I think Sir Walter is wrong in seeing [Roman] Catholicism in st. 11 seq. as a matter of necessity. Carey, we know (and he did not) *was* a Roman Catholic at one time: but the conversion to which Evelyn refers may have taken place. A very good *Anglo*-Catholic (especially just after chipping the shell), in the triumphant orgy of ultra-Protestant sects, might question whether the translation of the Bible had not had its questionable side.

8 See i. 325. Montague and Carey were rather similarly circumstanced.

III

For from the laws whilst French we'd banish,
We shall bring in Italian, Spanish,
And forty nations more;
Who'll then peruse the text, must know
Greek, Latin, Dutch, both High and Low,
With Hebrew too, before.

IV

Because i' th' Greek there 's chang'd a letter,
That they can understand it better,
Fools only will pretend;
As he, who did himself persuade
That he spoke Latin, cause he made
In *bus* each word to end.

V

But had we English words enough,
Yet ought we never to allow
This turning of our laws:
Much less t' admit that at the bar,
The merchand, clown, or man of war,
Should plead (forsooth) his cause.

VI

Words may be common, clear, and pure,
Yet still the sense remain obscure,
And we as wise, as when
We should some long oration hear,
Which in a new-found language were
Ne'er heard by us till then.

VII

'Twas not the language, 'twas the matter
(But that we love ourselves to flatter)
That most times darkness brung:
Some questions in philosophy,
To puzzle scholars would go nigh,
Though put in any tongue.

VIII

The shoemaker, beyond the shoe
Must not presume to have to do,
A painter said of old:
He said aright; for each man ought
To meddle with the craft he 's taught,
And be no farther bold.

IX

What th' anchor is, few ploughmen know;
Sailors can't tell what means gee-ho;
Terms proper hath each trade:
Nay, in our very sports, the bowler,
The tennis-player, huntsman, fowler,
New names for things have made.

X

So words i' th' laws are introduc'd
Which common talk has never us'd;
And therefore sure there 's need
That the gown'd tribe be set apart
To learn by industry this art,
And that none else may plead.

XI

Our Church still flourishing w' had seen
If th' holy-writ had ever been
Kept out of laymen's reach;
But, when 'twas English'd, men half-witted,
Nay women too, would be permitted
T' expound all texts, and preach.

XII

Then what confusion did arise!
Cobblers divines 'gan to despise,
So that they could but spell:
This ministers to scorn did bring;
Preaching was held an easy thing,
Each one might do 't as well.

XIII

This gulf church-government did swallow;
And after will the civil follow,
When laws translated are:
For ev'ry man that lists, will prattle;
Pleading will be but twittle-twattle,
And nought but noise at bar.

XIV

Then let 's e'en be content t' obey,
And to believe what judges say,
Whilst for us, lawyers brawl:
Though four or five be thence undone,
'Tis better have some justice done,
Than to have none at all.

---

29 merchand] The form seems worth keeping.

39 brung] I like this: and it appears (see *Dial. Dict.*) to be genuinely Irish. So Carey had some right to use it.

Patrick Carey

To the Tune—'That we may row with my P. over yᵉ Ferry'

I

Good people of England! come hear me relate
Some mysteries of our young purse-sucking state,
Whereby ev'ry man may conceive out of 's pate
A reason for things here ordainèd of late.
Heigh down, down, derry derry down,
Heigh down, down derry!
What e'er the state resolves, let us be merry.

II

French claret was banish'd (as most do suppose)
'Cause Noll would have nought here so red as his nose;
Or else 'cause its crimson from thence first arose:
'T has took our wine from us, would 'twere in my hose.
Heigh down, down, &c.

III

Since that, he most bravely himself did entrench,
Beleaguer'd, and took (as he thought) a Scotch wench;
But by th' tott'ring of 's toter, he has found she was French;
And therefore that tongue is now silenc'd at th' Bench.
Heigh down, down, &c.

IV

His wrath 'gainst th' whole nation I cannot much blame,
Since by 't was endanger'd a nose of such fame;
That 's England's great standard, and doth more inflame
You people, than e'er did that at Nottingham.
Heigh down, down, &c.

V

Noll! e'en turn to Hebrew the laws of our land,
For (howsoe'er) we never shall them understand;
But th' Act of forbidding French wines countermand,
Oddsniggs else we'll piss out thy fuming firebrand.
Heigh down, down, derry derry down!
Heigh down, down derry!
Till claret be restor'd, let us drink sherry.

To the Tune—'Will, and Tom,' &c.

I

DICK

Jack! nay, prithee, come away,
This is no time for sadness;
Pan's chief feast is kept to-day,
Each shepherd shows his gladness:
W' are to meet all on the green,
To dance and sport together;
O what brav'ry will be seen!
I hope 'twill prove fair weather.

II

Look, I've got a new suit on;
Say, man! how likest the colour?
Will 't not take Nell's eyes anon?
All greens than this are duller.
Mark how trimm'd up is my hook,
This ribbon was Nell's favour:
Jack! the wench has a sweet look,
I'll die but what I will have her.

III

JACK

Dick, e'en go alone for me;
By Nell thou art expected:
I no love have there to see,
Of all I am rejected.
At my rags each maid would flout,
If seen with such a shiner;
No, I'll ne'er set others out;
I'll stay till I am finer.

IV

Shall I go to sit alone,
Scorn'd e'en by Meg o' th' dairy?
Whilst proud Tom lies hugging Joan,
And Robin kisses Mary?
Shall I see my rival Will
Receive kind looks from Betty?
Both of them I'd sooner kill:
At thought on't, Lord, how fret I!

V

'Cause he has a flock of sheep,
And is an elder brother;
'Cause (poor hireling!) those I keep
Belong unto another,
I must lose what's mine by right,
And let the rich fool gain her:
I'll at least keep out of sight,
Since hopeless e'er t' obtain her.

VI

DICK

Courage, man, thy case is not
So bad as thou dost take it:
Yet 'tis ill; could I (God wot!),
Much better would I make it.
He is rich: thou, poor; 'twere much
Wert thou preferr'd by a woman;
Women, though, keep sometimes touch,
But (sooth) 'tis not so common.

VII

Thou, unto thy pipe can'st sing
Love-songs of thine own making;
He, nor that, nor anything
Knows how to do, that's taking.
She did love thee once, and swore
Ne'er (through her fault) to lose thee;
If she keep her oath, before
The richer, she will choose thee.

VIII

JACK

Never, never, 'las! such oaths
Have force for but few hours;
If she lik'd once, now she loathes;
And smiles no more, but lowers.
Scarce his suit had he applied,
But she lov'd me no longer:
Soon my faith she 'gan deride:
For wealth, than faith, is stronger.

IX

Farewell, shepherd, then. Be gone;
The feast no stay here brooketh:
Prithee, mark Bess there anon,
If kind on Will she looketh.
Who loves truly, loves to hear
Tales, that increase his fire;
I, alas! bad tidings fear,
And yet for news inquire.

To the Tune—'But that ne'er troubles me, Boys,' &c.

I

AND now a fig for th' lower house;
The army I do set at nought:
I care not for them both a louse;
For spent is my last groat, boys,
For spent is my last groat.

II

Delinquent I'd not fear to be,
Though 'gainst the cause and Noll I'd fought;
Since England's now a state most free,
For who's not worth a groat, boys,
For who's not worth a groat.

---

22 shiner] This word has several dialect senses (see *Dial. Dict.*) which would do: (1) a clever fellow (ironically), (2) a knave, (3) a sweetheart. Is it here 'one whose clothes are worn threadbare and *shine*'? Or is *Dick*, with his fine clothes, the shiner?

III

I'll boldly talk, and do, as sure
By pursuivants ne'er to be sought;
'Tis a protection most secure,
Not to be worth a groat, boys,
Not to be worth a groat.

IV

I should be soon let loose again
By some mistake if I were caught;
For what can any hope to gain
From one not worth a groat, boys,
From one not worth a groat.

V

Nay, if some fool should me accuse,
And I unto the bar were brought;
The judges audience would refuse,
I being not worth a groat, boys,
I being not worth a groat.

VI

Or if some raw one should be bent
To make me in the air to vault,
The rest would cry, he 's innocent,
He is not worth a groat, boys,
He is not worth a groat.

VII

Ye rich men, that so fear the state,
This privilege is to be bought;
Purchase it then at any rate,
Leave not yourselves a groat, boys,
Leave not yourselves a groat.

VIII

The parliament which now does sit
(That all may have it, as they ought)
Intends to make them for it fit,
And leave no man a groat, boys,
And leave no man a groat.

IX

Who writ this song, would little care
Although at th' end his name were wrought;
Committee-men their search may spare,
For spent is his last groat, boys,
For spent is his last groat.

The Country Life. To a French tune

I

Fondlings! keep to th' city,
Ye shall have my pity;
But my envy, not:
Since much larger measure
Of true pleasure
I'm sure 's in the country got.

II

Here 's no din, no hurry,
None seeks here to curry
Favour, by base means:
Flatt'ry 's hence excluded;
He 's secluded
Who speaks aught, but what he means.

III

Though your talk, and weeds be
Glittering, yet your deeds be
Poor, we them despise:
Silken are our actions,
And our pactions,
Though our coats and words be frize.

IV

Here 's no lawyer brawling;
Rising poor, rich falling;
Each is what he was;
That we have, enjoying;
Not annoying
Any good, another has.

V

There y' have ladies gaudy;
Dames, that can talk bawdy;
True, w' have none such here:
Yet our girls love surely,
And have purely
Cheeks unpainted, souls most clear.

VI

Sweet, and fresh our air is;
Each brook cool, and fair is;
On the grass we tread:
Foul 's your air, streets, water;
And thereafter
Are the lives which there you lead.

VII
Not our time in drenching,
Cramming, gaming, wenching,
Here we cast away:
Yet we too are jolly;
Melancholy
Comes not near us, night nor day.

VIII
Scarce the morn is peeping
But we straight leave sleeping,
From our beds we rise:
To the fields then hie we,
And there ply we
Wholesome, harmless exercise.

IX
Each comes back a winner;
Each brings home his dinner,
Which was first his sport:
And upon it feasting,
Toying, jesting,
W' envy not your cates at court.

X
Th' afternoons we lose not,
Idleness we choose not,
But are still employ'd:
Dancers some, some bowlers,
Some are fowlers,
Some in angling most are joy'd.

XI
Th' evening homewards brings us,
Whither hunger wings us;
Ready soon 's our food:
Spare, light, sweet to th' palate,
And a sallet
To refresh our heated blood.

XII
Pleasantly then talking
Forth we go a walking;
Thence return to rest:
No sad dream encumbers
Our sweet slumbers;
Innocence thus makes us blest.

XIII
Keep now, keep to th' city
Fondlings! y' have my pity,
But my envy, not:
Since much larger measure
Of true pleasure
You see 's in the country got.

To the Tune—'And will you now to Peace incline,' &c.

I
THE parliament ('tis said) resolv'd,
That, sometime ere they were dissolv'd,
They'd pardon each delinquent:
And that (all past scores to forget)
Good store of Lethe they did get,
And round about that drink went.

II
If so, 'tis hard. For th' have forgot
All thought o' th' act, 'tis true, but not
One crime that can be heard on:
So that 'tis likely they'll constrain
Malignants to compound again,
In lieu o' th' nois'd out pardon.

III
This comes of hoping to sit still:
By this we find, 'twas not good will,
But fear, that caus'd their pity.
How sweet, how fair, they spoke of late!
What benefits both Church and State
Should reap from each committee!

IV
The country for its faith was prais'd;
No more the great tax should be rais'd;
Arrears should all be quitted:
Our everlasting parliament
Would now give up its government;
A new mould should be fitted.

V
Th' Act of Oblivion should come out,
And we no longer held in doubt;
Religion should be stated:
Goldsmith's, and Haberdasher's Hall,
No longer should affright us all,
Nor Drury House be hated.

64 palate] Orig. 'pallett.'
28-30 *Goldsmith's Hall* was the head-quarters of the Committee for Compounding to save estates from sequestration. *Haberdasher's Hall* was used for the same or

VI

Fear made them promise this, and more,
But now they think the storm is o'er,
Not one word is observèd:
The soldier, full of discontent,
To Ireland for 's arrears is sent;
The tax is still conservèd.

VII

Th' Act of Oblivion 's laid aside;
Sects multiply and subdivide,
'Gainst which no order 's taken:
And for th' new representative,
Faith (for my part) I'd e'en as live
The thought on't were forsaken.

VIII

Th' except 'gainst this, th' except 'gainst that;
They'll have us choose, but only what
Shall square with their direction:
They do so straightly wedge us in,
That if we choose not them again,
They'll make void our election.

IX

Cromwell! a promise is a debt.
Thou mad'st them say, they would forget,
O make them now remember!
If they their privileges urge;
Once more this House of Office purge,
And scour out every member.

To a French Tune

I

Speak of somewhat else, I pray;
This year I'll not married be:
Lilly, Joan, foretells, they say,
That horns plenty we shall see:
This aspect of Capricorn,
I'll let pass, for fear o' the horn.

II

Not that I pretend alone
To go free, since 'tis i' th' text;
Cuckolds shall be every one,
In this world, or in the next.
I'd a while keep out o' th' herd;
That 's not lost, that is deferr'd.

III

I've not patience yet enough,
All my jealousy 's not gone;
I'd stay, till my forehead tough
Felt not, when that cap 's put on:
Quietly then, with the rest,
I shall bear the well-known crest.

IV

When Jove th' European rape
Did commit, large horns he wore;
Though he reassum'd his shape,
Those he ever after bore:
Since the Gods do wear them then,
Why should they be scorn'd by men?

V

'Cause great lords are crown'd, you guess
That their heads no horns do bear;
Yet, although we see them less,
Joan! assure thyself, th' are there:
Neither learning, strength, nor state
Can secure us from that fate.

VI

For one branch the beggar has,
Forty can the rich man show;
Whilst by madame often was
Th' horner paid, to make them so:
Cuckold then who fears to be,
Merits not good company.

VII

From such honour, yet awhile
I'll be kept, by my weak stead:
But ere long, Joan, thou shalt smile,
Seeing how my fair horns spread.
For my comfort—cuckolds, Joan,
I'll make thousands; be but one.

---

a closely connected purpose in 1650 (see Ludlow, ed. Firth, i. 258). *Drury House* (at any rate, a little later: *ibid.* ii. 155) was the office for the sale of Royalists' lands. The three, in fact, represented successive stages of persecution for 'delinquents.' I owe the materials of this note to the Rev. W. Hunt's kindness.

41 live] = 'lief.'

3 Lilly] William L., the astrologer (1602–1681), was at the height of his reputation at this time.

To a French Tune

I

A GRIEV'D Countess, that ere long
Must leave off her sweet-nois'd title ;
A griev'd Countess, that ere long
'Mongst the crowd for place may throng ;
In her hand that patent holding
Which perforce she must bring in,
Oft with moist eyes it beholding,
Her complaint thus did begin.

II

' Cruel monsters ! do you know
What a massacre y' have voted ?
Cruel monsters ! do you know
Th' harm you'll cause at one sad blow ?
Dukes, earls, marquises, how many !
'Las ! how many a lord and knight,
Without pity shown to any,
You'll cut off through bloody spight !

III

Fond astrologers, away !
You that talk o' th' sun's thick darkness ;
Fond astrologers, away !
Y'are mistaken in the day.
Sure you calculate not duly,
Th' ephemerides else skips ;
On the twenty-fifth more truly
Y' ought to place the great eclipse.

IV

Our dear-purchas'd honours then
Will by foggy mists be clouded ;
Our dear-purchas'd honours then
Will (alas !) ne'er shine again.
All my hopes are, that those vapours
Which extinguish now our light,
Will put out too th' ancient tapers ;
Since I'm dark, would all were night ! '

To an Italian Tune

I

POOR heart, retire !
Her looks deceive thee ;
Soothe not thy desire
With hopes she'll receive thee :
Thyself never flatter ;
Her smile was no call ;
'Las ! there 's no such matter,
She looks thus on all.
Meant sh' aught by her smiling (poor heart, credit me)
She'd frown on thy rivals ; she'd smile but on thee.

II

Thy flames extinguish,
No more them feeding :
Learn, learn to distinguish
'Twixt love and good breeding.
Fair words are in fashion,
Thou must not them mind ;
She spoke not with passion,
To all she 's as kind.
Meant sh' aught by those fair words (poor heart, credit me)
She'd speak that dear language to none but to thee.

III

Perhaps she granted
Some few faint kisses ;
But ever they wanted
That which makes them blisses.
A kiss has no savour,
If love don't it own,
I count it no favour
'Less I kiss alone.
No kindness obliges (poor heart, credit me)
When t'others it 's granted, as well as to thee.

---

17 Lilly (v. *sup.*) published his *Annus Tenebrosus*, with calculations of eclipses, in 1652.

Patrick Carey

To an Italian Tune

I

'Tis true. I am fetter'd,
But therein take pleasure:
My case is much better'd;
This chain is a treasure.
My prison delights me;
'Tis freedom, that frights me;
I hate liberty:
I'll not be lamented,
You'd all be contented
To have such chains as I.

II

When (heretofore flying)
My loves oft I quitted;
I then was a-trying,
And now I'm fitted.
I ne'er should have changèd,
If she (whilst I rangèd)
Had first struck mine eye:
As soon as I met her,
Enchain me I let her:
Ye'd all do, as I.

III

Soft cords made of roses,
Than mine would more gall me;
Her bright hair composes
Those bonds which enthrall me.
Now, when she has provèd
How much her I've lovèd,
My hopes will soar high:
Perchance, to retain me,
Her arms will enchain me;
Then who'd not be I?

To a Spanish Tune, called 'Folias'

I

Cease t' exaggerate your anguish,
Ye, who for the gout complain!
Lovers, that in absence languish,
Only know, indeed, what 's pain.

II

If the choice were in my power,
Sooner much the rack I'd choose,
Than, for th' short space of an hour,
My dear Stella's sight to lose.

III

Sometimes fear, sometimes desire,
Seize (by cruel turns) my heart;
Now a frost, and then a fire
('Las!) I feel in every part.

IV

Horrid change of pains! O leave me,
With my death else end your spight!
Absence doth as much bereave me
As death can, of her lov'd sight.

V

Thus (dear Stella) thy poor lover
His unlucky fate bemoans;
Whilst his parting soul does hover
'Bout his lips: wing'd by sad groans.

VI

Yet thou may'st from death reprive
him;
Love such power to Stella gives:
With thy sight thou canst revive him;
As thou wilt he dies, or lives.

To the Italian Tune, called 'Girometta'

I

O permit that my sadness
May redeem my offence!
Let not words, spoke in madness,
Prejudice innocence!

II

'Twas i' th' heighth of my passion,
'Las! I rav'd all the time:
Not thy wrath, but compassion,
I deserv'd by my crime.

III

Jealous fears, with their thickness,
Had o'erclouded my brain:
What I spoke in my sickness
Ne'er remember again.

IV

Frantic men may talk treason,
From all guilt they are free:
Laws for such as want reason,
No chastisement decree.

V

Sure no tyrant did ever
Call that tongue to account,
Which, in time of a fever,
Tales of plots did recount.

VI

Then since none can be heard on
That e'er punished such faults,
O refuse not my pardon
To my past words, or thoughts!

VII

Lo! as soon as I'm curèd,
I repent, I recant:
Make me, too, once assurèd
That my grace has thy grant.

To the Tune of—'To Parliament the Queen is gone,' &c.

I

This April last a gentle swain
Went early to the wood;
His business was, that he would fain
His lot have understood.
'Las! poor man!
Sad and wan
He was grown, for love of Nan;
'Twould him cheer,
Could he hear
The sweet nightingale's voice here:
Wheresoe'er he went,
Still his ear he bent
List'ning her to find.

II

His friend (it seems) was better luck'd,
And heard one in the park;
Whereat by th' sleeve her t'other pluck'd,
And cried, 'Hark! there's one! hark!'
Th' honest lad
Was right glad,
Thinking now good news t'have had:
Whilst that he
(Full of glee)
Listing stood to ev'ry tree,
Not the nightingall,
But th' affrighting-all
Ill-lov'd cuckoo sang.

III

What tidings this may signify
I leave to time to tell:
But (if it were mine own case) I
Should hope all would go well.
As I guess,
Faithfulness
With the cuckoo may express:
Mark your fill
When you will,
Him you'll find in one note still.
Though men fear him all
When they hear him call,
'Tis a lucky bird.

IV

Then cheer up, James, and never set
False comments on the text:
If with th' one bird this year th' hast met,
Thou'lt meet with t'other next.
Do not droop!
Nan shall stoop
To thy lure, though th' cuckoo whoop:
The bird saith
That thy faith
Its reward now near-hand hath.
Never think on't, man!
Come, let's drink to Nan,
She shall be thine own.

---

20 recount] Orig. 'raccount,' and C. may have meant directly to English 'raconter.'

To the Tune of 'I'll have my Love, or I'll have on[e]'

I

Some praise the brown, and some the fair;
Some best like black, some flaxen hair:
Some love the tall, and some the low;
Some choose, who 's quick; and some, who 's slow.

II

If in all men one mind did dwell,
Too many would lead apes in hell:
But, that no maid her mate may lack,
For every Joan there is a Jack.

III

Thus, I have mine own fancy too;
And vow, none but the poor to woo;
My love shall come (when e'er I wed)
As naked to the church, as bed.

IV

The fair, the chaste, the wisest dame,
Though nobly born, and of best fame,
(By all the gods,) would ne'er enthrall
My heart, if she were rich withall.

V

I money count as great a fault,
As poorness is 'mongst others thought:
With thousand goods you'll find supplied
The want of portion in a bride.

VI

There's no such gag, to still the loud;
There's no such curb, to rule the proud:
It never fails to stint all strife;
It makes one master of his wife.

VII

Should I reveal each good effect,
(Though poverty now bring neglect,)
Suitors would throng about the poor,
Ne'er knocking at the rich maid's door.

VIII

Then, lest that some should surfeits want,
And others starve the while for want,
What rests (the rich not to offend,)
I'll only tell to some choice friend.

To the Tune of 'Phillida flouts me'

I

Ned! she that likes thee now,
Next week will leave thee!
Trust her not, though she vow
Ne'er to deceive thee;
Just so to Tom she swore,
Yet straight was ranging:
Thus she'd serve forty more,
Still she'll be changing.
Last month I was the man;
See, if deny 't she can;
Else ask Frank, Joan, or Nan:
Ned! faith look to it.

II

She'll praise thy voice, thy face;
She 'll say, th' art witty;
She'll too cry up thy race,
Thy state she'll pity;
She'll sigh, and then accuse
Fortune of blindness:
This form she still doth use,
When she'd show kindness.
Thou'lt find (if thou but note)
That t' all she sings one note;
I've learn'd her arts by rote:
Ned! faith look to it!

---

30 starve] Orig. 'sterve.'

11 Frank] It should be remembered that this abbreviation stood for 'Franc*es*' at least as often as for 'Franc*is*.'

III

With scorn, as now on me,
(Less may'st thou care for 't!)
Ere long she'll look on thee,
Thyself prepare for 't.
The next new face will cast
Thine out of favour;
The winds change not so fast,
As her thoughts waver:
If them thou striv'st t' enchain,
Thereby thou'lt only gain
Thy labour for thy pain:
Ned! faith look to it!

To the Tune of 'Francklin's is fled away'

I

Alas! long since I knew
What would betide;
My hopes ne'er yet spoke true,
My fears ne'er lied:
False tales to please my heart,
Those tell; those bring me smart,
But still the truth th' impart,
Ne'er flatt'ring me.

II

Yet I was apt to hear
Good news though made;
And still would chide my fear,
When it gainsaid;
This made me entertain
Thoughts which now prove most vain,
Believing what so fain
I'd have had true.

III

I fancied that thy mind
Was fix'd on me;
But ('las!) my love I find
Contemn'd by thee:
'Cause I'd not fear before
(Fond man!) I must therefore
Despair now evermore;
Sad is my chance.

IV

But since thy kindness had
Part in my fault,
I know thou wilt be sad
To see me caught;
And, if thou'lt not allow
Thy love, the next best now
Is, that with pity thou
Look on my grief.

---

31 fast] Scott's text 'aft': but this is an obvious and not unaccountable misprint.
10 though made] This odd phrase seems to mean 'though feigned,' 'manufactured.'

I will sing unto the Lord.—PSALM xiii. vers. 6.

TRIOLETS[1]

I

WORLDLY designs, fears, hopes, farewell!
Farewell all earthly joys and cares!
On nobler thoughts my soul shall dwell,
Worldly designs, fears, hopes, farewell!
At quiet, in my peaceful cell,
I'll think on God, free from your snares;
Worldly designs, fears, hopes, farewell!
Farewell all earthly joys and cares.

II

I'll seek my God's law to fulfil,
Riches and power I'll set at nought;
Let others strive for them that will,
I'll seek my God's law to fulfil:
Lest sinful pleasures my soul kill,
(By folly's vain delights first caught,)
I'll seek my God's law to fulfil,
Riches and power I'll set at nought.

III

Yes (my dear Lord!) I've found it so;
No joys but thine are purely sweet;
Other delights come mixt with woe,
Yes (my dear Lord!) I've found it so.
Pleasure at courts is but in show,
With true content in cells we meet;
Yes (my dear Lord!) I've found it so,
No joys but thine are purely sweet.

O that I had wings like a dove,
For then would I fly away, and be at rest.—*Ps.* lv. vers. 6[2].

I

BY ambition raisèd high,
Oft did I
Seek (though bruis'd with falls) to fly.
When I saw the pomp of kings
Plac'd above,
I did love
To draw near, and wish'd for wings.

II

All these joys which caught my mind
Now I find
To be bubbles, full of wind:
Glow-worms, only shining bright
When that we
Blinded be
By dark folly's stupid night.

III

Looking up then I did go
To and fro,
When indeed they were below:
For now that mine eyes see clear,
Fair no more
Small and poor,
Far beneath me they appear.

IV

But a nobler light I spy,
Much more high
Than that sun which shines i' th' sky:
Since it's sight, all earthly things
I detest;
There to rest,
Give, O give me the dove's wings!

---

[1] This title (see Introd.), while proper enough for the opening piece, has no great appropriateness to the whole section.

22 One can hardly help pointing out that C. had *not* found this lauded 'content in cells.'

[2] Observe that he quotes the A.V. and not the Vulgate.

1 It is fair to observe that this piece is not mere copybook morality, or 'sour grapes.' C., as a Pope's favourite, *had* 'drawn near the pomp of kings.'

Triolets

Servire Deo Regnare est

I

Are these the things I sigh'd for so, before?
For want of these, did I complain of Fate?
It cannot be. Sure there was somewhat more
That I saw then, and priz'd at a true rate;
Or a strange dullness had obscur'd my sight,
And even rotten wood glitters i' th' night.

II

Mine eyes were dim, I could no nearer get;
This trash was with its most advantage plac'd:
No marvel then, if all my thoughts were set
On folly, since it seem'd so fairly grac'd.
But now that I can see, and am got near,
Ugly (as 'tis indeed) it doth appear.

III

Now, were I put on th' Erithrean sands,
I would not stoop the choicest jew'ls to take:
Should th' Indian bring me gold in fulfill'd hands,
I would refuse all offers he could make.
Gems are but sparkling froth, natural glass;
Gold 's but gilt clay, or the best sort of brass.

IV

Long since (for all his monarchy) that bee
Which rules in a large hive, I did despise:
A mole-hill's chiefest ant I laugh'd to see,
But any prince of men I much did prize.
The world now seems to me no bigger then
Mole-hill, or hive; ants, bees, no less than men.

V

Who wishes then for power, or plenty craves,
O let him look down on them both from hence!
He'll see that kings in thrones, as well as graves,
Are but poor worms, enslav'd to vilest sense:
He'll find that none are poor who care for nought;
But they who having much, for more have sought.

VI

Come, poor deluded wretch! climb up to me;
My naked hermitage will teach all this:
'Twill teach thee too where truest riches be,
And how to gain a never-fading bliss.
'Twill make thee see that truly none do reign,
But those who serve our common sovereign.

---

9 marvel] Orig. 'mervayle.'
23 then] The form, which is usual as usual, must be kept here for the rhyme.
36 sovereign] Orig. 'sovverayne.'

Patrick Carey

The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.—*Ep. to yᵉ Rom.* i. 20.

I

Whilst I beheld the neck o' th' dove,
I spied and read these words.
'This pretty dye
Which takes your eye,
Is not at all the bird's.
The dusky raven might
Have with these colours pleas'd your sight,
Had God but chose so to ordain above;'
This label wore the dove.

II

Whilst I admir'd the nightingale,
These notes she warbled o'er.
'No melody
Indeed have I,
Admire me then no more:
God has it in His choice
To give the owl, or me, this voice;
'Tis He, 'tis He that makes me tell my tale;'
This sang the nightingale.

III

I smelt and prais'd the fragrant rose,
Blushing, thus answer'd she.
'The praise you gave,
The scent I have,
Do not belong to me;
This harmless odour, none
But only God indeed does own;
To be His keepers, my poor leaves He chose;'
And thus replied the rose.

IV

I took the honey from the bee,
On th' bag these words were seen.
'More sweet than this
Perchance nought is,
Yet gall it might have been:
If God it should so please,
He could still make it such with ease;
And as well gall to honey change can He;'
This learnt I of the bee.

V

I touch'd and lik'd the down o' th' swan;
But felt these words there writ.
'Bristles, thorns, here
I soon should bear,
Did God ordain but it;
If my down to thy touch
Seem soft and smooth, God made it such;
Give more, or take all this away, He can;'
This was I taught by th' swan.

VI

All creatures, then, confess to God
That th' owe Him all, but I.
My senses find
True, that my mind
Would still, oft does, deny.
Hence, Pride! out of my soul!
O'er it thou shalt no more control;
I'll learn this lesson, and escape the rod:
I, too, have all from God.

Crux via Cœlorum

I

Loudly the winds do blow,
High do the sea-waves go;
Where is the sailor now, I'd know?
Amidst the billows (look) how he is tost,
Yet hopes the shore t' obtain:
In a small bark the ocean he has crosst:
All for a little gain.
He fits his sails to th' wind,
Then carelessly he sings;
The hope he has contents his mind,
And comfort to him brings.
Heaven for to gain then, shall I be less bold,
Than is a sailor for a little gold?

II

Whilst it doth rain, freeze, snow;
Whilst coldest winds do blow,
How clad does the poor captive go?
No furs has he to wrap his body in;
Nay more, he cares for none,
But scorns all weathers in his naked skin;
Fear makes him make no moan.
He has upon his back
The marks of many a wand;
Yet (after stripes) he is not slack
To kiss his master's hand.
And shall I then for love, repine to bear
Less than a naked slave endures for fear?

III

The scars of many a blow
Can the maim'd soldier show,
Yet still unto the war does go.
Fame makes him watch many a winter night,
He sleeps oft on the ground;
With hunger, thirst, and foes he oft must fight,
And all but for a sound.
Whole long days must he march,
When all his force is spent;
The scorching sun his skin doth parch,
Yet is his heart content.
Shall then for fame a soldier do all this,
And I shrink, suff'ring less for heavenly bliss?

IV

In a dark cave below
The conqueror does throw
His miserable vanquish'd foe.
Deep is the dungeon where that wretch is cast,
Thither day comes not nigh;
Dampish and nasty vapours do him blast,
Yet still his heart is high.
His prison is so strait
He cannot move at will;
Huge chains oppress him with their weight,
Yet has he courage still.
And can I think I want my libertee,
When in such thrall he keeps his mind so free?

V

It shall not be: No, no;
The sailor I'll outgo,
The soldier, slave, and vanquish'd foe;
When others rage, I'll think how I am tost;
The seaman in the main,
The naked slave shall, i' th' most piercing frost,
Make me bear any pain.
The march I'll call to mind,
When weary, and get wings:
Lest I should think myself confin'd
The pris'ner freedom brings.
Whene'er restraint, or grief, or fear, or cold,
Tempt me, these thoughts will then my mind uphold.

Man is born unto trouble.—*Job*, ch. v. vers. 7.

Crucifixus pro Nobis

CHRIST IN THE CRADLE

I

LOOK, how he shakes for cold!
How pale his lips are grown!
Wherein his limbs to fold
Yet mantle has he none.
His pretty feet and hands
(Of late more pure and white
Than is the snow
That pains them so)

---

5 hands] It is worth noting that the fifth line in each stanza is left unrhymed. The regularity, and the ease with which rhyme could have been supplied, prevent the assignment of this to chance or carelessness.

7 snow] Scott 'show,' but it must be a misprint.

Have lost their candour quite.
His lips are blue
(Where roses grew),
He 's frozen ev'rywhere:
All th' heat he has
Joseph, alas!
Gives in a groan; or Mary in a tear.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN

II

Look, how he glows for heat!
What flames come from his eyes!
'Tis blood that he does sweat,
Blood his bright forehead dyes:
See, see! It trickles down:
Look, how it showers amain!
Through every pore
His blood runs o'er,
And empty leaves each vein.
His very heart
Burns in each part;
A fire his breast doth sear:
For all this flame,
To cool the same
He only breathes a sigh, and weeps a tear.

CHRIST IN HIS PASSION

III

What bruises do I see!
What hideous stripes are those!
Could any cruel be
Enough, to give such blows?
Look, how they bind his arms
And vex his soul with scorns,
Upon his hair
They make him wear
A crown of piercing thorns.
Through hands and feet
Sharp nails they beat:
And now the cross they rear:
Many look on;
But only John
Stands by to sigh, Mary to shed a tear.

IV

Why did he shake for cold?
Why did he glow for heat?
Dissolve that frost he could,
He could call back that sweat.
Those bruises, stripes, bonds, taunts,
Those thorns, which thou didst see,
Those nails, that cross,
His own life's loss,
Why, O why suffered he?
'Twas for thy sake.
Thou, thou didst make
Him all those torments bear:
If then his love
Do thy soul move,
Sigh out a groan, weep down a melting tear.

Ex dolore gaudium.

Fallax et Instabilis

There is nothing new under the sun.—*Eccl.* i. v. 10.

I

'Tis a strange thing, this world,
Nothing but change I see:
And yet it is most true
That in 't there 's nothing new,
Though all seem new to me.
The rich become oft poor,
And heretofore 'twas so;
The poor man rich doth grow,
And so 'twas heretofore:
Nor is it a new thing
To have a subject made a king;
Or that a king should from his throne be hurl'd.
'Tis a strange thing this world.

II

All things below do change,
The sea in rest ne'er lies;
Ne'er lay in rest, nor will:
The weather alters still,

---

9 candour] Lit. = 'whiteness.'

And ne'er did otherwise.
Consum'd is many a town
By fire; how, none can tell:
Plains up to mountains swell,
While mountains do sink down.
Yet ought we not t' admire
The sea, the air, the earth, or fire:
The sun does think nothing of all
this strange;
Since all things here still change.

III

Let none then fix his heart
Upon such trifling toys;
But seek some object out,
Whose change he ne'er may doubt;
There, let him place his joys.
Since that our souls are made
For ever to endure;
Of chiefest grief w' are sure,
If what we love must fade:
For friends feel greatest pain
When one must go, t' other remain.
With what I love then, that I ne'er
may part,
On God I'll fix my heart.

Vide in omnibus vanitatem, et afflictionem animi, et nihil permanere sub sole.—*Eccl.* ii. v. 11.[1]

Nulla Fides

I

For God's sake mark that fly:
See what a poor, weak, little thing it is.
When thou hast mark'd, and scorn'd it, know that this,
This little, poor, weak fly
Has kill'd a pope; can make an emp'ror die.

II

Behold yon spark of fire:
How little hot! how near to nothing 'tis!
When thou hast done despising, know that this,
This contemn'd spark of fire,
Has burn't whole towns; can burn a world entire.

III

That crawling worm there see:
Ponder how ugly, filthy, vile it is.
When thou hast seen and loath'd it, know that this,
This base worm thou dost see,
Has quite devour'd thy parents; shall eat thee.

IV

Honour, the world, and man,
What trifles are they; since most true it is
That this poor fly, this little spark, this
So much abhorr'd worm, can
Honour destroy; burn worlds; devour up man.

---

30 doubt] In the sense of 'fear.'

[1] Here we have A.V. at head, and Vulg. at foot: as a polite host distributes the graces between clerics.

5 Did any particular fly kill any particular pope? [Some say 'Yes: Breakspear (Adrian IV), our only English pontiff.'] It does not need Patrick Carey or Jeremy Taylor to tell us that any might kill any.

12 vile] Orig. 'vild.'

I

What use has he made of his soul
Who (still on vices bent)
Ne'er strove his passions to control;
But hum'ring them, his life has spent?
Pray tell me, if I can
Call such a very thing as that is, man?
For since that just as sense has bid,
And would not hear when reason chid,
It do, or leave, it wrought, or ceast;
Or her commands regard the least;
It might have liv'd e'en as it did,
And yet have been a beast.

II

Had it a lion been; just so
It would roar out, and fume:
Were it a peacock; it would go
Just thus, admiring its own plume:
Or if it were a goat;
Thus, only on base pleasures it would dote.
More than this thing, the ravenous hog
Searches not, where his guts to fill:
Nor at a stranger's hound, the dog
O' th' house more snarl or envy will,
Than this odd thing (though apt to cog)
Repine at others still.

III

The crow, that hoards up all she finds;
The ant, that still takes pains;
Do nothing more, then he who minds
But how to fill his bags with gains.
The snail and sluggard be
Within alike, tho' in shape they disagree.
Call not that thing then, man; even as
Thou wouldst not injure by the same
Man, who like God created was;
God, who for man's sake, man became:
But, since so much o' th' beast it has,
Call it by its own name.

Accepit in vano animam suam.—*Psalm* xxiii. vers. 4.

Dirige vias meas Domine!

I

Open thyself, and then look in;
Consider what thou mightst have bin,
And what thou art now made by sin.

II

Asham'd o' th' state to which th' art brought,
Detest, and grieve for each past fault;
Sigh, weep, and blush for each foul thought.

III

Fear, but despair not, and still love;
Look humbly up to God above,
And Him thou'lt soon to pity move.

IV

Resolve on that which prudence shows;
Perform what thou dost well propose;
And keep i' th' way thou hast once chose.

V

Vice, and what looks like vicious, shun;
Let use make good acts eas'ly done:
Have zeal, as when th' hadst first begun.

VI

Hope strongly, yet be humble still;
Thy good is God's; what thine, is ill:
Do thus, and thee affect He will.

VII

Pray, when with others; when alone,
To scorn, or praise, be as a stone:
Forget thyself, and all, but One.

VIII

Remove what stands 'twixt God and thee.
Use not thy fancy, Him to see:
One with His will, make thy will be.

IX

Look purely on God when thou doest well;
But not on heaven; much less on hell:
Thou'lt get Him thus in thee to dwell.

X

Useless our Master we do serve;
Our labours no reward deserve;
Yet happy who these rules observe.

Nobis natus in Pretium: Nobis datus in Præmium

I

Great God! I had been nothing but for thee;
Thy all-creating power first made me be:
And yet, no sooner had I got
A being, but I straight forgot
That thou (great God!) that thou hadst given it me.
My being somewhat I did spend
Only thy goodness to offend;
And, though chastis'd, yet ne'er would mend.

II

Christ! but for thee, I had remainèd so;
Thou didst redeem me, though I were thy foe.
And yet thou hadst no sooner spilt
Thy blood, to wash away my guilt,
But my ingratitude I straight did show.
My chains thou kindly didst unloose;
My liberty I soon did lose;
And, to become a slave, did choose.

III

Blest Spirit! once again my soul to try
Thou didst her cleanse, renew, and sanctify.
Scarce was she purgèd by thy flame,
But straight more horrid she became
Than ere (blest Spirit!) thou didst her purify.
All the three Persons now in vain
Had tried a perverse soul to gain,
Who was resolv'd on her own bane.

IV

Thus, though to save me, God strove ev'ry way,
To punishment I did myself betray.
I grieve for th' ill that I have done;
I weep to see myself undone;
But, in excuse, have not one word to say.
Yes (God!) since thou didst me create,
Then ransom, then sanctificate;
Save what th' hast bought at such a rate!

Exprimetur

Who, without horror, can that house behold
(Though ne'er so fair) which is with tombstones made;
Whose walls, fraught with inscriptions writ of old,
Say still, 'Here underneath somebody 's laid.'
Though such translated churchyards shine with gold,
Yet they the builder's sacrilege upbraid;

Exprimetur] This must have had a special bearing: but what, who shall say?

And the wrong'd ghosts, there haunting uncontroll'd,
Follow each one his monumental shade.

But they that by the poor man's downfall rise,
Have sadder epitaphs carv'd on their chests:
As, 'Here the widow, Here the orphan lies.'
Who sees their wealth, their avarice detests;
Whilst th' injur'd for revenge urge heaven with cries;
And, through its guilt, th' oppressor's mind ne'er rests.

Dies Iræ, Dies Illa

I

A DAY full of horror, must
All this world dissolve to dust:
Prophets say it; w' are to trust.

II

What heart will be void of fear
When our great judge shall appear
Strictly each man's cause to hear?

III

A shrill trumpet there will sound,
All must rise from underground,
And the Judge's throne surround.

IV

How astonish'd then will be
Death and Nature, when they see
From their laws each body free?

V

A book where men's deeds are writ
Shall be read; the Judge to it
Will th' eternal sentence fit.

VI

At his sitting, 'twill be vain
To conceal a secret stain;
Nought unpunish'd shall remain.

VII

How shall I that day endure?
What friend shall I then procure,
When the just are scarce secure?

VIII

My request do not reject,
Thou that savest thine elect;
God of mercy, me protect.

IX

Christ! remember in that day,
I'm thy sheep, tho' gone astray!
Leave me not to wolves a prey.

X

Weary, oft me sought thou hast;
For me, nail'd to the cross thou wast:
Lose not all these pray'rs at last.

XI

Though my sins to vast sums mount,
Yet thy mercies them surmount:
O ne'er call them to acount!

XII

I confess my guilt; th' art meek:
Grant that pardon which I seek!
Lo, shame's blushes dye each cheek.

XIII

Mary, and the thief, scarce leave
Sin, but thou dost them receive;
What hopes hence mayn't I conceive?

XIV

True, my prayers deserve not aught;
By thy passion th' art besought:
Keep me from the fiery vault!

XV

'Mongst the sheep grant me a stand;
Drive me from the goats' curs'd band,
Placing me on thy right hand.

XVI

This t' obtain, my knees I bend;
For this, all my prayers I send:
Lord, take care of my last end!

XVII

O! that day 'll cause weeping eyes,
When to judgement men shall rise;
'Gainst then, mercy! my soul cries.

30 pray'rs] 'pains'? ('*labor*'). Scott's text has 'th*is*.'

Notes

[By Sir Walter Scott.—Ed.]

NOTE I.

Ballad to the Tune of 'The Healths.'

Come, faith, since I'm parting, and
that God knows when
The walls of sweet Wickham I shall
see again, &c.

I am unable to point out the hospitable mansion of Wickham here alluded to, or the good Knight to whom it belonged, though an editor, better skilled in English topography, might probably have discovered both. The ballad itself reminds us of the good old days, when

It was great in the hall,
When beards wagg'd all.—
We shall ne'er see the like again !—

These were the times, when the aged blue-coated serving-man formed an attached and indivisible part of a great man's family, and shared in domestic festivities, rather as a familiar, though humble friend, than as a hired menial. The household of the Knight of Wickham seems to have been quite that of the 'Queen's old Courtier' in the ballad ; and the special enumeration of all the domestics argues that Mr. Carey had not disdained a cup of sack in the buttery any more than in the oaken parlour.

In truth, in these jovial days, when the company had a mind for an extraordinary frolic, beyond the measure of decorum suited to their rooms of entertainment, it was no unusual thing to descend to the cellar itself, where many a fair round was drunk, and where the serving-men were at least occasionally allowed to partake of their master's festivity. [See Introd.— Ed.]

NOTE II.

Ballad to the Tune—'I'll tell thee, Dick,' &c.

And can you think that this translation
Will benefit at all our nation,
Though fair be the pretence ?

On 25th October, 1650, the Rump-Parliament made a sweeping order, that all books of the laws be put into English ; and that all writs, process, and returns thereof, patents, commissions, indictments, and judgements, records, rules, and proceedings in courts of justice, shall be in the English tongue only, and not in Latin or French, or any other language than English. The policy of this order was to intimidate the lawyers, by threatening not only to unveil, but to destroy the mysteries of their profession ; and to gratify the Independents, who, being as much above control by civil as by divine ordinances, had got it into their heads, that the common law was a badge of the Norman Conquest, under which idea Barebone's parliament afterwards set seriously about its total abrogation. In November 1650, the subject was resumed, and underwent much discussion, in which Whitelocke took share. The question being put, it was unanimously carried, that the act should pass for turning the law-books, and the process and proceedings in the courts of justice, into English.—*See* Whitelocke's *Memorials, folio*, 459, 460.—It is scarce necessary to say, that the act was never put into force.

The poet ridicules, with some success, the absurdity of this innovation, which, like the translation of botanical classifications, could only tend to substitute a barbarous vernacular jargon of dubious import, instead of the technical language of law-Latin and law-French, to which time and the course of practice had given an exact and discriminate meaning.

Some passages in this ballad induce me to think Carey was bred to the law; and the thirteenth stanza, in which he attacks the translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue, seems to intimate that he may have been a Catholic. [See note *in loc.*—Ed.]

NOTE III

Ballad to the Tune of—'That we may row,' &c.

Good people of England! come hear
me relate, &c.

An impost on French wine, in the year 1651, seems much to have afflicted the suffering Cavaliers, who were too apt to call in Bacchus as an auxiliary, in their hours of distress and dejection. Carey, in revenge, makes himself merry with Oliver Cromwell's large red nose, a feature in which Dryden has found subject of eulogy. [This last observation is rather a 'large' construction of the *Stanzas.*—Ed.]

NOTE IV

Ballad to the Tune—'And will ye now to peace incline.'

The parliament ('tis said) resolv'd,
That, sometime ere they were dissolv'd,
They'd pardon each delinquent.

The Long Parliament, in the year 1651, to retrieve their decaying popularity, agitated at different times, and particularly on the 16th of September, the healing measure of an act of oblivion and general indemnity to all delinquents. It was not, however, finally passed until the 1st of March, 1652–3, and was then clog'd with too many exceptions to be of much use to the suffering Cavaliers. During the interval, while the act was in dependence, Carey seems to have written this ballad, in which he satirizes the delays which the Parliament attached to the execution of this healing ordinance. It is generally known how well Cromwell's subsequent conduct conformed to the hint expressed in the last stanza.

NOTE V

Ballad to a French Tune.

A griev'd Countess, that ere long
Must leave off her sweet-nois'd title, &c.

The vote of the Long Parliament, declaring the House of Peers, in parliament, useless and dangerous, was followed by an act abolishing the same. This utter destruction of the ancient constitution was, in some degree, retarded by Cromwell, who, when he had established a sort of royalty in his own person, next attempted to re-establish a species of aristocracy, by summoning a House of Peers, a few of whom were persons of noble families, but by far the greater part soldiers of fortune, who had risen from the lowest rank. The old nobility would not deign to accept of a dignity which they were to share with such compeers, and so the projected aristocracy fell into utter contempt.

The complaint of the 'Grieved Countess' refers to the original abolition of rank and privileges of nobility.

POEMS.

By W. H.

——*cineri gloriâ ſera venit.*

Cæsariana

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring* at the George
in Fleetſtreet, neer *Cliffords* Inne
Gate, 1655.

INTRODUCTION TO WILLIAM HAMMOND

The author of the following Poems has more claims than one or two as respects admission to these volumes. In the first place his work, though containing nothing quite so good as some of his fellows here can offer, is of even merit and quite characteristic of the time. In the second, he is very rare, and even the reprint by Sir Egerton Brydges, which is fairly faithful to the original, and has been used here (after collation with it) as 'copy,' was printed to the number of only sixty (some say only forty). In the third (and it would be possible to add others, though I shall not do so), he illustrates the peculiarly seventeenth-century feature of poetical *clannishness* in his relations to Stanley and to Sandys. Except these relationships, and his bare position in his own family-tree, we really know nothing about him, though genealogy gives us a further link beforehand with a still greater poetical 'illustration'—Shelley.

Hammond appears to have had the poetical possibilities which were so astonishingly common in his generation, more than usually stirred into actuality by his connexion with poets. No small proportion of his poems is actually addressed to Stanley, not a little of the rest has reference to the death of the poet's sister's husband, Henry Sandys. Common as is—in fact or in pretence—the 'command to write verses,' one can hardly imagine it anywhere more necessary, while it has in many been worse justified, than in Hammond's. He, if ever there was one, is an '*occasional* poet' as well as a minor one. There are, of course, high-flying persons who would say that such a combination is, or ought to be, anathema. But their excommunication is of very little force or value. It is in the minor and occasional poets of a time that you can see best whether that time is or is not poetical. What the great ones say is not evidence : or is only evidence which has to be taken and qualified with such allowances for individuality that it is very nearly useless. With poets like Hammond the evidence requires no treatment, no smelting and sifting and doctoring of any kind whatsoever. In some times such a man could not have done such work ; in others he would have been extremely unlikely to do it ; in yet others the poetical quality, even at the mild strength in which it here presents itself, would have been 'flashier,' more irregular, less trustworthy. In the days when I used to review scores, if not hundreds of volumes of verse every year, how many pieces do I remember like 'Husbandry'? I shall not say how many, lest I should have to say how few.

This other 'harvest of a quiet mind,' though well worth the garnering by and for those who can enjoy it, gives comparatively little opening for comment. Hammond is neither recondite, nor eccentric, nor risky. One of the best critical uses that can be made of him is to compare him with his namesake and relative, of the next century, James Hammond, whose *Elegies* will be duly found in Chalmers. Although this class of literary pairs is pretty numerous there is hardly a better one of the kind: for the positive and intrinsic poetic faculty of the two writers would not appear to have been so very different, and their subjects are sufficiently similar.

The former Editor's Preface is in parts so piquant, and so characteristic of 'Chandos of Sudeley,' who with all his foibles, really did very great service to English literature, that I have thought it worth while to reprint its opening and closing portions in a note[1].

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[1] 'At the period of literature at which the present Reprint, limited to a very few copies, is offered to the public, it cannot be necessary, or less than impertinent, to apologize for the revival of scarce volumes of old poetry. At the same time an Editor whose zeal involves him in such an occupation will be much mistaken if he shall expect any praise, or even shall hope to escape illiberal censure or back-biting sneers for his toil and his pecuniary risk. If this Editor be one, who undertakes these things as a task, and not as an amusement; if he wastes long labour and minute and painful attention on these trifles, he will probably magnify the importance of his subject, till he exposes it to the just ridicule of a severe judgment or correct taste; if on the contrary he takes it up as a short relief from the fatigue of high and serious vocations; if he seizes at intervals a few moments of doubtful and hurried leisure, to soothe his weary spirits with a dalliance among these recreations of his early attachment, his pages will probably exhibit some marks of inadvertence and haste, on which fools will fix with eagerness; and over which stupid exactness will triumph. There are those, who think that what cannot be done perfectly, it were better to forbear. He who is deterred by this sentiment from acting, is selfish: and he, who thus judges of the acts of another, is neither candid, nor wise.

'In the midst of anxious cares, occupied in the laborious discharge of public duties, urged by honour and zeal to the performance of numerous literary engagements, I struggle as I can, through all the added employments which an inextinguishable ardour induces me to impose on myself, with the expectation of leisure which never comes, and calmness of mind which never visits me: while a thankless set of readers, neither knowing, nor bound to regard if they knew, the difficulties of performance which render my labours so imperfect, seem only to seek out the omissions, or the oversights, which want of time has occasioned,

. . . '"aut incuria fudit."

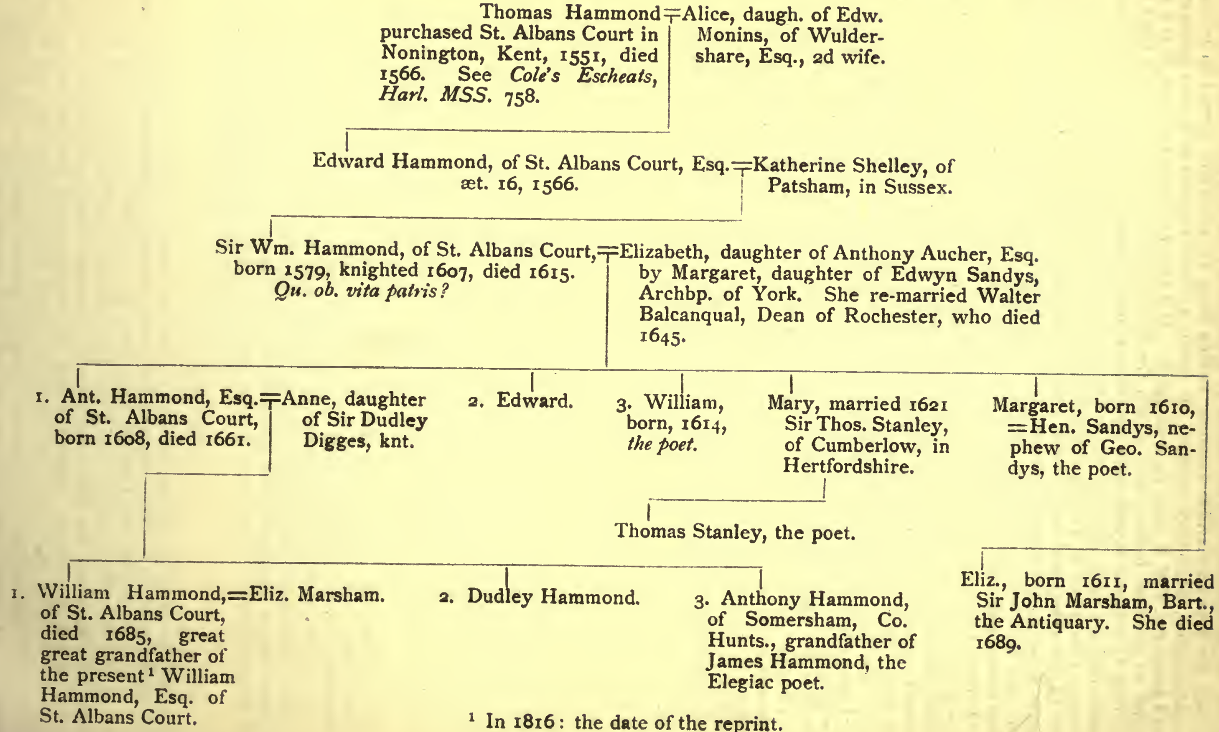
'I call on no one, whose curiosity or taste it will not gratify, to purchase this little volume! On the contrary, I protest against his purchase of it! I seek not his praise: I scorn his censure, or his criticism: it is not for him that I have laboured! . . .

'The County of Kent has in former ages not been without its literary glory. In a preceding century it produced not only Sir Thomas Wyat, but those two illustrious examples of genius Lord Buckhurst and Sir Philip Sydney. At the æra of which I am writing, it was not adorned with equal splendor: but a laudable spirit of literature seems then to have prevailed among the gentilitial families, especially of the eastern part of the county. Hence sprung Sir John Finet and Sir John Mennes, not unknown for their wit as well to the nation as to the court in those times: while the families of Digges, Hawkins, Dering, Honywood, Harflete, Twysden, Sandys, Lovelace, Manwood, Oxenden, Bargrave, Boys, Cowper, and Wyat, were all engaged in pursuits of genius, or of learning. The effects of example are so obvious, that it is easy to account for this honourable ambition having been so generally spread in a narrow neighbourhood, when once excited. It seems to have expired with that generation; and I know not that it ever revived again. If I feel any regret at this, it is a mere matter of personal feeling, with which the reader has no concern; and I have lived too long to embroil myself with neighbours, merely because our pursuits are uncongenial and we have different estimates of distinction and importance. The race of Country Gentlemen is rapidly dwindling away, and I lament it with a keen anticipation of the substantial evils which will follow their extinction: I will not therefore hint a word to their disadvantage, though they may not in all respects realize that pure and intellectual ambition, which a visionary fancy paints as drawing its food from groves and forests and all the enchantment of rural scenery.

'I regret that I can give no other particulars of this Poet than those of his descent. The present heir of the family, whom I have consulted on this occasion, has no memorials of him among his papers: his name alone is recorded in the pedigree, without even the addition of a date, and his very existence would have been buried in the grave with "the tribe without a name," had he not himself preserved in these poems the few links by which he can be joined to his proper family and place.

'I wish that these pieces had contained, like many others to which such things form the principal attraction, more notices of friends, relations, acquaintances, rivals, and others, with whom he had communication in the occurrences of life. In these pages we can trace little of his habits, or real sentiments. There are passages in them which approach to elegance, and even to poetry; but they are almost always of a faint and minor cast: they betray rather the echo of some contemporary, than the vigour of original power; but then they exhibit a mind highly cultivated, and well exercised in that style of composition, which the example of the day rendered most attractive.'

PEDIGREE OF HAMMOND OF ST. ALBANS' COURT.



Thomas Hammond = Alice, daugh. of Edw. Monins, of Wuldershare, Esq., 2d wife.
purchased St. Albans Court in Nonington, Kent, 1551, died 1566. See *Cole's Escheats, Harl. MSS.* 758.

Edward Hammond, of St. Albans Court, Esq. = Katherine Shelley, of Patsham, in Sussex.
æt. 16, 1566.

Sir Wm. Hammond, of St. Albans Court, = Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Aucher, Esq. by Margaret, daughter of Edwyn Sandys, Archbp. of York. She re-married Walter Balcanqual, Dean of Rochester, who died 1645.
born 1579, knighted 1607, died 1615. *Qu. ob. vita patris?*

1. Ant. Hammond, Esq. = Anne, daughter of Sir Dudley Digges, knt.
of St. Albans Court, born 1608, died 1661.

2. Edward.

3. William, born, 1614, *the poet.*

Mary, married 1621 Sir Thos. Stanley, of Cumberlow, in Hertfordshire.

Margaret, born 1610, = Hen. Sandys, nephew of Geo. Sandys, the poet.

Thomas Stanley, the poet.

1. William Hammond, = Eliz. Marsham.
of St. Albans Court, died 1685, great great grandfather of the present[1] William Hammond, Esq. of St. Albans Court.

2. Dudley Hammond.

3. Anthony Hammond, of Somersham, Co. Hunts., grandfather of James Hammond, the Elegiac poet.

Eliz., born 1611, married Sir John Marsham, Bart., the Antiquary. She died 1689.

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[1] In 1816: the date of the reprint.

POEMS

Commanded to write Verses

Madam,
Since your command inspires
My willing heart with lyric fires,
Though my composure owe its birth,
Or to cold water, or dull earth,
Wanting the active qualities
That spritely fire and air comprise;
Yet guided by that influence,
I may with those defects dispense;
And raptures no less winning vent
Than the fam'd Thracian instrument;
What, though old sullen Saturn lie
Brooding on my nativity;
So your bright eyes the clouds dispell,
Which on my drooping fancy dwell!
But stay, what glass have we so bright,
To do your matchless beauty right?
Nature but from her own disgrace
Can add no lustre to that face;
Not from her patterns can we find
A form to represent your mind.
The figures which this world invest
Are images, in which exprest
Some truer essences appear,
Which not to sight subjected are.
So you, fair Celia, inwardly
Dissemble well the Deity,
And counterfeit in flesh and skin
The fineness of a Cherubin:
But, fair one, if you must put on
The order's Institution,
Admitted to this Hierarchy,
A guardian angel be to me.

The Walk

Blest Walk! that with your leavy arms embrace
In small, what beauty the dilated face
Of the whole world contains! The violet,
Bowing its humble head down at her feet,
Pays homage for the livery of her veins:
Roses and lilies, and what beauteous stains
Nature adorns the Spring with, are but all
Faint copies of this fair Original.
She is a moving Paradise, doth view
Your greens, not to refresh herself, but you.
This path 's th' Ecliptic, heat prolific hence
Is shed on you by her kind influence;
She is, alas! too like the Sun, who grants
That warmth to all, which in himself he wants.
You thus oblig'd, this benefit return,
Teach her by lectures visible to burn;

Title. Commanded] Both 'request of friends' and 'hunger' have produced worse verses.

30 Institution] Seems to be used here in the clerical sense = 'investiture.'

2 dilated] Awkward, but intelligible enough.

That she, when Zephyr moves each whisp'ring bough
To kiss his neighbour, thence may learn t' allow
The real seals of kindness, and be taught
By twining woodbines what sweet joys are caught
In such embraces. Thus, and thousand ways
Told you by amorous Fairies, and the lays
Of your fond guardian, waken her desires,
Requiting your own warmth with equal fires.

Husbandry

When I began my Love to sow,
Because with Venus' doves I plow'd,
Fool that I was, I did not know
That frowns for furrows were allow'd.

The broken heart to make clods torn
By the sharp arrows of Disdain,
Crumbled by pressing rolls of Scorn,
Gives issue to the springing grain.

Coyness shuts Love into a stove;
So frost-bound lands their own heat feed:
Neglect sits brooding upon Love,
As pregnant snow on winter-seed.

The harvest is not till we two
Shall into one contracted be;
Love's crop alone doth richer grow,
Decreasing to identity.

All other things not nourish'd are
But by Assimilation:
Love, in himself and diet spare,
Grows fat by Contradiction.

Mutual Love

From our Loves, heat and light are taught to twine,
In their bright nuptial bed of solar beams;
From our Loves, Thame and Isis learn to join,
Losing themselves in one another's streams.
And if Fate smile, the fire Love's emblem bears,
If not, the water represents our tears.

From our Loves all magnetic virtue grows,
Steel to th' obdurate loadstone is inclin'd.
From our Loves all the power of chymists flows,
Earth by the Sun is into gold refin'd.
And if Fate smile, this shall Love's arrows head,
If not, in those is our hard fortune read.

From our still springing Loves the youthful Bays
Is in a robe of lasting verdure drest,
From our firm Loves the Cypress learns to raise,
Green in despight of storms, her deathless crest.
And if Fate smile, with that our temples bound,
If not, with this our hearses shall be crown'd.

---

18 Assimilation—Contradiction] This rhyme on the mere *ion* is very ugly, and not so common as the frequent valuation of these two syllables might suggest. 'Upon' and 'perfection' (*v. inf.* on opposite page) is much better.

The Forsaken Maid

Go, fickle Man, and teach the Moon to change,
The winds to vary, the coy Bee to range:
You that despise the conquest of a town,
Render'd without resistance of one frown.

Is this of easy faith the recompense?
Is my prone love's too prodigal expense
Rewarded with disdain? Did ever dart
Rebound from such a penetrable heart?

Diana, in the service of whose shrine,
Myself to single life I will confine,
Revenge thy Votaress; for unto thee
The ruling ocean bends his azure knee.

And since he loves upon rough seas to ride,
Grant such an Adria, whose swelling tide,
And stormy tongue, may his false vessel wrack,
And make the cordage of his heart to crack.

Another

Know, falsest Man, as my love was
Greater than thine, or thy desert,
My scorn shall likewise thine surpass,
And thus I tear thee from my heart.

Thou art so far my love below,
That than my anger thou art less;
I neither love nor quarrel now,
But pity thy unworthiness.
Go join, before thou think to wed,
Thy heart and tongue in wedlock's knot:
Can peace be reapèd from his bed,
Who with himself accordeth not?

Go learn to weigh thy words upon
The balance of reality,
And having that perfection
Attain'd, come then, and I'll scorn thee.

J. C.

Anagram.—'I can be any lover.'

See how the letters of thy name impart
The very whispers of thy heart.
This name came surely out of Adam's mint,
It bears so well thy nature's print.
Woman *materia prima* doth present,
Is to all forms indifferent,
As pictures do at once with various eyes,
Distinctly view all companies,
With such a steadfast look, that each man would
Swear they did only him behold.
Thus run we in a wheel, where steadfast ground
To fix our footing is not found,
Whilst woman's heart incliningly doth move,
Like twigs to every sigh of Love.

---

8 from] B. wrongly 'for.'

She, who imparts her smiles to more than one,
May many like, but can love none.
The force of all things in contraction lies,
And Love thrives by monopolies.
Those glasses that collect the scatter'd rays
Into one point, a flame can raise:
Straiten the object, you increase love's store;
So loving less, you love the more.

De Melidoria

E. Joh. Barclaii Poem. Lib. II.

'Why languish I, ye Gods, alone?
Why only I? when not one groan
Afflicteth her for whom I die:
You mighty powers of Love, oh why
Doth Melidore despise your darts,
And their effects too, bleeding hearts?
If thus, oh Gods, ye suffer her
Unpunished, none will prefer
Your altars; such examples may
Become the ruin of your sway.'

With Venus and her mighty son
Expostulating thus, I won
This answer: 'Alas,' Cupid cries,
'I hood-wink'd am; my closèd eyes
Bound with a fillet, that my bow
Can none but roving shafts let go;
Hence 'tis that troops of violent
Youth their misplaced loves resent;
That some love rashly; some again
Congealed are with cold disdain:
Wouldst thou thy mistress, I inspire,
And in her breast convey that fire
Which nature suffers not to find
Birth from thy tears? Do but unbind
My eyes, and I will take such aim,
As she shall not escape my flame.'

Thus spake the boy, my ready hand
Preparèd was to loose the band
From his fair eyelids, that his sight
Might to his dart give steady flight;
When my good Genius' prudent ear
Whisper'd to my rash soul, Beware!
Ah, shameless boy, deceitful Love,
I see thy plot: should I remove
Those chains of darkness from thy eyes,
Thou Melidore so much would prize,
That straight my rival thou wouldst be,
And warm her for thyself, not me.

Delay

Upon Advice to defer Love's Consummation

Delay, whose parents Phlegm and Slumber are,
Thinkst thou two snails, drawing thy leaden car,
Can keep pace with the fiery wheels of Love's
Chariot, that receives motion from swift doves?
Go visit Fevers, such as conscience rack
With fear of punishment in death; there slack
The pulse, or dwell upon the fatal tongues
Of Judges, shut up their contagious lungs:

---

15 She, who] Hammond does not often attain this sententious point, which is certainly good in form, whatever it may be worth in matter.

3 Love's] As bold an *enjambement* as Chamberlayne himself ever dared.

5 Fevers] Is this = 'fever-*patients*'?

Thou mayst a gaol rejoice, but not decree
To Love's glad prisoners a jubilee.
How canst thou think thy frost with icy laws
Can bind my tears, when Love thy cold chain thaws?
He more intense for fighting ice will be,
And raise his heat unto the eighth degree.
Thus through thy coldness I shall fiercer burn,
And by thy winter into cinders turn.
  But since from Ignorance fears oft arise,
And thence are stol'n unequal victories,
Let us describe this foe, muster his force:
A handless thing it is, and chills the source
Of brave attempts. Eyes he pretends too much,
Yet our experience often shows that such
Exactness in surveying opes a gate
To be surpris'd by Semele's sad fate.
'Tis a mere trunk, hath not for progress feet;
Coward that fears his own desires to meet.
His friends are scarce; the Heavens, whose flight debates
The race with thought, are no confederates:
The world is love in act; suspend this fire,
The globe to its old Chaos will retire:
Infernal souls, but for his loathèd stay,
Might hope their night would open into day.
  How can this cripple then, not with one band,
Aided by Earth, Heaven, Hell, his power withstand,
Who hath of Earth, Heaven, Hell, the forces broke,
Impos'd on Neptune's self his scorching yoke?
But if thou need'st will haunt me, let thy mace
Arrest delight, when I my Love embrace.

Upon Cloris's Visit after Marriage

A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt Codrus and Damon, forsaken rivals

CODRUS

Why, Damon, did Arcadian Pan ordain
To drive our flocks from that meridian plain,
Where Cloris' perpendicular shot beams
Scorch'd up our lawns, but that cool Charwell's streams
Might here abate those flames, which higher were,
Than the faint moisture of our flocks could fear?

DAMON

Codrus, I wot the dog that tended there
Our flocks, was he which in the heavenly sphere

---

4 Charwell] This, as well as other things in the poems, gives pretty clear evidence that our 'Ignoto' was an Oxford man. Perhaps there is not, short of absolute burlesque or doggerel, a more glaring instance of 'pastoral' absurdity than some lines of this piece.

So hotly hunts the Lion, that the trace
Of Virgo scarce his fiery steps allays;
Into our veins a fever he convey'd,
And on our vital spirits fiercely prey'd.

CODRUS

Oh, why then brought she back her torrid zone?
Conquer'd her trophies? Let us not alone
After so many deaths? renew'd our flame,
When 'twas impossible to quench the same?
It is the punishment of Hell, to show
The tortur'd souls those joys they must not know!

DAMON

Though my flock languish under her aspect;
My panting dog his office too neglect;
Though I refuse repast, and by her eyes
Inflam'd, prostrate myself her sacrifice,
I shall yet covet still her dubious rays,
Whose light revives as much as her heat slays.

CODRUS

If Thyrsis slept not in her shady hair,
If in his arms her snow not melted were,
We might expect a more successful day,
And to some hopes our willing hearts betray,
Which now live desperate without joy of light;
Her black eyes shed on us perpetual night.

DAMON

Codrus, because his ragged flock was thin,
His sheep-walk bare, and his ewes did not yean,
His noble Love (hear this, O swains) resign'd
His eyes' delight, a wealthier mate to find;
But she (rash in her choice) gave her embrace
To one whose bread coarser than Codrus' was.

CODRUS

Damon (than whom none e'er did longer burn;
Nor at his rate, upon so small return),
Damon (the pride and glory of the mead,
When nymphs and swains their tunèd measures tread)
Begg'd of her that a better choice might prove
She lov'd herself, since him she could not love.

DAMON

Had Thyrsis' flocks in milk abounded more,
I should not with such grief my loss deplore.

CODRUS

Could Thyrsis' pipe more worthily resound,
Cloris, oh Cloris! I had comfort found.

BOTH

That our heart-racking sighs no gain bequeath
To Cloris, is a dying after death.

On the Infrequency of Celia's Letters

DID not true love disdain to own
His spiritual duration,
From paper fuel, I might guess
Thy love and writing both surcease
Together; but I cannot think
The life and blood of love is ink;
Yet as when Phœbus leaves our coast,
(The surface bound with chains of frost,)
Life is sustain'd by coarse repast,
Such as in spring nauseates the taste;
So in my winter, whilst you shine
In the remotest tropic sign,
Stramineous food, paper and quill,
May fodder hungry love, until
He re-obtain solstitial hours,
To feast upon thy beauty's flowers.
The wonders then of Nature we
Within ourselves will justify:
Or what monumental boast
The first world made, the latter lost:
Thy pointed flame shall constant 'bide
As an eternal pyramid;
The never-dying lamp of Urns
Revivèd in my bosom burns:
Th' attractive virtue of the North
Resembleth thy magnetic worth;
And from my scorcht heart, through mine eyes
Ætnean flashes shall arise:
We shall make good, when more unite,
The fable of Hermaphrodite:
The spring and harvest of our bliss
The ripe and budding orange is;
We little worlds shall thus rehearse
The wonders of the universe,
As a small watch keeps equal pace
With the vast Sun's impetuous race.

To her Questioning his Estate

PRITHEE, no more, how can Love sail?
Thy providence becalms our seas:
Suspensive Care binds up each gale;
Fear doth the lazy current freeze.

Forecast and Love, the lover swears,
Remov'd as the two poles should be:
But if on them must roll the spheres
Of our well-tun'd felicity:

If Sums and Terrars I must bring,
Nor may my inventory hide,
Know I am richer than the king,
Who gilt Pactolus' yellow tide.

For Love is our philosopher's stone;
And whatsoe'er doth please thy sense,
My prizing estimation
Shall elevate to quintessence.

Thy lips each cup to wine shall charm,
As the Sun's kisses do the vine;
Naked embraces keep us warm;
And stript, than May thou art more fine.

And when thou hast me in thy arms,
(The power of Fancy 's then most high)
Instate me by those mighty charms
In some imperial monarchy.

Thus I am thy wealth, thou art mine:
And what to each other we appear,
If Love us two in one combine,
The same then in our selves we are.

---

13 Stramineous] This word (which, if I recollect rightly, Luther was impertinent enough to apply to the Epistle of St. James) comes in rather happily here. In fact, the piece is as good as its predecessor is not.

9 Terrar] Misprinted 'Terror' in B. = 'terrier,' 'rent-roll and particulars of estate.' This is one of the pieces in which Hammond shows his want of a little more *Furor Poeticus.* It is Donne somewhat *refrigerated.*

The Spring

SEE how the Spring courts thee, Emaphilis;
The painted meadows to invite thy eyes
Put on their rich embroidery; the shade
Of every grove is now an harbour made
Where devout birds, to celebrate thy praise,
Each morn and evening offer up their lays;
Now the soft wind his winter-rage deposes;
Solicits gardens for the breath of roses,
To pay as homage to thy sweeter lips;
Where such nectarean fragrancy he sips,
That richly laden to the East he roves,
And with thy breath perfumes those spicy groves:
Their native fount, and sacred Naiades,
These issuing streams renouncing to thee press;
Whom finding they with purling murmurs chide,
That Nature's law commands away their tide:
Wishing that winter would confine their race
In icy chains, that they might stand and gaze.
  If thou canst thus inflame Nature's cold rheum,
What wonder that my youthful flood consume?

The Cruel Mistress

TELL me, O Love, why Celia, smooth
As seas when winds forbear to soothe
Their waves to wanton curls, than down
More swift, which doth the thistle crown,
Whiter than is the milky road,
That leads to Jove's supreme abode,
Should harder far and rougher be
Than most obdurate rocks to me?
Sheds on my hopes as little day,
As the pale Moon's eclipsèd ray?
My heart would break, but that I hear
Love gently whisper in my ear,
'Actions of women, by affection led,
Must backward, like the sacred tongue, be read.'

To his Mistress, desiring him to absent himself

SEE how the river's liquid glass
  Can never cease its motion,
Until he hide his crystal face
  I' th' bosom of the ocean.

The amorous nymphs, who closely guide
  His purling chariot's reins,
Declare, that Love's impetuous tide
  To be represt disdains.

Charm Zephyr, that his gentle wing
  Not with Narcissus play,
The Sun in his diurnal ring
  From Thetis' lap delay.

Stop the departed soul's career
  To its appointed blisses;
All this effected, you may steer
  Me to abstain your kisses.

2 thy eyes] B., hypercritically, '*thine* eyes.'
8 roses] Orig. 'rosses'
14 to thee press] Orig. and B. 'to *the* press,' which is nonsense.
5 Whiter than] Orig. and B. 'Whither then.'
10 eclipsed] Orig. '*a*clipsed.'
16 abstain] The omission of the preposition could of course be paralleled *ad infinitum*

To his Scornful Mistress

Love in 's first infant days had 's wardrobe full;
Sometimes we found him courting in a Bull:
Then, drest in snowy plumes, his long neck is
Made pliable and fit to reach a kiss:
When aptest for embraces, he became
Either a winding snake, or curling flame:
And cunningly a pressing kiss to gain,
The Virgin's honour in a grape would stain:
When he consulted lawns for privacies,
The Shepherd, or his ram, was his disguise:
But the blood raging to a rape, put on
A Satyr, or a wilder stallion;
And for variety, in Thetis' court
Did like a dolphin with the Sea-nymph sport:
But since the sad barbarian yoke hath bow'd
The Grecian neck, Love hath less change allow'd:
Contracted lives in eyes; no flaming robes
Wears, but are lent him in your crystal globes:
Not worth a water'd garment, when he wears
That element he steals it from my tears.
A snake he is, alas! when folded in
Your frowns, where too much sting guards the fair skin:
A Shepherd unto cares, and only sips
The blushing grape of your Nectarean lips:
The Ram, Bull, Stallion, Satyrs only fight
Love's battles now in my wild appetite.
He in his Swan too suffers a restraint,
Cygnæan only in my dying plaint.
  Since all his actions Love to morals turns,
And faintly now in things less real burns,
In such a weakness contraries destroy,
And she his murd'ress is, who now is coy.

To Mr. J. L., upon his Treatise of Dialling

Old Time, but for thy art, alone would pass,
And idly bear his solitary glass:

from Shakespeare downwards, though Sh. does not do it with this particular verb, which he uses only once. In fact, the Latin verb itself is transitive, and Milton has the English one in that sense, which would be possible here, i. e. not 'to keep *from* your kisses,' but 'to keep your kisses *off*.'

1 in 's—had 's] A very good (or bad) instance of 'apostrophation' and its enormities. Observe that no one with an ear would write the line in full with whatsoever allowance of trisyllabic feet, so that the Procrustean delusion encouraged these atrocities in the endeavour to hide them.

29 morals] = 'Allegorical explanations or equivalents.'

Mr. J. L.] My friend, Dr. Burgess, to whom I applied in my sufficient ignorance of mathematical literature, tells me that a certain John Lyon wrote on dialling in 1658. H. might have seen the MS. I have met with no one else to suit.

Though he fly fast, thy judgement, mounted on
The wings of fancy, yokes his motion:
Each little sand falls not unquestioned by
The due observance of thy piercing eye;
Each moment you converse with so, that thus
Discoursing his stage seems not tedious:
Others, perhaps, by their mechanic art
May ask him what 's o'clock, then let him part:
Thou in thy circles conjur'st him to stay,
Till he relate to thee the month and day;
All propositions of the globe dost bring
To be confest as well in dialling:
What lucky signs successively do run,
By the reclining chariot of the Sun;
And in a various dialect of schemes
Interpret'st all the motions of his beams,
How many hours each day he travels in,
When he arrives diagonal inn.
Other books show the trade of dialling,
But thine the art and reason of the thing:
Thou know'st the spring and cause that makes it go;
Addest new wheels; demonstrated all, so
That weak eyes now may see, what was before
Defective in the fam'd Osorius' store:
A limb, at least, of this celestial trade
Asleep, till now, lay in the Gnomon's shade;
Nor teachest thou, as those who first did find
With much circumference the Indian mine;
Thy needle points the nearest way, and hath
Made straight th' obliquity of the old path;
Thou nor thine art our praises need, yet I
Will for this miracle both deify.
  Thine art enlightens by a shade, of that
  Nothing a real science you create.

Epithalamium

To the L. T. married in the North

Welcome, fairest, thee our rhyme
Congratulates, rather than him,
Who shines obliquely on our clime.
The beams directly pointed fall,
That we our Bear the Cancer call,
This zone still Equinoctial.

---

20 diagonal . . . inn] Sic. *Edit.*—(B.'s note.) There can be little doubt that we should read '*at's* . . . inn.'
26 Osorius] The Portuguese bishop, sixteenth century?
36 Nothing] Shadow being merely the absence of light.
2 him] It should be 'congratulates rather than *itself*,' for a worse it would be hard to find. The piece is ill-phrased throughout.

The mists our German seas create,
Thy eyes, though Phœbus meditate,
Originally dissipate.

Cassiope, though heavenly fair,
Hides her new face, and burnish'd chair,
When you enlighten the day's air.

They only rule material sense;
Your Love's example may dispense
To inflam'd souls chaste influence.

Unto that flame, which doubly warms
Thy beauty's Summer, and Love's charms,
May time nor sickness threaten harms.

May Hymen's torch on northern shore
Dilate into a Pharos; for
Besieg'd by cold fire burns the more.

To Eugenio

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LOVE OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP

MAN, of a troubled spirit, prone to fight,
In fortitude placing too much delight,
Unjustly friendship disinherited,
No dowry to her hath proportioned
Amongst the moral sisters of the will;
Goddess of youth, though she yet should not fill
Their cups, be she none of the wheels, her right
Is in the treasure; draws the appetite
To amiable good; but if the rein
Be held by Prudence, for she guides the wain,
This virtue next inheritrix is she,
Fitted to turn upon that axle-tree;
For lamely would the Will's bright chariot move
If not inform'd by friendly heat of Love,
Whose lightning shoots directly, never bends
Reflecting glances upon private ends.
Indeed her sister, of a bastard race,
Squints on her good, like Venus in her glass;
Mechanic Love, Desire with usury,
Which ne'er is lent but for utility,
Or some return of pleasure to the sense;
A thrifty worldling, hight Concupiscence.
The first a wealthy Queen of generous strain;
The latter indigent, and works for gain;
That, from the bosom of the deity,
Derives the lustre of her pedigree.
Who of this wonder truly is possest,
Hath Heaven's epitome lodg'd in his breast;
This children to their parents give, by this
Perfum'd with frankincense the altar is;
That 's gold refinèd, whose solidity,
The perfect emblem of true constancy,

---

5 moral sisters of the will] This is good: is it original? The whole piece, with the same matter but a little more art, would be a really fine one.

Being ductile, will consume itself, and pine
Even to small threads to make another fine:
Self-loving this as subtle Mercury,
Which parted, to itself again doth fly.

Ad Amicum et Cognatum, T. S.

Æternæ, primo repetam de fonte, Sobrine,
  A nobis initum fœdus amicitiæ:
Non erat in causis probitas promiscua morum,
  Quodque iisdem tecum ritibus oro deum,
Nec simul edocti quod avenam inflavimus unam,
  Nec quod de nostra stirpe racemus eras?
Hæ modo conciliatrices si mentibus essent
  Convictus, virtus, stirps, eademque fides,
Debueram plures arsisse hac lege, merentes
  Æque de nostra forsan amicitia.
Causa subest ex naturæ penetralibus hausta,
  Esse meæ paritas indolis atque tuæ:
Si flammam admoveas flammæ, si fluctibus undas,
  Res in idem, fuerat quæ modo bina, redit.
Confusi pariter genio coalescimus uno,
  Compagesque tuæ mentis ubique mea est:
Cumque meum tecum similaribus undique constet
  Partibus ingenium, prona synaxis erat:
Virtutis seges ampla tuæ sit mater amoris,
  Mater amicitiæ non erit illa meæ:
Plures inter amor diffunditur; ipsa duorum
  Tantum, qui fiunt unus, amicitia est:
Quicquid id est quod nos a nobis cogit amari,
  Nos eadem ratio temet amare facit.

To the Same, being sick of a Fever

Horat. *Od.* ii. 17.

Am not I in thy fever sacrifiz'd?
That you alone by Fate should be surpriz'd,
You, my sole sunshine, my soul's wealth and pride,
Is both by me and by the Gods denied:
If hasty death take thee, my soul, away,
Can I, a loath'd imperfect carcass, stay?
No, no; our twisted lives must be cut both
Together; this I dare confirm by oath,
Whene'er thou leap'st into the fatal boat,
I'll leap in, glad with thee in death to float:

T. S.] Thomas Stanley. (B.'s note.)
6 stirpe] Stanley's mother was a Hammond. (B.'s note.)

Nor shall that dubious monster, breathing fire,
Nor Gyges' hundred hands, did he respire,
Pluck me from this resolve, approvèd so
By Fate and Justice: whither *Scorpio*
Fierce in my Horoscope, or *Capricorn*
Oppressing Latium with his wat'ry horn,
Or *Libra* brooded my nativity,
'Tis sure our mutual stars strangely agree.

To the Same, recovered of the Small-pox

NATURE foreseeing that if thou wert gone,
And we her younger children left alone,
None could with virtue feed this beggar'd age,
For with the heir is gone, and heritage,
In pity longer lent us thee, that so
Thou might'st lead mankind, and teach how to go;
How to speak languages, to discourse how,
How the created book of things to know,
How with smooth cadence harsher verse to file,
Within soft numbers to confine a stile,
And lastly how to love a friend; for this
Lesson, the crown of human actions is.
  Nor was 't in pity to our state alone,
She, as all do, reflected on her own,
And gave thee longer breath, that our desire
Might learn of thine her beauty to admire;
Nor out of pity to thy youth, whose hearse
Not to thyself, but to the universe
Had shipwreck'd been; for thou hadst stood, being dead,
Above the sphere of being pitièd.
Let then this thy redintegrated wreck
Not irksome be, if only for our sake,
For friendship is the greatest argument
Moves us to be from angels here content,
Yet one inducement more thy stay may plead,
That nature hath so clean thy prison made.
What though she pit thy skin? She only can
Deface the woman in thee, not the man.

To the Same

LET me not live if I not wonder why
In night of rural contemplation, I
So long have dreamt, when from thy lips I might
As instantly gain intellectual light,
As by this amphitheatre of air
The sudden beams of Sol imbibèd are;

---

4 and heritage] This seems to be used as = Fr. and Lat. *et*, 'also.'

Why then by reflex letters like the moon
Shine I, when thou invit'st me to thy noon?
Why do I vainly sweat here to control
Th' assertors of the perishable soul,
Where all the reason I encounter can
Scarce win belief a rustic is a man?
To reconcile the contradiction
Of Freedom with Predestination;
To be resolv'd the Earth doth rest upon
Her axis as a spit against the Sun;
Or what bold Argive fleet durst to translate,
Of those beasts that first stray'd from Ararat,
Only the noxious to America,
And how these puny pilots found the way,
Or whether from the habitable Moon,
Like Saturn, they, and Vulcan, tumbled down;
Whether abroad Imaginations work,
Whether in numbers potency doth lurk,
Whether all Earth intended was for gold,
And thousands more we doubtfully do hold?
Thus we poor sceptics in the region
Of Fancy float, foes to assertion;
But I will perch on thee, and make my stand
Of settled knowledge on thy steady hand.

To the Same, on my Library

A SATIRE

A HUNDRED here together buried lie,
Still jangling with eternal enmity,
Contesting after death; the Stagirite
Advanceth there with his trust band, to fight
Against ideas: th' Epicurean band
In arms, which pleasure gilt, here ready stand
To charge the rusty sword of the severe
Stoic. Phlebotomizing Galen there
Triumphs in blood, and not the bad alone
Exterminates his corporation,
But makes joint ostracisms for the good;
Till later wits resenting Nature's food
In greatest need promiscuously had been
Disgarrison'd, invent new discipline,
Strengthening the vitals with some cordial dose,
Which Nature might with unbroke files oppose.
But, upon fresh supplies, let her cashire,

13–14 contradiction—Predestination] Cf. *supra*, p. 490.
4 trust] For 'trusty' or 'trusted,' not quite like 'trust deed' or 'trust money.'
16 with unbroke] Orig. B. '*which* unbroke.'
17 cashire] Spelling not uninteresting, but known: see N. E. D.

If not reducible, each mutineer.
On yonder shelf we may the heritage
Find of this heathen sword fall'n to our age:
A doubtful blade, whose fore-edge guards the sense
Of Stoics' fate; the sharp back is the fence
Of Lernean Predestination,
The bane of crowns and true devotion.
The Will's ability Pelagius calls
What Peripatetics style *pure naturals.*
The point by which Philosophy did use
To prove ideas, you'll confess obtuse,
To that, by which Religion now maintains
Uncouth chimeras of exorbitant brains.
As the World's noble soul, the generous Sun,
By an equivocal conjunction,
Begets the basest creeping progeny;
So when the princely sire, Philosophy,
Adulterates faith, the monsters that arise
Degenerate to bastard heresies.
Thus have I made a short narration
Here of a posthumous contention:
They to thy judgement all submit their hate,
Hoping thy presence soon will moderate
Their vast dissent, as elemental strife
Is kinder far when actuated by life.

To the Same, on his Poems and Translations

If what we know be made ourselves, for by
Divesting all materiality,
And melting the bare species into
Our intellect; ourselves are what we know,
Thou art in largeness of thy knowing mind,
As a seraphic essence unconfin'd;
Content within those narrow walls to dwell,
Yet canst so far that point of flesh out-swell,
That thine intelligence extends through all
Languages which we European call.
What Colossæan strides dost thou enlarge!
Fixing one foot in Sequan's wat'ry barge,
Dost in Po t' other lave, teaching each swan
A note more dying than their idiom can:
Vext Tagus' nymphs receive of thee new dresses,
Composing in Thame's glass their golden tresses:
Yea, more, I've seen thy young Muse bathe her wing
In the deep waters of Stagira's spring.
Nor do thy beams warm by reflex alone;
Those that emerge directly from the Sun

---

41 elemental] Orig. 'elementall'; B. 'element all,' which, as it happens, will make sense, but is not likely to be right.

Of thy rich fancy, warm our loves, as well
As those whom other languages repel;
Thou the divine acts thus dost imitate,
As well conserve an author, as create.
  On then, brave youth, learning's full system; go,
Enlarge thyself to a vast folio;
That the world in suspense where to bestow
That admiration, which it late did owe
To the large-knowing Belgic Magazine,
May justly pay it thee as his assign.
If future hours with laden thighs shall strive
To fill as well thine intellectual hive,
As those are past, the Court of Honour must,
To crown thee, ravish garlands from his dust.

To the Same, on his Poems, that he would likewise manifest his more serious labours

  Thou Nature's step here treadest in,
  Dost show us but thy soul's fair skin,
What Fancy more than intellect did spin.

  Thus Nature shows the rose's paint;
  Us with the outside doth acquaint,
But keeps reserv'd the soul of the fair plant.

  Thy sails all see swelling with haste;
  Yet the hid ballast steers as fast
His steady course, as the apparent mast.

  For though carv'd works only appear,
  We know there is a basis here,
Doth them together with the fabric bear;

  And that thy lightning intellect,
  Though in the clouds yet undetect,
Can Nature's bowels pierce with its aspect.

  Melting through stubborn doubts his way,
  Whilst Fancy gilds things with her ray,
And but o' th' surface doth of Nature play.

  But whilst thy intellect doth wear
  The Fancy's dress, his motions are
In Epicycles not his proper sphere.

  Break forth, and let his double sign
  In their own orbs distinctly shine;
Castor alone bodes danger to the pine.

---

25 On] = 'On *to*'?

29 Belgic Magazine] A quaint anticipation of what a little later would have been an ambiguity.

8, 9 ballast . . . mast] The idea, though quaint, is not unhappy, and if it is borrowed I do not remember the original.

14 undetect] Participle.

21 Epicycles] Orig. and B. 'Epicides.'

To the Same, on his Translation of two Spanish novels

THIS transplantation of Sicilian loves
To the more pleasing shades of Albion's groves,
Though I admire, yet not the thing betrays
My soul to so much wonder, as the ways
And manner of effecting; that thy youth,
Untravell'd there, should with such happy truth
Unlock us this Iberian cabinet,
Whose diamonds you in polish'd English set,
Such as may teach the eyes of any dame
I' th' British Court to give and take a flame;
Herein the greatest miracle we see,
That Spain for this hath travell'd unto thee.

To the Same

DAMON, thrice happy are thy lays,
Which Amarillis deigns to praise,
And teachest them no restless flame,
But centres thy love there whence first it came!

Her soul she, and her wealthy flocks,
Mingles with thine; braids her bright locks
Becomingly with thy brown shade,
Whence the Morn is so sweetly doubtful made.

Oh, may that twisted twilight's power
Infuse in each successive hour
Eternal calms, untainted rays!
Your tresses rule her nights, and hers your days!

Whilst Thyrsis his sad reed inspires
With nought, but sighs and hopeless fires,
Yet glad to spy from his dark cell
The dawn of Joy from others night expel.

On the Marriage of my dear Kinsman, T. S. Esq. and Mrs. D. E.

WHILST the young world was in minority,
Much was indulged; no proximity
Of equal blood could then style marriage
Incestuous: but, in her riper age,
Nature a politician grew, and laid
A sin on wedlock that at home was made:

Title. Spanish novels] Montalvan's *Aurora* and *The Prince.*
4 centres] Orig. 'centers.'
Title. T. S. Esq. and Mrs. D. E.] Thomas Stanley, Esq. and Mrs. Dorothy Enion. (B.'s note.)

That families being mixt, the world might so
Both issue propagate, and friendship too.
How will you two then Nature's frown abide,
Who are in worthiness so near allied?
For sure she meant that other virtues be
Enlargèd thus, as well as Amity.
Civility you might have taught the North;
She the South Chastity: but now this worth
Is wanting unto both, 'cause you engross,
And to yourselves communicate this loss.
But since best tempers virtue soon admit,
Your two well-tun'd complexions may so fit
A second race, and natural goodness lend,
That Nature shall not thus miss of her end.
  On, matchless couple, then; Hymen smiles: on,
And by a perfect generation
Such living statues of yourselves erect,
That they those virtues which this age reject
May teach the future, and to act restore,
All honour, living only now in power.
Be thou the Adam, she the Eve, that may
People a true real Utopia.

To Mrs. D. S., on the birth of Sidney, her second son

Dear Niece,
May rest drown all thy pains; but never sleep
Thy painful merits. Whilst feet verses keep,
And Muses wings, they shall along, and blow
Thy fame abroad, whilst time shall circuits go
To judge strifes elemental, and arouse
The drowsy world to mind this noble spouse.
  How opportunely her heroic fruit,
Waiving her own, doth our torn sex recruit:
Two boys have sprung from her womb's lively mould,
Ere both the parents forty summers told.
She might such human goddesses produce,
As might the relaps'd world again amuse
Into Idolatry, and justify
Bright Cypria's fable, each poetic lie
Old Greece, or any modern lover, made
To deify the beauty of a maid.
  But the prizing her mate 'bove her own eyes,
Him rather with his likeness gratifies;
The reason, if a poet may divine,
Why all her blossoms quicken masculine

8 Waiving] Orig., as usual, 'Waving.'
19 The reason] This is indeed the metaphysical in its altitudes!

Is, that her brethren, never extant seen,
But possible, by Fate have kindred been
Into her flesh, which flowers in virgin snow
Benumb'd, slept in their winter cause, till now
That nuptial Sun approach'd, whose piercing ray
Op'ning their urn, recall'd them into day.
On this trade angels wait, and on their wing
Created souls into new bodies bring.
What power hath Love, that can set Heaven a task
To make a gem, when he prepares the cask?
And if well set, or void of heinous flaw,
Ordain'd by the Creator's gracious law
For his own wearing, which himself will own
An ornament even to his burnish'd crown.
On then, fair spouse, and ease the pangs of birth
By thinking you enrich both Heaven and Earth.
Think you may live till they in honour's sphere
Brighter than the Tindaridae appear;
And then you cannot die! the lives you gave,
They amply will repay, despoil the grave
Of your immortal name: may you behold
Them fully act the praise I faintly told!

Horat. *Od.* iii. 3

'A man endued with virtue fears nothing'

THE presence of a tyrant, nor the zeal
Of citizens forcing rebellions,
Can shake a squarely solid soul, the seal
Infringe of honest resolutions.

Untroubled he on stormy Adria sails;
At thunder is undaunted as the oak:
If nature in a general ruin fails,
He with contented mind sustains the stroke.

To Sir J. G., wishing me to regain my Fortunes by compliance with the Parliament

THE resignation of myself and mine
I prostrate at the footstep of his shrine,
Who, for the mighty love he bore to me,
Laid out himself in each capacity;
Unasked, pawns his deity, and shrouds
Almighty feebleness in human clouds;

---

30 cask] = 'casket.'

And even that cottage did not death engage
For three days, to redeem our heritage;
For no less price than his humanity
Could ransom us, stamp'd with divinity.
  The story of this noble surety, friend,
Should to such ecstasy our zeals extend,
That our estates or selves we ne'er should deem
So free, as when they mortgag'd are for him;
I therefore can, with a contented mind,
Shake hands with all the wealth of either Ind,
In a clear conscience finding riches more
Than there the sun bequeaths unto his ore;
Who drinks with sacred Druids at the brook,
Whose unjust sufferings are for guilt mistook,
And from their mouth, now the forbidden tree,
Alas, of knowledge, sucks divinity.
With angels on an honest bed of leaves
Redintegrated Paradise conceives;
For Heaven is only God's revealèd face;
So these make Paradise, and not the place.

The World

Is this that goodly edifice
So gaz'd upon by greedy eyes?
A scene where cruelty's exprest,
Or stage of follies is at the best.

Who can the music understand
From the soft touch of Nature's hand,
When man, her chiefest instrument,
So harshly jars without consent.

Do not her natural agents too
Fail in her operations, so
That he to whom they best appear,
Sees but the tombs of what they were?

Her chiefest actions then are such,
That no external sense may touch;
Shown doubtfully to the mind's sight
By the dark fancy's glimmering light.

The Night, indeed, which hideth all
Things else, discloseth the stars pale
And sickly faces; but our sense
Cannot perceive their influence.

They are the hidden books of Fate,
Where what with pains we calculate
And doubt, is only plainly known
To those assist their motion.

The close conveyances that move
With silent virtue from above
Incessantly on things below,
Our duller eyes can never know.

Nothing but colour, shape, and light,
Create their species in our sight:
All substances avoid the sense
Close couchèd under accidents.

In which, attir'd by Nature, we
Their loose apparel only see:
Spirits alone intuitive
Can to the heart of essence dive.

Why then should we desire to sleep,
Grovelling like swine in mire, so deep,
The mind for breath can find no way,
Chok'd up, and crowded into clay?

Stript of the flesh, in the clear spring
Of truth she bathes her soaring wing,
On whom do all ideas shine,
Reflected from the glass divine.

Grey Hairs

Welcome, Grey Hairs, whose light I gladly trust
To guide me to my peaceful bed of dust:
My life's bright stars, whose wakeful eyes shut mine,
Stand on my head as tapers on my shrine.
The world's grand noise of nothing, which invades
My soul, exclude from death's approaching shades;
But as the day is usher'd in by one
And the same star, that shows the day is done,
This twilight of my head, this doubtful sphere,
My body's evening, my soul's morning star,
Th' allay of white amongst the browner hairs,
As well the birth as death of day declares;
As he, who from the hill saw the moist tomb
Of earth, together with her pregnant womb,
This mingled colour, with ambiguous strife,
Demonstrates my decaying into life.
Thus life and death compound the world; each weed,
That fades, revives by sowing its own seed;
Matter, suppos'd the whole creation,
Is nothing but form and privation:
No borrow'd tresses then, no cheating dye,
Shall to false life my dying locks belie:
I shall a perfect microcosm grow,
When, as the Alps, I crownèd am with snow.
I will believe this white the milky way,
Which leads unto the court of endless day.
  Then let my life's flame so intensely burn,
That all my hairs may into ashes turn,
Whence may arise a Phœnix, to repay
With Hallelujahs this Cygnean lay.

A Dialogue upon Death

PHILLIS. DAMON

PHIL.

Damon, amidst the blisses, we
  In joint affections fully prove,
Doth it not sometimes trouble thee,
  To think that death must part our love?

DAM.

Though sweets concentrate in thy arms,
  And that alone I revel there,
A willing prisoner to those charms;
  Love cannot teach me death to fear.

Grey Hairs] This is not the least graceful of poetical addresses to the 'Churchyard daisies.'

19, 20 creation—privation] Another very bad instance of this rhyme-carelessness. In effect it makes the line not a decasyllabic but an octosyllabic couplet.

30 Cygnean] Curiously misprinted in orig. and B. '*E*ygnean.'

PHIL.

Say of these sweets I should beguile
Thy taste by my inconstancy,
And on thy rival Thyrsis smile,
Would not the loss work grief in thee?

DAM.

Oh, nothing more; for here to be,
Is hell, and thy embraces lack;
Yet is it Heaven even without thee
To die; then only art thou black.

PHIL.

Then only art thou black, my dear,
When death shall blast thy vital light;
Whilst I in life's bright day appear,
Thou sleep'st forgot in death's sad night.

DAM.

Thou art thick-sighted; couldst thou see
Far off, the other side of death
Would such a prospect open thee,
As thou must needs be sick of breath.

PHIL.

How can that be, when sense doth keep
The door of pleasure? That destroy'd,
The soul, if it survive, must sleep,
Senseless, of delectation void.

DAM.

Sense is the door of such delight
As beasts receive; through which, alas,
Since Nature's nothing but a sight,
More enemies than friends do pass:

Nor is the soul less capable,
But naked doth her object prove
More truly; as more sensible
Is this fair hand stript of its glove.

PHIL.

My Damon sure hath surfeited
Of Phillis, and would fain get hence;
Yet mannerly he veils his dead
Love under a divine pretence.

DAM.

Whilst I am flesh, thou need'st not fear
Of love in my warm breath a dearth;
For, since affections earthly are,
They must love thee, the fairest earth.

PHIL.

If thou receive a certain good
Of pleasure in enjoying me,
'Tis wisdom then to period
Thy wishes in a certainty.

DAM.

Joys reap'd on earth, like graspèd air,
Away even in enjoyment fly;
Certain are only such as bear
The stamp of immortality.

PHIL.

Shall we for hope of future bliss
The good of present love neglect?
Who will a wren possesst dismiss,
A flying eagle to expect?

DAM.

Who use not here the heavenly way,
And in desire of thither go,
Will at their death uncertain stray,
Losing themselves in endless woe.

PHIL.

Since death such hazards wait upon,
I'll unfrequent Love's vain delight,
And wing my contemplation
For pre-acquaintance with that height.

DAM.

Come then, let's feed our flocks above
On Sion's hill; so will delights
Grow fresher in the vale of Love;
Change thus may whet chaste appetites.

Death

SUNK eyes, cold lips, chaps fall'n, cheeks pale and wan,
Are only bugbears falsely frighting man:
This is the vizard, not death's proper face;
For who looks through it with the eye of Grace,
Shall find Death deckt in so divine a ray,
That none would be such a self-foe to stay
In mortal clouds, did not the wiser hand
Of Supreme Power join, with his strict command,
Pangs in our dissolution, which all shun;
But would wish, if they knew life then begun.
Man is a creature mixt of heaven and earth;
Of beast and angel; when he leaves this breath,
He is all angel: the soul's future eye
Is by the prospect of eternity
Determin'd only: who content doth rest
With present good, no better is than beast.
The heathens prov'd, since the soul cannot find
In nature's store to satisfy the mind,
Her essence supernatural, and shall have
Her truest object not before the grave.
Could I surmise the immaterial mate
Of this dull flesh should languish after fate,
Like widowed turtles; or the glimmering light,
Bereav'd of her dark lanthorn, should be quite
Blown out by death; or dwell on faithless mire,
Inhospitable fens, like foolish fire
Wandering through dismal vales of horrid night;
Th' approach of death deservedly might fright.
But Faith's clear eye more certainly surveys
Than any optic organ; for the rays,
That show her object to us, are divine,
Reflected by th' omniscient Crystalline.
They then, who surely know death leadeth right
To a vast sea of ravishing delight,
Cannot, when he knocks at their earthen gate,
Suffer him storm his entrance, but dilate
Their ready hearts as to a friend, for now
He bears no sting, no horror in his brow;
The crystal-ruby stream, which did pursue
The spear that sluic't Christ's side, dyed his grim hue

---

2 frighting] B. 'fright*e*ing.'

26 foolish fire] It is, of course, not in the least necessary that Dryden should have been even unconsciously thinking of this when he wrote the famous and beautiful apology in *The Hind and the Panther* (i. 72 seq.). But it is not at all impossible that he did read Hammond as well as others of our herd.

32 Crystalline] This might be either the crystalline *sphere* of Ptolemaic astronomy or, and more probably, the crystalline *lens* of the (here Divine) eye.

To white and red, Beauty's complexion;
He comes no more to spoil thy mansion,
But to afford thee that inheritance,
Which cannot be conceiv'd without a trance;
To be translated to the fellowship
Of angels, there with an immortal lip
To drink Nectarean bowls of endless good,
Where the Creator's face is the soul's food.
The best condition is but to be
An elect spouse to that great Deity:
But death, the bride-maid, leads us to the bed,
Where youth and pleasures are eternized.
  When I consider the whole world obeys
Creation's law; only untame man strays;
I cannot think this is the proper sphere,
Where all his actions move irregular;
Nor shall my wishes ever so exclude
The decent orderly vicissitude
Of Nature's constant harmony, to pray
For a harsh jarring by unruly stay.
  These with the pains and shame of doating age
Will cause the mind betimes to loathe her cage.

On the death of my dear Brother, Mr. H. S., drowned

The Tomb

Why weeps this marble? Can his frigid power
Thicken the ambient air into a shower?
Ah no; these tears have sure another cause
Than the necessity of Nature's laws;
These tears their spring have from within; there lies
The spoil of Nature, crime of destinies.
  How well this silent sadness doth become
This awful shade; the horror of the tomb
Strikes paleness through my soul; yet I must on,
And pay the rights of my devotion.
Pardon, you guardian angels, who attend
And keep his bones safe from the Stygian fiend,
That I disturb your watch with untun'd lays;
I come to mourn, and not to sing his praise.
A Sun that set in floods, but, oh sad haste,
Ere the meridian of his age was past.

---

51 bride-maid] The form without the *s* is commoner at this time and till the eighteenth century.

54 untame] Uncommon for 'untamed.'

Title. Mr. H. S.] The author's brother-in-law, Henry Sandys, Esq., who married a daughter of Sir William Hammond, of St. Alban's Court, and who was eldest son of Sir Edwin Sandys, of Northbourne, near Deal, the celebrated author of *Europae Speculum*. (B.'s note.)

10 rights] Whether, as so often, for 'rites' or not, may be doubted.

16 age] A comma seems wanted here, lest the subject of 'was' should be uncertain.

On the death of my dear Brother

A purer day the East did ne'er disclose,
Than in his clear affections orient rose.
Tempestuous passion did in him appear
But physic, as the lightnings purge the air:
Martial his temper was, yet overcame
Others by smiles, himself by force did tame.
  Here lies the best of man; Nature with thee
  Lost her perfection and integrity.

On the Same

The Boat

How well the brittle boat doth personate
                    Man's frail estate!
Whose concave, fill'd with lightsome air, did scorn
                    The proudest storm.
Man's fleshy boat bears up; whilst breath doth last,
                    He fears no blast.
Poor floating bark, whilst on yon mount you stood,
                    Rain was your food:
Now the same moisture, which once made thee grow,
                    Doth thee o'erflow.
Rash youth hath too much sail; his giddy path
                    No ballast hath;
He thinks his keel of wit can cut all waves,
                    And pass those graves;
Can shoot all cataracts, and safely steer
                    The fourscorth year.
But stoop thine ear, ill-counsell'd youth, and hark,
                    Look on this bark.
His emblem, whom it carried, both defied
                    Storms, yet soon died;
Only this difference, that sunk downward, this
                    Weigh'd up to bliss.

On the Same

The Tempers

The elements, that do man's house compose,
                Are all his chiefest foes;
Fire, air, earth, water, all are at debate,
                Which shall predominate.

---

18 orient] Perhaps not a duplicate of 'rose' but = 'pearly.'

16 fourscorth] A justification precedent for 'onety-oneth.'

22 weigh'd up] Whether this phrase (which is not, I think, uncommon) means 'weighed anchor' or not, is practically a question dependent on the other (in my humble judgement unsolved, if not insoluble), whether 'under *weigh*' is 'under *way*' or not.

Sometimes the tyrant Fire in fevers raves,
And brings us to our graves;
Sometimes the Air in whirling of our brains,
And windy colics, reigns;
Now Earth with melancholy man invades,
Making us walking shades;
Now Water in salt rheums works our decay,
And dropsies quench our day.
But this war equal was in him; the fight,
Harmony and delight,
Till treacherous Thames, taking the water's part,
Surpris'd his open heart.

To my dear Sister, Mrs. S.

The Chamber

Entering your door, I started back; sure this,
Said I, Death's shady house and household is;
And yonder shines a beauty, as of old
Magnificent tombs eternal lamps did hold,
In lieu of life's light, a fair taper hid
In a dark lanthorn; an eye shut in 's lid;
A flower in shade; a star in night's dark womb;
An alabaster column to a tomb.
But why this night in day? Can thy fair eye
Delight in such an Aethiop's company?
Man hath too many natural clouds: his blood
And flesh so blind his hood-wink'd soul, that good
Is scarce discern'd from bad; why should we then
Seek out an artificial darksome den?
The better part of nature hidden lies;
The stars indeed we may behold, and skies,
But not their influence; we see the fire
But not the heat; why then should we desire
More night, when darkness so o'er nature lies,
That all things mask their better qualities?

To the Same

Thursday

Now I'm resolv'd the crazy Universe
Grows old, the Sun himself is nigh his hearse;
Seven daughters in one week his youthful rays
Were wont to get; but since his strength decays,
Six are the most: Thursday is lost; for we
Who boast ourselves skill'd in th' astronomy

---

5 Thursday] It would appear that Mrs. Sandys kept her house shut up on this day in memorial of her husband's death.

Of your day-shedding eyes, by that light swear,
That day is lost in which you not appear;
That thy dark fancy might a giant-woe
Beget, thou mak'st a night Herculean too:
The late astronomers have found it true,
We have lost many days; but 'tis by you
Our calculation errs; and we shall rage,
If you go on to cheat us of our age;
One day in seven is lost; and in threescore,
We are bereaved of nine years, and more:
So will your grief dilate itself like day,
And all, as you, become untimely grey.

To the Same

THE ROSE

AFTER the honey drops of pearly showers,
  Urania walk'd to gather flowers:
'Sweet Rose,' I heard her say, 'why are these fears?
  Are these drops on thy cheek thy tears?
By those thy beauty fresher is, thy smell
  Arabian spices doth excel.'
'This rain,' the Rose replied, 'feeds and betrays
  My odours; adds and cuts off days:
Had I not spread my leaves to catch this dew,
  My scent had not invited you.'
Urania sigh'd, and softly said, ''Tis so,
  Showers blow the Rose, and ripen woe;
For mine, alas! when washt in floods sweet clean,
  Heaven put his hand forth, and did glean.'

To the Same

MAN'S LIFE

MAN'S life was once a span; now one of those
Atoms of which old Sophies did compose
The world; a thing so small, no emptiness
Nature can find at all by his decease;
Nor need she to attenuate the air,
And spreading it, his vacancy repair;
The swellings that in hearts and eyes arise,
Repay with ample bulk death's robberies.
  Why should we then weep for a thing so slight,
Converting life's short day to a long night?

The Rose] A characteristic and charming thing, interesting to compare with Cowper's well-known piece. C. was a better poet than H.: but H.'s time and tune were kinder to him than C.'s. And so Wisdom is justified of the 'historic estimate' as of all her children.

2 Sophies] Not Shahs, but relicts of 'philo-'.

For sorrows make one month seem many years:
Time's multiplying glass is made of tears.
Our life is but a painted perspective;
Grief the false light, that doth the distance give;
Nor doth it with delight (as shadowing)
Set off, but, as a staff fixt in a spring,
Seem crookt and larger; then dry up thy tears,
Since through a double mean nought right appears.

To the Same

The Excuse

Nor can your sex's easiness excuse,
Or countenance your tears to be profuse.
Some She's there are, whose breath is only sighs;
Who weep their own, in others' obsequies:
But in the reason, like the Sun at noon,
Dispels usurping clouds of passion;
Where feminine defects are wanting, there
All feminine excuses wanting are:
Think not, since Virtue thee above them rears,
A woman's name can privilege thy tears.
  Fortune material things only controls;
But doth herself pay homage unto souls:
There hath no power, can do no injury;
The pavement where the stars their dances form
By their own music, is above all storm:
For meteors but imperfect mixtures are
In the raw bosom of distemper'd air:
Then let thy soul shine in her crystal sphere!
They're Comets in the troubled air appear.

To the Same

The Reasons

Is it because he died, or that his years
Not many were, that causeth all these tears?
If for the first, you should have always wept,
Even in his life, from first acquaintance, kept
Sorrow awake, for that you know his fate
Prefixèd had a necessary date.
How unadvisedly do you lament
Because things mortal are not permanent.
  Or is't because he ere his agèd snow,
Or autumn came, was ravish'd from the bough?

16 spring] = Merely 'water.'
13 injury] There is no line rhyming to this in the original.

Ask but the sacred oracle, you there
Shall find, untimely deaths no windfall are.
The grand example, miracle of good,
(In virtue only old) slain in the bud,
Newly disclosing man. It were a shame
To wish, than that of his, a longer flame.
Who would not die before subdued by age?
That conquest oft Fortune pursues with rage;
Or sin in that advantage wounds him worse:
To wish him long life, then, had been a curse!

To the Same

The Tears

You modern Wits, who call this world a Star,
Who say, the other planets too worlds are,
And that the spots, that in the midst are found,
Are to the people there islands and ground;
And that the water, which surrounds the earth,
Reflects to each, and gives their shining birth;
The brightness of these tears had you but seen
Fall'n from her eyes, no argument had been,
To contradict, that water here displays
To them, as they to us, siderious rays.
  Her tears have, than the stars, a better right,
And a more clear propriety to light.
For stars receive their borrow'd beams from far;
These bring their own along with them, and are
Born in the sphere of light. Others may blind
Themselves with weeping much, because they spend
The brightness of their eyes upon their tears;
But hers are inexhaustible; she spares
Beams to her tears, as tapers lend their light;
And should excess of tears rob her of sight,
Two of these moist sparks might restore 't: our eyes
An humour watery crystalline comprise:
Why may not then two crystal drops restore
That sight a crystal humour gave before?
  Love dews his locks here, woos each drop to fall
A pupil in his eye, and sight recall:
And I hope fortune passing through this rain
Will, at last, see to recompense her pain.

---

12 windfall] Apparently used, not in the sense of 'lucky chance,' but literally of fruit blown down *ere ripe*, and so spoilt. Man, H. argues, may be ripe, however early lost.

3 midst are] Orig. and B. 'midstar.'

10 siderious] Or better '*e*ous,' the older form of 'sidereal.'

12 propriety] = 'property,' or 'right of property.' So up to Dryden, at least.

On the death of my much honoured Uncle, Mr. G. Sandys

Pardon, great Soul, if duty grounded on
Blood and affection's firm devotion,
Force my weak Muse to sacrilege, and by
Short payment rob thy sacred memory!
To be thy wit's executor, though I
No title have, yet a small legacy
Fitting my small reception didst thou leave,
Which from thy learned works I did receive;
I should then prove unthankful to deny
Some spices to embalm that memory,
Whose soul, and better part, thy lines alone
Establish in Eternity's bright throne:
Our humble art the body of thy fame
Only to Memphian mummy tries to frame;
Which, though a swarthy dryness it puts on,
Is raisèd yet above corruption.
A tomb of rarest art, magnificent
As e'er the East did to thy eyes present,
Erected by great Falkland's learned hands
To thee alive, in his eloquiums stands.
Thy body we are only then t' inter,
And to those matchless epitaphs refer
The hasty passenger, that cannot stay
To hear thy larger Muse her worth display.
Unless unto the crowd about the hearse
(Those busy sons of sense) I shall rehearse
What worth in thy material part did dwell,
And at the funeral thy scutcheons spell;
Declare the extraction of thy noble line,
What graces from all parts of thee did shine,
That age thy sense did not at seventy cloud,
And thee a youth all then but death allow'd:
As for thy soul, if any do inquire,
'Tis making anthems in the heavenly Quire!

Epitaph on Sir R. D.

Here lies the pattern of good men;
Heaven and Earth's lov'd Citizen.
The World's faint wishes scarce can reach
The good, he did by action teach:
So hating 'semblance, that his mind
Left her deportment still behind,
That he far better was, than e'er

Title. Mr. G. Sandys] George Sandys, the celebrated poet, whose niece, the daughter of Sir Anthony Aucher, married Sir William Hammond. (B.'s note.)

11 lines] An odd unintentional anticipation, for it *is* Sandys's *lines*—his use of the decasyllabic couplet—that have preserved his memory.

Unto the world's eye did appear;
The poor can witness this, who cry
Aloud their loss, his charity;
The lame and feeble now must creep,
To show their crutch is laid asleep.
His household servants, tenants, all
Weep here their father's funeral:
The war, that gorg'd on his estate,
His table never could abate;
If ever he unjust was known,
'Twas in receding from his own;
Exchanging what, with trouble, he
Might save, to keep tranquillity.
His host of virtues struck such fear
Into his foes, they did not dare
To lay on his that penalty,
They did on other's loyalty;
Which bore with him as high a rate,
As those who bought it with their state.
Prudence and Innocence had made
A league, no harm should him invade;
Peaceful amidst the wars his life,
As in the elemental strife
Of bodies that are temper'd well,
Harmonious souls at quiet dwell;
When the worst humour had prevail'd
Upon the State, his vitals fail'd;
To show, this feeling member's health
Was wrapt up in the common-wealth.

Grace compared to the Sun

GRACE, as the Sun, incessantly its light
  Dilates upon the universal face.
Pagans, that sit in Antipodian night,
  Taste, by reflex of reason, beams of grace:
Their sickly planet, queen of night not sleep,
Her wakeful eye in the Sun's beams may steep.

Grace is the soul's soul; the informing part
  Reason, like Phosper, ushers in the day;
But the terrene affections of the heart
  Repel which Pharean clouds this sacred ray.
Internal, as external, night alone
Springs from the Earth's interposition.

Goodness is priz'd by her own latitude:
  The Persian, wisest of idolaters,
Adores the Sun, as the most common good,
  From whose balm Nature's hand nothing inters
Worse than the Caliph is that votary,
Who worships a less loving deity.

The Sun would raise this Globe to nobler birth
  Transforming into gold each mineral;
But, in disposure of the stubborn earth,
  Renders his virtue ineffectual.
Thus Grace endeavours all to sublimate:
Then blame thyself, if not regenerate!

---

10 which Pharean] I do not understand this, unless 'which,' as often, is a misprint for 'with.' 'Pharian' is used by Sylvester and Milton as = 'Egyptian' generally, and so may refer to the *Pharaonic* Plague of Darkness. But as Pharos was a *light*-house Hammond's use is unlucky.

17 Caliph] A slight confusion.

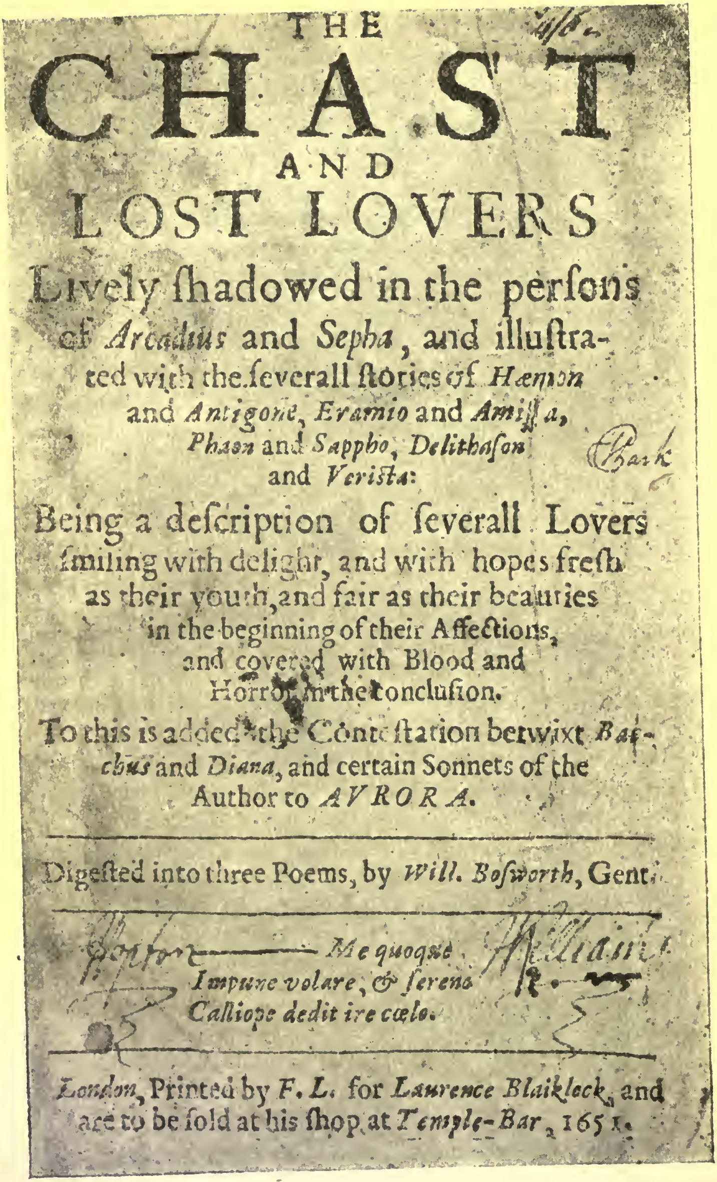
Upon the Nativity of Our Saviour and Sacrament then received

SEE from his watery tropic how the Sun
Approacheth by a double motion!
The same flight, tending to the western seas,
Wheels northward by insensible degrees;
So this blest day bears to our intellect,
As its bright fire, a duplicate respect:
None but a two-fac'd Janus can be guest,
And fit himself unto this double feast,
That must before jointly the manger see,
And view behind the execrable tree;
Here the blest Virgin's living milk, and there
The fatal streams of the Son's blood appear;
Crowns at his tender feet in Bethle'm lie;
Thorns bind his manly brows in Calvary;
Th' ashamèd Sun from this his light withdrew;
A new-born Star the other joy'd to shew;
To furnish out this feast, lo! in the pot
Death here consults the salting antidote:
But lest the sad allay should interfere,
And corrupt this day's smile into a tear,
This very death makes up a fuller mirth,
Bequeathing to the worthy guest new birth;
As to the mystic head, beseemingly,
So to each member gives nativity:
The difference only this, the Deity
Born to our flesh, into his spirit we.

FINIS

---

18 consults] = 'prescribes'?



THE
CHAST
AND
LOST LOVERS
Lively ſhadowed in the perſons
of *Arcadius* and *Sepha*, and illuſtra-
ted with the ſeverall ſtories of *Hæmon*
and *Antigone*, *Eramio* and *Amiſſa*,
Phaon and *Sappho*, *Delithaſon*
and *Veriſta*:
Being a deſcription of ſeverall Lovers
ſmiling with delight, and with hopes freſh
as their youth, and fair as their beauties
in the beginning of their Affections,
and covered with Blood and
Horror in the concluſion.
To this is added the Conteſtation betwixt *Bac-
chus* and *Diana*, and certain Sonnets of the
Author to *AVRORA*.

Digeſted into three Poems, by *Will. Boſworth*, Gent.

—— *Me quoque*
Impune volare, & ſereno
Calliope dedit ire cœlo.

London, Printed by *F. L.* for *Laurence Blaikleck*, and
are to be ſold at his ſhop at *Temple-Bar*, 1651.

INTRODUCTION TO WILLIAM BOSWORTH

Of William Bosworth or Boxworth (taking which form he was Boxworth 'of that ilk'—a village about seven miles from Cambridge to the left of the Huntingdon Road) next to nothing appears to be known except what is furnished by the posthumous edition of his poems, a very rare book, which is here reproduced. According to a portrait (absent in my copy[1], which belonged to Park, the editor of *Heliconia*, &c., but present in others) itself was engraved in the year 1637 and *aet.* 30 of the subject, who died, it seems, a year before the book was published. As the poems are said to have been written at the age of nineteen, this, with the dating of the portrait, would bring them back to the first or second year of Charles the First, while the author when he died would have been something over forty. The particulars are not voluminous, but only accidental discovery of documents is likely to extend them much.

The attribution of poems—more especially posthumous poems—to an extremely early period of the poet's life, is not an uncommon thing, and was perhaps more than usually common in the seventeenth century. But there is no reason for questioning it in the case of the present pieces. Though they are certainly better than most boys of nineteen could write, there is about them no such startling excellence or originality as would make one suppose that an earlier Chatterton or Keats was, not lost but, miraculously struck dumb in the case of Bosworth. On the other hand their general characteristics are distinctly those of the first or really 'Elizabethan' half of the great so-called Elizabethan period—not those of the second. One of these will strike every expert at once; it is the prevalence of the figure of epanaphora, or repetition of identical verse-beginnings, which is extravagant in Gascoigne, somewhat excessive even in Sackville, and by no means eschewed by Spenser himself. There is at least a fair allowance of other forms of the earlier word-play: but much less of the later thought-play which succeeded it. Indeed, Bosworth is perhaps the least 'metaphysical' of our crew, except Hannay: and as the Galwegian has (not at all to my displeasure) found favour in the eyes of some who could not stomach Benlowes or even Chamberlayne, let us hope that the Cantabrigian will have equal luck.

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[1] There are said to be copies with 1653 on the title-page but (as so constantly happens at this time) really the same edition. 'R. C.' is even more shadowy than Bosworth. One would have been glad if it could have been Crashaw, as the Cambridge connexion might suggest. But, as a famous text has it, 'that is impossible, because he was dead.' As for the dedicatee, there were several John Finches, more than one of some note, alive at this time: but the man in question must apparently have been a son of Lord Keeper Finch, Lord Finch of Fordwich. The commendators are as rigidly self-denying in their confinement to initials as their editor: and most of these initials give no indication. But if only 'S. P.' might be Samuel Pepys! He was actually entered at Magdalene in 1650: and his family abode at Brampton is but some ten miles from Boxworth.

Besides epanaphora, the 'turn of words' its near neighbour—as, close to the beginning:

> Down by which brook there sat a little lad,
> A little lad—

which the pure Elizabethans also greatly affected, and which came back after the Restoration, but which is less distinctly 'First-Caroline,' appears in Bosworth, to the special delectation of 'R. C.' On the other hand his nomenclature, instead of being more or less purely classical or Italian, inclines to the odd rococo forms which have been noted as 'Heroic.' Indeed 'Delithason' outstrips even these, and reminds one of the strange name-coinage of Blake. The couplet-versification is rather stopped on the Spenser-Drayton model than overlapped: although, as is usually the case with that model, it allows itself overlapping. The occasional stanzas are managed with skill, and the song 'See'st not, my love, with what a grace' has a most pleasing cadence. It should not have escaped anthologists.

Nor is Bosworth at all ill provided with word-ammunition to load his verse-ordnance withal, though it must be confessed that his syntax and composition are sometimes quite bewildering. On the whole he gives us, with a not unsatisfactory variation, a fresh moral on the text which can hardly be too often enforced here, because it is in fact the justification of all these re-issues. That people should write poetry in their youth, and leave off writing it in their maturer years, is nothing uncommon at any time; even I, who had rather that twenty bad or indifferent poems saw the light than that one good one should miss it, am disposed to regard this as one of Nature's most benevolent laws. It has affected even real poets, who have suffered no let or stress of untoward circumstance: and there have been some other real poets whom it might have affected with advantage, not to mention those who by want of pence or peace have been forced to be disobedient to the Heavenly Vision. But here is a man who writes a considerable amount of more than tolerable verse before he is twenty, who lives to more than double that age, who occupies the situation of life most suitable for the purpose, beset by neither poverty nor riches, neither harassing vocation nor tempting avocations, and who apparently, in all but a full quarter of a century,—in the very years of man's life which have given us most of the best poetry in the world—writes nothing more, and does not even take the trouble to publish what he has written.

Once more, poetry must be very much in the air, and very careless of the mere individual on whom she lists to light, to produce or permit such phenomena as this[1].

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[1] The original is one of the worst printed of these books, the type being sometimes so battered as to make the exact words doubtful, and the punctuation (or the absence of it) being of the most bewildering kind. By taking not a little trouble with this latter the apparently pillar-to-post character of the narrative can be slightly improved; but some will always remain, and to make Bosworth thoroughly intelligible without contributory exertion on the reader's part would require more annotation than the plan of this edition admits. The stanzas of *Aurora* have kept him in better order than the couplets. The vocabulary is here and there unusual and apparently dialectic. But the spelling is by no means very archaic or irregular.

To the true Lover of all good Learning, the Honourable John Finch, Esq.

SIR,

If Poetry be truly conceived to carry some Divinity with it, and Poets, on what subjects soever their fancies have discoursed, have been intituled *Divine*, as the *Divine Mr. Spencer*[1], the *Divine Ronsard*, the *Divine Ariosto*; how much more properly may they be esteemed to be divine, who have made chaste Love their argument, which is a fire descended from Heaven, and (habitual in its action) is always ascending and aspiring to it. This is that love which Xenophon doth distinguish from the sensual, and doth call it *The heavenly Venus*, and with this our poet being powerfully inspired hath breathed forth these happy raptures, to declare, That Love and the Muses are so near of kin, that the greatest poets are the greatest lovers.

And, Sir, although there is no man a more absolute master of his passions than yourself, and therefore you cannot be said to be subjected unto Love, yet it shall be no dishonour to you to acknowledge yourself to be a lover of the Muses. In this confidence I have made bold to tender unto you these Poems, the work of a young gentleman of nineteen years of age, who had he lived, might have been as well the wonder as the delight of the Arts, and been advanced by them amongst the highest in the Temple of Fame. The Myrtle and the Cypress Groves, which he made more innocent by his love, shall remember, and the music of the birds shall teach every tree to repeat to one another, his chaste complaint, and the flourish of the trees shall endeavour to raise unto Heaven his name, which they shall wear engraved on their leaves. These are only his first flights, his first fruits, the early flowers of his youth; flowers they are, but so sweetly violent[2], that as their beauties do arrest our eyes, so (I hope) their perfume will continue through many ages to testify the influence of your protection, and the most graceful resentments of him who is

Sir,
Your most humble and devoted servant,
R. C.

To the Reader[3]

THIS book hath the fate which the modesty of Antiquity did assign to their books, which is, not to be extant till the death of the Author, declining thereby the presumption of an assumed and a saucy immortality, and owing this new life, which by their remaining labours they received, to the benefit and commendation of posterity. These Poems are secure in themselves, and neither fear the tongue of the detractor, nor desire the praise of the encomiastic, their own worth can best speak their own merit, but this it shall be lawful for me to insert, that in one book and of so small a bulk you shall seldom see more contained,

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[1] Spencer] *Sic* in orig. R. C.'s selection is not bad for the three languages.

[2] violent] The temptation to regard this as a 'portmanteau-word' between 'vi*olet*' and '*red*olent' is strong. But it will make sense in its own meaning. 'Resentment' has again a Malapropish look: but it is quite common at this time in a neutral, and even a good sense—as in Jeremy Taylor, Henry More, and others.

[3] *To the Reader*] R. C. evidently had an ambition of style and a sense of criticism. 'An assumed and saucy immortality' is quite Fulke Greville: while the oppositions of 'smooth' and 'smart,' 'clear' and 'active' below are not trivial.

> He doth swell
> Not with th' how much he writeth, but th' how well.

You shall find in this system the idea of Poetry at large, and in one garland all the flowers on the Hill of Parnassus, or on the banks of Helicon.

The high, the fluent, and the pathetic discourses of his lovers, and the transformation of them after their death into precious stones, into birds, into flowers, or into monuments of marble, you shall find hath allusion to Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, which in Ovid's own judgement was the best piece that ever he composed, and for which, with most confidence, he doth seem to challenge to himself the deserved honour of a perpetual fame.

The strength of his fancy, and the shadowing of it in words, he taketh from Mr. Marlow in his *Hero and Leander*, whose mighty lines Mr. Benjamin Johnson (a man sensible enough of his own abilities[1]) was often heard to say, that they were examples fitter for admiration than for parallel. You shall find our Author everywhere in this imitation. This the one:

> Some say fair Cupid unto her inclin'd,
> Mourn'd as he went, and thinking on her pin'd.

And in another place:

> And as she went, casting her eyes aside,
> Many admiring at her beauty dy'd.

This the other:

> And mighty Princes of her love deny'd,
> Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her dy'd.

You shall find also how studious he is to follow him in those many quick and short sentences at the close of his fancy, with which he everywhere doth adorn his writings.

The weaving of one story into another and the significant flourish that doth attend it is the peculiar grace of Sir Philip Sidney, whom our Author doth so happily imitate, as if he were one of the same intelligences that moved in that incomparable compass.

His making the end of one verse to be the frequent beginning of the other, (besides the art of the trope) was the labour and delight of Mr. Edmund Spencer, whom Sir Walt. Raleigh and Sir Kenelm Digby were used to call the English Virgil, and indeed Virgil himself did often use it, and in my opinion with a greater grace, making the last word only of his verse to be the beginning of the verse following, as

> Sequitur pulcherrimus Astur,
> Astur equo fidens, et versicoloribus armis.

Virgil hath nothing more usual than this graceful way of repetition, as those who are most conversant with him can readily witness with me. Our Author's making use of one and the same verse in several places is also taken from Virgil, as you shall often find in his *Georgics*, which he would never have let pass (being full twelve years in the completing of that work) if he had conceived it would have been looked upon as an imperfection either of too much haste or sloth, and this also is often to be found in Homer.

You behold now how many, and what great examples our Author hath propounded to himself to imitate. If it be objected, that it is a disparagement to imitate any, be they never so excellent (according to that of Horace, 'O imitatorum[es] stultum pecus'); it is no absurdity to make answer, that Horace wrote that in a critical hour, when he abounded with a hypercritical sense. For if you please to look upon the fragments of those Greek Poets, which in many books are inserted at the end of Pindar, you shall undoubtedly find that Horace hath translated as much of them as are now extant word for word, and put them into the first book of his Odes, which is very easy in this place to be represented, but that it is much beyond our room, and a little besides our subject.

But more fully to satisfy the objection, it may be answered, that in this Horace had no relation at all to the words or fancy of the imitator, but to these new numbers, and measures, which he first taught the Roman Muse to tread, and this makes him so much to magnify himself.

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[1] This looks as if R. C. had actually experienced Ben—who had not been more than fourteen years dead at this time.

> Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps.

The works of Virgil are nothing else but mere Imitations: in his *Eclogues* he followeth Theocritus, in his *Aeneids*, Homer, in his *Georgics* he imitateth Hesiod, which he conceiveth to be so far from his prejudice, that he esteemeth it his glory.

> Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen*.

And yet because the same subject was not treated on before by any Latin Poet, you may observe how confident he is of himself:

> Juvat ire viam [jugis] quâ nulla priorum
> Castaliam molli deducitur [devertitur] orbita clivo†.

These praelibations may serve not only to discharge our Author, but to raise him above those accusations which peradventure some distemper'd critics might have charged him with. The other part of his invention is entirely his own, smooth yet smart, and as clear as it is active. Now when all this shall be done at nineteen years of age, and out of a desire only to please you, what entertainment should you give unto it: with what flowers should you crown his memory, who brought so many flowers to crown your delight? Take them, and peruse them, his leaves invite every hand to turn them over. The young men may read them for their information, and with some sympathy of affection; the old men for their recreation. The ladies may learn them by heart, and repeat them to one another; for this the Muses, upon their credit, have given me in charge to impart unto them, That whatsoever they shall lay forth on his praises (the book read over) they will find it paid back to them in the reckoning. R. C.

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* Virg. *Georg*. lib. 3 [2, l. 176].

† *Georg*. lib. 2 [3, l. 292].

On the amorous and pathetic story of Arcadius and Sepha, &c.

Lo, here the Muse which to our eyes discovers
The bleeding fate of many hapless lovers,
What though his warbling lyre not gravely rings
With such deep notes as lofty *Clio* sings,
His Muse is soft, as sweet, and though not strong,
Pathetic, lively, all on fire, and young,
Flowing with tears and smiles, and full of sport,
As fits the subject of fair *Venus'* Court,
And this may court you to peruse his book;
So oft i' th' streets with prompter eyes we look
On lovely girls who but their shoestrings tie,
Than wives, their garters making fast more high. L. B.

On the exact and elaborate story of Arcadius and Sepha, and the rest of the Bevy of the Lovers

What brave young man is this, whose lute doth lead
The dancing rocks, and teach the woods to tread?
Is *Thracian Orpheus* reviv'd, whose lay
Hath now charm'd Hell, to get himself away?

Son of the Arts and Heav'n! our hearts we fill,
With joy and zeal to gratulate thy skill;
What fitting tributes shall we bring thee now,
To crown thy merits, and adorn thy brow?
For since thy harp to follow trees are grac'd,
Bays of themselves unto thy brows makes haste.
F. L.

An Epitaph on the deceased Author, in allusion to his Sonnets on Aurora

Sad Lover, thou who to thy cruel saint,
Didst teach thy Muse to breathe thy last complaint,
Whilst thou the ends that sex aim'd at mad'st known,
Methought I heard thee thus to speak thy own;
Lo! hear the glory of all women's pride,
The matchless trophy of their beauties' might,
To kill by treason, and hid fires provide
Those to devour whom they do most invite;
Poor injur'd ashes! you too late have try'd,
How ill they do the gentlest hearts requite;
O that in beauties should those flames be known,
Which burn our breasts, yet never warm their own!
E. G.

On the deathless Poems of the deceased Author

Happy young man, who though laid underground,
Thy name to Honour a sure way hath found;
Thy chaste Arcadius shall with Sepha live,
Whiles the kind Sun warmth to the Earth shall give,
And every age shall take delight to see
Fair Haemon met with fair Antigone;
Whiles thankful rivers to the seas make haste
Eramio's and Amissa's love shall last;
No more shall Phaon by contempt be led,
But foot to foot shall now with Sappho tread,
And Delithason's youth, and chaste desires
Shall keep more warm his fair Verista's fires;
Thus whilst that thou with thy immortal lays,
Beauty, and Love, and Innocence doth praise,
That praise which thou to others' worths dost lend,
Doth make thine own high as the stars ascend.
S. P.

On these laboured Poems of the deceased Author, Mr. William Bosworth

These bleeding lovers, and unstain'd desires,
Their undry'd tears, and their religious fires,
And their stars' sullen malice, which did bend
Their lives and loves to an untimely end,
May bring the pious reader with perfumes
Of flow'rs and sighs to worship at their tombs,

And their high flames admire. But oh, forbear
That hasty zeal, and do not tread too near,
For know the flames so ardent were that burn’d
Their suffering hearts, and them to ashes turn’d,
That by your sighs they may too soon be blown
Into new life, and set on fire your own.

L. C.

The Book to the Reader

Reader ;
Mr. Author vow’d to prattle forth his Loves,
And fill the azure skies with wat’ry clouds :
My Author vow’d to dwell in shady groves,
And paint his fortune in Diana’s shrouds.
For the best artist that the world admires,
Was but the artist of his own desires.

You must not then expect a curious strain,
That best befits the quaintness of his story.
No, that’s a shadow for a riper brain,
Let them report it, that have had the glory.
The gilded tresses of the clearest shining,
Have neither force in rising nor declining.

Then take the branches of his tender vine,
Which here you have presented, though he fears
You’ll draw his meaning by too strict a line,
For yet he ne’er attained to thrice seven years.
Yet let me pass, and ere his day sees night,
His hawk may please you with a fairer flight.[1]

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[1] This makes Bosworth’s subsequent silence all the more remarkable.

ARCADIUS AND SEPHA

I

Near to the Caspian straits, where dolphins sing,
Hippobatos, a verdant meadow, lay,
Along which meadow ran a silver spring,
Winding her streams as careless of her way:
Here would she stay, and seem returning home,
Till with herself, herself was overcome.

II

Down by which brook there sat a little lad,
A little lad nam'd Epimenides*,
Close to his foot a little dog he had,
Whose master's face character'd his disease;
Sighing, he said, and to the Powers above,
'Make me (O Gods) immortal for my love.

III

Snatch hence my soul, the better part I have,
And him of his detested life deprive,
Who vows to live obscurely in a cave.
Shall Sepha die, and I remain alive?
Satyrs, go weep, and when ye hear her name,
Blow forth my Love's inevitable fame.

IV

Let swiftest thoughts possess my Sepha's name,
And sound her praise as swift as eagles fly,
Let marble be proud to preserve the same,
Lest rotten time outslip her memory,
Lest trumpets cease to sound, and so forbear it,
Let echoes learn to dictate when they hear it.

V

Ye sliding streams, that pass so gently by,
Winding your waves, and do not faster flee,
Joy you to hear my Sepha's elegy?
Or do you linger to condole with me?
'Tis to condole, since such is my estate,
Your bubbling streams do murmur at my fate.

VI

Ye little birds that us'd to sit and sing,
While Dryades with Music's nimble touch,
(When woods and valleys did of Sepha ring)
Present harmonious tunes, to make her couch
A nest of Heav'nly raptures, sweeter far,
With purer notes, than earthly noises are.

* A Poet of Crete.

VII

Why do you now my Sepha's tunes forbear?
Why do you cease to tune my Sepha's lays?
Why don't you now to wonted trees repair?
Why don't you sit and sing my Sepha's praise?
Ye warbling chanters that such music bred,
Are ye grown weary, or is Sepha dead?

VIII

Or Sepha dead? is heav'nly Sepha dead?
No more shall earth be happy with her sweet,
No more shall eyes be with her beauty fed,
No more shall flowers be proud to kiss her feet,
No more shall Phoebus court her in a show'r,
No more shall bees mistake her for a flow'r.

IX

In blessed times when virtuous Sepha liv'd,
The happy earth was with her beauty blest;
Each greedy eye, that saw not Sepha, griev'd,
Each flower was proud to be by Sepha prest,
Love-show'ring Phoebus spar'd no am'rous time,
And bees on her did think to gather thyme.

X

Blest be the season, and the hour blest,
When first my eyes in Sepha's eyes were seen,
When first my hopes began to build their nest,
When first I saw her walking on yon green,
When first my lips sipt nectar from her breast,
Blest be the season, and the hour blest.

XI

Ye stately pines that dwell on lofty hills,
Stoop down your heads with a dejected fall,
Let Boreas go sport with whom he wills,
And though you knew her not, nor never shall,
Sob forth her plaints with a bewailing eye,
And say 'twas Sepha's death that made you die.

XII

Smilax and Crocus, little blushing flowers,
Hence cease your red, and let your pale begin,
And say you want those sweet distilling showers,
That Phoebus us'd to court fair Sepha in:
Lilies, forbear to stoop your drooping head;
For now your shame, the fairest Lily's dead.

XIII

That Lily's dead in whom all graces been,
That Lily's dead, the fairest of the Nine,
That Lily's dead, where Nature's art was seen,
That Lily's dead, whose odours were divine.

St. x] There is an odd suggestion (to me at least) in this stanza, and in the context, of Collins's best-known *Eclogue* (the *Second*), and indeed of those curious pieces generally. And if B. had improved as much as C. did —?

That Lily, than whom more fairer there was none,
Is pluck't away, the fairest Lily's gone.

XIV

She was the fairest, and the sweetest creature,
That ever yet was subject to the Gods,
For they resolv'd she was the only feature
In whom they joy'd—the Powers delight in odds,
To deck their tents. Fair Sepha 'twas that mov'd
My soul to bless thee, Sepha, whom I lov'd.

XV

Some poets feign there is a Heav'n on earth,
Earth hath its joys to make a happy time,
Admired odours giving a new birth,
And sweet'ning joys, with Melli-Flora's thyme;
'Tis not a feignèd, but Heav'n rightly fam'd,
For I enjoy'd the Heav'n the poets nam'd.

XVI

Jove was propitious when I first begun
To court fair Sepha, Echo's nimble charm:
Rose-cheek't Adonis, fairer than the Sun,
Had not a sweeter choice, nor kinder harm;
Rough-footed satyrs, satyrs, nymphs and fauns,
Scatter'd her praise throughout Diana's lawns.

XVII

If I but walk't in Tempe, or the groves,
To meditate my melancholy lays,
I was saluted with the murm'ring loves
Of shady pines, repining at her praise.
Griev'd at her praise, when they her name did hear,
They sigh for want of her sweet presence there.

XVIII

Or if (weary of sighs) I left the bowers,
To recreate me in the whisp'ring air,
I was saluted with distilling showers,
That brought me tidings of my sweetest fair.
Coming from Heav'n they told me news of this,
Jove had prepar'd already for her bliss.

XIX

If to the mountains I a voyage took,
Mountains with roses, and with pinks adorn'd,
There lay Adonis by his silver hook,
Courted by Venus, Venus by him scorn'd,
Venus with tears presents young Cupid's letter,
He hates her vows, and loves fair Sepha better.

XX

If to the garden Flora me invited,
Where all the dainty flowers are said to lie,

---

77 more fairer] Some one in my copy has attempted to *biffer* the 'more' in pencil. These double comparatives are always stumbling-blocks to weaker vessels: and here the metre rather increases the obstacle.

Those dainty flowers, that so much once delighted,
Are now abasht, and in their beauty die,
Lilies and Roses startle at her name,
One pale for fear, the other red for shame.

XXI

If to the woods persuaded by my Muse,
Even there were echoes of fair Sepha's glory,
The warbling chanters made a fine excuse
For her delay; and chanted forth the story
Of her best praise; by which I understood,
They striv'd with tunes to tell her to the wood.

XXII

If I but chanc'd to walk unto the springs,
There sat the Muses warbling forth her story,
Wanton Thalia with sweet raptures sings,
Folding her name in Heav'n's immortal glory.
With hymns, and lays, they prattle forth delight,
And count her name the pen with which they write.

XXIII

Yet sad Melpomene rejoiceth not,
Nor aught but imprecations 'stows upon her;
She saith her beauty is to her a blot,
Whose so much goodness robs them of their honour:
Help then, Melpomene, with thy sad verse,
To tell her fate, and howl upon her herse.'

XXIV

These were the plaints the Cretan lad bestow'd
The funerals of his fair Sepha's death:
'Behold,' said he, 'the service that I ow'd,
And vow'd to pay Sepha shall be my breath.'
When heard by ladies of renownèd glory,
They urg'd him to relate his Sepha's story.

XXV

'Ladies (said he) if your unhappy ears,
Admit such sad disasters to have room,
If by your looks your inward thoughts appears,
You'll elegize this story that shall come.
You'll sigh to hear my Sepha's hap, while I
Bend all my power to tell her fate, and die.'

THE HISTORY OF ARCADIUS AND SEPHA

Liber Primus

Amidst Campania fields, near Sabine bowers,
Plain to each view there stood two stately towers,
Mounting aloft the skies their cloudy heads,
As proud as high, disdaining their first beds;
So curious was their building, and their stone,
That both alike, they both were took for one,
Showing by th' type of their conjoining arts,
The true conjunction of each other's hearts.
Two stately towers for their buildings fam'd,
One Arathea, th' other Talmos nam'd;
In Talmos, Sepha dwelt, whose heav'nly face
Gave to each quill a line, each line a grace,
In whisp'ring forth her praise; whose radiant eyes,
Like starry lamps that emulate the skies,
In height and beauty with their glittering light,
Shone like the clearest stars i' th' darkest night.
Upon her head she wore a laurel crown
Knit up with sundry flowers, on which Renown,
As chiefest Empress of her fate and beauty,
Did sympathize with a religious duty:
Hesperides, in whose calm heart did rest
No sullen strains, but Lyric, and a nest
Of heav'nly raptures, perfum'd odours sweet,
Which Nectar and Nepenthe breathings, meet
For Heav'n's great Queen: such was her virtue given,
That where she was, there was a second Heav'n.
Her face so sweet as Nature can devise,
Was drest with sparkling diamonds of her eyes,
The sweet composure of whose beauty yields
A medal of the true Elysian fields;
Her forehead, fittest place to go before,
(Since whoso speaks of beauty treads it o'er)
Was justly call'd a path, whereon did pass
A way that leads you where all beauty was.
Close by that path, two radiant lamps did rise,
Which some abruptly did entitle eyes;
Too mean a name for two such heav'nly lights,
As far beyond all eyes, as days from nights:

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24 There seems to be here a choice of reading 'breathing' without the 's' or of substituting 'with' for 'which.' This latter, considering the frequent confusion of the two words at this time, is hardly an excessive liberty.

To whom was added that celestial grace
Of perfect pureness to adorn the face,
That whensoe'er these seeing lamps did move,
They'd light spectators on their way to love;
Between which eyes (if eyes they may be nam'd)
A pillar (as of purest marble fram'd)
Then call'd her nose, did lead you to two plains,
Pure white and red, like milk which claret stains;
Two flow'ry fields where Flora seem'd to dwell,
Where white and red were striving to excel,
Whose raptures seem'd like a celestial nest,
Whereon distressèd lovers seem'd to rest,
Which Paradise if any lover seeks,
It was presented in fair Sepha's cheeks.
Two pearls of that inestimable price,
So far beyond th' perfection of her eyes,
Impall'd with that excessive form of bliss,
Smiling, you'd think th' invited you to kiss.
What name or title fits fair Sepha's lips?
Shall some Ambrosian cup, where great Jove sips
Nectar from Ganimede? too mean it is
To bear their form, it is too mean by this,
Jove out of them Nepenthe us'd to sip,
But that Nepenthe grew on Sepha's lip.
Then gan her teeth in a most perfect line,
Plac't each by other through her lips to shine,
More white, more true, than Nature could prefer
To any other was it not to her.
Those that ne'er saw, might judge what they had been,
Like picture pearl, through crimson shadows seen;
So was her chin like crystal over red,
So was her hair in decent manner spread;
Which she all careless down her back did wear,
As a fit object for the wanton air,
Careless to sport with. Next to them was prais'd
Her neck, as of a marble pillar rais'd,
Proud to support the weight of such a face,
In whom three Graces seem'd to be one grace.
Then might you see her amber breasts, more white
Than Scythian snow, and yielding more delight
Than silly quill is able to report.
They were the hills where Cupid us'd to sport.
Between which hills there lay a pleasant alley,
Whose milky paths did lead into the valley.
This was that Sepha who unhappy died,
This was that Sepha for whose hap I cried;

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55 Impall'd] = 'impaled' in the heraldic sense, 'joined to.' This, I think, is better than 'impalled' in the sense of 'covered.' No compound of 'pall' = 'stale' is possible.

65 prefer] In the sense of 'preferment.'

77 amber] Of course, as very often, for 'amber*gris*,' 'fragrant,' not 'yellow.'

This was that Sepha whom the valleys miss,
And this was her whose tragic story 's this.
Sepha, the glory of the scornèd earth,
In Talmos dwelt, sometimes a place of mirth,
The ground whereon it stood was deck't with flowers,
Here lay a meadow, there were Sabine bowers.
The house was with a grove of trees enclos'd,
Proud of the beauty that therein repos'd:
Only a glead there lay, the trees between,
Where Arathea was of Talmos seen.
In Arathea young Arcadius dwelt,
A man where Nature had so freely dealt
Her chiefest art, and artificial skill,
Pleasing each eye, but most to Sepha's will.
Oft by her window did Arcadius ride,
Sometimes to hunt, and sometimes to divide
The air with riding swift Italian horses,
Here making stops, there running at full courses,
When she (unknown to him) with watchful eye,
Oft saw his going, and his coming by,
So that of fire which lovers sometimes find,
A spark began to kindle in her mind.
Once did she blame unkindly Cupid much;
'Darling,' said she, 'and is thy power such?
Unkindly thus pure streams to overcome,
And force a heart to love she knows not whom?
Is he too good that thus thou dost deny
Me to receive one courting from his eye?
Cupid, scorn'st thou my prayers? or dost thou shame?
Is he so mean to let me know his name?
Yet let me live, let me his feature see,
If he 's but virtuous, 'tis enough for me.'
This said, her eyes, drawn by a heavy sound,
Saw young Arcadius grovelling on the ground,
Whose too too nimble horse, in striving most
To please his master, his blest burthen lost.
Once did she speak, once did she move her tongue,
'What sad mishap,' said she, 'did thee that wrong?
How didst thou of thy wonted favours miss?
Was the ground greedy thy fair limbs to kiss?'
At whose celestial voice, like a sweet charm,
He started up, and said, 'I had no harm;
Thanks for your love,' and with a decent grace,
Stoops down his hat, by which she saw his face.
'Sepha (said she), be glad for thou hast found,
And seen the arrow that thy heart did wound.'
Well, young Arcadius gets him to his steed,
Who guilty of the last unhappy deed,

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86 story 's] Orig. 'stories.'
93 glead] This form usually = 'gleed,' burning coal, but it is here clearly = 'glade.'

With nimble strokes his master to delight,
Slips o'er the plain from fairest Sepha's sight.
'Go then,' said she, 'the height of beauty's pride,
And world's chief mirror; if thy heart is tied
To any lady whom thou call'st thy own,
As sure it is, or else thou wouldst have shown
Some more respects to me; but if thou art,
If to another thou hast linkt thy heart,
Twice happy thou, thrice she, that shall embrace
Thy slender body, and enjoy thy face.'
This said, she to a silent chamber goes,
Weary of love, but more of mind, and throws
Sometimes her restless body on a bed,
Where love is with imaginations fed;
Then to the window would she take her way,
And view the place where young Arcadius lay,
Thence would she to her closet, where alone,
Alone she sat her sorrow to bemoan;
If such was Isis' love to Lignus' son,
Then ignorant why he her love had won,
And Iphis had in his Ianthe got,
Not yet a man, yet more than one man's lot?
If such was Philoclea's ardent love,
From her own sex, such free desires to move?
When Zelmane's eyes such direful vapours threw,
And to her own, prodigious accents drew?
If Isis was of Iphis' change most glad,
And Philoclea her own wishes had,
Why may not Sepha be possest of hers,
Not half so far impossible as theirs?
But Heav'n conspir'd with an impatient eye,
And all the powers to act her tragedy.
Not that injustice with the Gods did dwell,
For how could they 'gainst that sweet face rebel,
Nor enmity against such beauty bred,
Whose double portion with amazement led
Each greedy eye into a field of roses
And lilies which a theatre encloses.
But Love, whose passions with impartial flames,
Now whisper'd 'mongst the Gods, aloud proclaims,
By Jove's consent to dispossess us here
Of our fair Heav'n, for they did want her there:
Conspicuous fate, her heart already feels
Cupid's dire bolt, and at first arrow yields;
No warrior she, nor striv'd with struggling hand
The dart to break, nor would she it withstand,
But gently stepping t'wards his bow did hie,
And Phoenix-like into the flames did fly;

155, 157 Philoclea, Zelmane] The influence of the *Arcadia* has of course been obvious long before these names confess it.

So Philomel doth willingly depose
Her tender breast against the thorn, so those
Who (bleeding eas'ly) meet death void of pain,
Phasiphae so in Ida woods did reign.
Twice did the honour of Latona move
A scorn'd defiance to Arcadius' love,
But twice by Ericina 'twas defac't,
And twice more love into her heart was plac't;
Wherefore unwilling to omit the art,
The salve she thought would mollify her smart,
Half doubting Cupid who such change had wrought,
Gave speech the leave to ease her of her thought.

'Love, who the greatest potentates can tame,
(Ruin of zeal) at whose majestic name,
(Blind wicked boy) disguis'd with all untruth,
The Gods have yielded honour to his youth,
Sprung first from Venus, Goddess of his art,
If blind, as some suppose, how can he dart
Show'rs of such wrongs on silly woman's heart?

Thou Goddess of the valleys and the plains,
See how the wag thy sacred rites disdains,
Thou, thou, Latona's daughter, whose delights
I vow to perfect, and maintain thy rites,
In spite of Cupid, see how he deposes
Thy holy laws, see how he plucks thy roses,
And crops the fairest lilies of thy closes.

Into my heart some heavy thought is stray'd,
But there it shall not, nor long hath it stay'd,
Some muddy cloud hath overwhelm'd my face,
And left behind it shadows of disgrace:
Thus when the heav'ns thy mighty father low'rs,
His anger is some bitter tasted show'rs,
To perish quite the odours of thy flowers.

Thus hath he given power to the Boy,
Who strives thy virgin odours to destroy,
Urg'd by the daughter of Oceanus
His frothy mother, enemy to us.
And she doth practise his deceitful smiles,
The fittest motions with which he beguiles,
And with a touch thy vestal lamps defiles.

Up (thou Alphea) show thy pow'r and skill,
Reserve thy virgins wholly to thee still,
Lend us the swiftest Arethusa's feet,
To fly Alpheus, make our prayers fleet:
And that we may do honour to thy name,
Do thou in Ephesus thy will proclaim,
That we with nettles may defy his flame.'

194 Ruin of zeal] = 'Destroyer of jealousy'? or *v. inf.* 'Fatal to religious vows'?

Thus did she feed her thoughts on weak despair,
Sighing her sorrows to the empty air,
Repining only that her heavy fate
Prest down so hard to make her derogate.

'Might I (said she) Idalia's garments wear,
I would be glad, would she but hear my prayer;
Or Dian, thou to whom I am devoted,
Admit not my true zeal to be remoted
From service thine, if still thy power thou hast;
If Citherea hath it not defac't,
Say whether yet he any hath embrac't.

Say whether yet he any hath embrac't,
If yet to thee his service be ally'd,
Let not his cheeks of any sorrows taste,
'Tis pity such pure streams with worse be dyed;
But howsoe'er if happy him be tied,
And Hymen link him to some other bride,
Let not his name nor kindred be denied.'

And thus she discontinuing Dian's fires,
Vext with excess of heat and love, retires
Into the garden, where she takes free scope
To vent her plaints, but all deny her hope.
Each flow'r she sees gives a fresh appetite
To that sweet flow'r she wants; there's no delight,
But dreams and visions haunt her in her sleep;
The birds that us'd to sing, now seem'd to weep,
And all with heavy voice did seem to move
Complaints, and wail for her unhappy love.
Nor could she say 'twas love did her oppress,
Since she was ignorant of what fair guess
She was enamourèd; she saw his face,
And knew he was a man, but of what race
And name she knew not, nor knew where he dwelt;
(Oft so, for unknown cause, strange pains are felt)
Oft from the garden would she send her eyes,
Love's faint Embassadors, into the skies,
For help, and oft with shrill complaining sounds,
Would weep forth prayers, with which the air abounds.
Thence would she unto Venus' altar haste,
Where when the myrrh and odours she had plac't,
And mixing plaints with the perfuming flame,
'Grant me, great Queen of Love, to know his name.'
Thence would she unto Dian's altar hie,

238, 239 The extreme futility of preserving original spelling is well illustrated in this repetition. It is '*i*mbrac't' in the first line, '*e*mbrac't' in the second.

257 guess] The forms 'guess' and 'guest' *are* dialectically interchanged, see *Dial. Dict.*, but apparently not in this sense. It is possibly here a mere liberty for the rhyme, of which we have had other examples with this word. But B. *inf.* uses it when there is no such excuse.

263 Love's faint Embassadors] Italics in orig.

And do the like, and thence to Cupid fly,
But still return'd enrag'd, amaz'd, unblest,
Till fairest Hecate heard her request.
  Not far from Talmos there a city was,
Casperia nam'd, Delia's devoted place,
Where she a temple had sacred to her,
Where oft unmarried people did prefer
Their pray'rs, remoted only for the same,
No Hymeneal servants thither came.
Now was the time, when cloth'd in Scythian whites
Her Priests were ready to perform her rites;
Her cups were with Castalian liquors fill'd,
Her altar with pale sacrifices hill'd,
That all her virgins came to wait upon her
Bearing their vestal lamps, Diana's honour.
When Sepha t'wards her temple did repair,
Cloth'd all in yellow, whose dishevell'd hair,
Stirr'd with the wind, gave a reflective shine,
As Jove had tow'd her in a golden shrine.
Down to Gargaphia did she take her way,
Fear lending wings, since Love had caus'd her stay
Too long, and as she tript o'er those fair lawns,
Rough-footed satyrs, satyrs, nymphs and fauns,
With various colour'd flowers which they had set,
Made for her feet a pleasant carquenet.
Her eyes when first they glanc't towards the place,
Whither she would, 'O more than human race,'
Said she, 'be thou propitious to me still;
Impute not this delay, want of good will
Towards thy holy laws,' and as she pray'd,
The more she run, the more she thought she stay'd;
Chiefly for this, when first her tender feet,
With gentle motions brought her to those sweet,
Those diap'red, those rape enamour'd dales,
First mother to those cool perfumèd gales,
Which Zephyrus from flow'ry meadows sends
To court Aurora, whose beauty extends
(Like blushing sighs with which women beguile)
Back to the same to grace them with a smile.
She heard shrill voices, shrill complaining cries,
The hasty messengers of some dull eyes,
Call her to witness with lamenting verse,
Like those that use to howl over the herse
Of their dead friends, to which as women use,
She gives a skreek, women can seldom chuse;

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278 remoted] B., it will be seen, is fond of this word.

283 hill'd] This may be either 'heaped' or 'covered': both of which are common dialectic, though rare literary, meanings of the verb.

289 tow'd] Very difficult. 'Wow'd' = 'wooed' has been suggested.

304 rape enamour'd] Another field for guess-lovers. For 'rape' read 'rare'?

Which skreek, whether it were for strangeness rather,
That all the silvan dwellers 'bout her gather,
Or whether 'twas the rareness of her voice,
As sure it was, for that O heav'nly noise,
Hath power to lead the wildest rudest ear,
Which once those heav'nly raptures doth but hear,
From uncivility, to deep amaze;
But be it what it will, they all did gaze
And flock about her, silent, pale, and wan,
Till one (it seems the chiefest of them all) began,
'Hence, ugly grief,' to which they all agree,
'Though our King 's gone, we'll make a Queen of thee;'
Then gan they leap and dance, with such delight,
Which put fair Sepha into such a fright,
That from her eyes she let fall such a frown,
That seen of them, they all fell trembling down:
Yet such was Sepha's virtue and good nature,
That she would not permit the smallest creature
Through her to perish; if from her there came
Aught did extinguish the desirèd flame
Of life, the same to her own heart return'd;
For with the like desire of Love she burn'd:
She would have gone and left them, but compassion
Of their then grief caus'd a deliberation;
Half gone she turn'd again, and with her hand
Helping them up, saith, 'Let me understand
The cause you weep; if it require my art
With you to grieve, with you I'll bear a part.'
When one awakened with excess of bliss,
Rose up, and gan to kiss her ears with this.

The Tale of Bacchus and Diana

'Nisean Silenus*, born of Indian race,
Once kept yon hill, yon Gaurus was his place,
His palace was with palest marble rais'd,
Embrac't with blushing grapes, and often prais'd
By those, which never yet the reason knew,
For those sweet smelling flowers about it grew.
The way that leads you to this more than blest
Elysium, was bord'red with a nest
Of Hyacinths, which now began to spread
Their Amiclean flowers into a bed;
Like that of lilies, which our poets say
Leads now to him, instyl'd the Milky Way;
There was no path went creeping through the same,
Which might delude the most opprobrious name
With fallacies, for so they might suppose

---

* Silenus herein is used for Bacchus.

The way that leads to honour doth enclose
A world of bliss; when each eye hath his charm,
The way to honour hath a world of harm.
I speak not this to disallow the rites
Honoria claims: the self-same way invites
As well to honour, as well not to honour,
For she hath equal balance cast upon her;
But to uphold the best Silenian way,
Whose smooth egressions will admit no stay,
To those who t'wards Brisean altars hie,
Till they enjoy th' Nisean Canopy:
A vale there is, which from a low descent
Of a late hill, did somewhat represent
Phlegrean plains, nurst by Meander's waves,
Which cut their bed, and furrow their own graves.
This was Nemea call'd, a fertile plain,
Bedew'd with blood of Misian cattle, slain
For sacrifice, brought by th' Ismenides,
The wrath of just Silenus to appease,
Whose angry frowns fright you from that blest vale;
But till you to a far more pleasant dale,
Which mounted by two steps doth yield a sight
More smooth than glass, more glorious than delight.
A heap of pines there are, which equal range
On either side, a pleasant sight but strange,
To those ne'er saw 't, through which there lies a glede,
Smooth-bladed grass, which shows you the abode
Of Bacchus' guide; then come you to a court,
Where all the crew of satyrs do resort;
And with shrill cries do make his palace ring,
And, *Io, Io, Bacchanalia* sing.
No wall there is that doth enclose the same,
'Tis hem'd with laurel trees of the big'st frame,
And under them there is a bushy hedge
Of rosemary, which cut ev'n make a ledge.
For various colour'd flowers his clients bring,
They are the courteous off'rings of the spring.
In midst of which fair court there is a font,
Of crystal streams, where oft a goddess wont,
With diverse damsels, goddesses I think,
Because their beauty hath such power to link
Men to their love, for sure such heav'nly faces
Ne'er sprung from mortal; ne'er from human races.
But be they as they are, in that same well
They us'd to bathe, the statues there can tell,
Chlamidia's shrines th' are call'd, and strong defence
That were erected at her going thence.

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381 till] Perhaps 'to entice, tempt,' as in *Dial. Dict.* and the *Cursor Mundi.*
386 glede] B usually has some such form of 'glade,' but how he gets it to rhyme to 'abode' I do not know.

Which story, if you'll please but to admit
And bless the ground so much as here to sit,
Fair Lady,—'tis not tedious,—we'll relate
The tragic ends, and tell the heavy fate
There lies intomb'd; we will in ev'rything
Present to you the figure of the spring.'
'Time slips too fast (said Sepha) and my way
Is long, I cannot well admit the stay
To hear it told, but since you say 'tis short,
I'll linger time to hear out your report.'
Then thus, 'Our God, hearing what heav'nly shapes
Haunted those groves, and with what store of grapes
It did abound, said, "Rise and let's go see,
Perhaps it is a dwelling fit for me."
Whither being come, and having took a view
Of each delight, what pleasure might accrue
By dwelling there, said, "Let's begin to build;
The ground is fragrant, 'tis a pleasant field
With odours drest, marble shall be our stone,
Cedar our timber, the foundation
On yonder hill, yon hill that will be proud
To be instil'd the pow'rful Bacchus' shroud."
At this the Goddess laught, and in a scorn,
More sham'd and ruddy than the blushing morn,
Escap't from Titan's arms, doth nimbly rise,
While pale revenge sits trembling in her eyes,
Ready to ruin those that dare presume
To view, much less to touch her hallow'd room;
She girts her armour on, and to her side
Her quiver, full of bloody arrows tied,
In her left hand her bow, and with the other
Tearing the grapes from their beloved mother;
Tramples them on the ground, and in a rage,
(For so it seems no treaties could assuage
Her furious wrath) "Bacchus," said she, "thou clown,
So shall I trample thy imperial crown.
How durst thou, villain, dare to touch this isle?
And with thy nasty carcass to defile
My holy place, egregious drunkard! how
Durst thou presume t' offend my virgin brow?
What recompense art able to bestow?
Or how wilt thou my pow'rful wrath o'er-go?
How wilt thou my destroying anger miss?
Or what requital shall I have for this?
Thy death I will not work lest it be known
I so much goodness to thee should have shown
In slaying thee, twould be as bad disgrace

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417 She might also have suggested that they should talk rather more like men of this world. The preceding fifty or sixty lines are the first, but very far from the last, descent to *galimatias* in the poem.

Should it be known that thou hast seen my face.
Thou happy of this favour mayst rejoice,
My damsels scorn that thou shouldst hear my voice.
What a vile stain, what laughing there would be,
Should the world know I deign to speak to thee!
How shall I combat then? or thee expel
From the society of this blest well?
See how these roses at thy boldness blush,
Those flowers die which thy proud feet do crush.
See how the trembling lilies stoop alow,
Grow pale and droop, for fear thou wilt not go.
The birds no more will sing while thou art here,
These silver streams do murmur plaints for fear:
Thou wilt their drops defile; the very skies,
Since thou cam'st hither, have withdrawn their eyes.
And since thou hast this flow'ry place defac't,
No more we shall of their sweet favour taste
To cherish us. Here is a spacious way:
Be packing then, or at thy peril stay."
Vile words against a God, who smiling said:
"Here will I live, and thou shalt be my maid."
"Thy maid," said she, "to do thee service then
With this weak arm, and these shall be thy men,"
Sending him show'rs of arrows, which invade
His nurses' hearts and there a tavern made.
Bacchus at this grew wroth, his ruddy face,
Where the best beauty us'd to have a place,
Grew pale, and pale: "Bellona now," said he,
"Be thou propitious to my sov'reignty.
What spiteful God has sent these mortal shapes?
Wicked devourers of my sacred grapes!
Nor enmity alone against the fruit,
Will them suffice, who seek to spoil the root.
Fair girl," he said; "think'st thou I dread thy power?
Dare mickle Fortune on my pleasure lower?
My father guides the motion of the year,
His dwelling is beyond the middle sphere.
Heav'n is his palace, where his power's known;
Power waits on him, Elysium is his own:
My mother's of no base nor mean descent,
With whom all Graces had their complement.
And though she's mortal, yet her pedigree
Portrays in brazen lines her memory;
From worthy Cadmus, whose descent doth spring
From old Agenor, the Phoenician King.
How dar'st thou then revile my holy fire?
I am a God, and can withstand thine ire:
Can these thy threat'nings then make me the worse?
Or dost thou think thy arrows can have force
To pierce my pow'rful skin? Fond foe, forbear,

Th'are fit'st for Cupid's use; by Styx I swear,
A secret influence hath my honour sav'd,
I have in Lethe lake my body lav'd."
This said, his leavy javelin up he takes,
At sight of which the fearful Goddess quakes;
He turns him back to his devoted train,
In whose each hand a Thirsis did remain,
Whose fiery valour never was withstood,
Good was their courage, and their valour good.
"Forbear," said he, "let not your anger light
On these, so far unworthy for your sight,
What stain shall we endure? when it be said,
So many Hecatompilons have made
War with a silly maid? what though she strive
Through haughty pride our honour to survive?
Urge not her fight who cannot manage it.
Fie, are these subjects for your valour fit?
Forbear, I say, and let your wrath be kept,
For those who have our ancient honours swept
Into a dirty lake; let it suffice
This mountain shall our orgies memorize."
With that another show'r of darts she sends
From nimble arms, whose multitude extends
All o'er the army which our God had there,
Enough to move a valiant god with fear;
So thick they came, that like the ev'ning cloud,
Or like an arbour or a leafy shroud
Remaining long, they might have caus'd a dearth,
They kept the courteous sun from the dark earth.
"Go to," said Bacchus, "let all pity fade,
And fight on now, we now shall fight i' th' shade;"
Then 'gan a desp'rate war, but being divine,
No harm was done, the greatest harm was mine,
Till fair Antigone, alas! too rare,
Too young, alas! alas! too heav'nly fair
To leave this haven, exchang'd her mortal hue
And leapt to Heav'n; I saw her as she flew.
A wound she had, nor was there any place
But that alone, but that which could deface
Her ruddy cheeks, her lips that oft did shove
Life to the hearts of those that saw them move.

The Story of Haemon and Antigone

And thus it chanc'd, Haemon, the fairest boy
Of Thebes' city, would go sport and toy

---

511 Thirsis] Of course = thyrsus. These two words, with 'Thetis' and 'Tethys,' were perhaps the greatest trials which the poets of the time offered to their printers.

544 shove] Slightly inelegant, it must be admitted.

With Cupid's darts, and Cupid being blind,
(And Love, you know when vext is oft unkind)
Pull'd them away; Haemon would him withstand,
And as he held, he chanc't to race his hand.
This being slighted 'gan to fester in,
And having got a newly welcom'd skin,
Began to fester more; it being small,
And of small pain, was pitied not at all,
By him, I mean, who as it seems delighted
In this new pain; and that's the cause 'twas slighted:
Now was it grown unto a doubled height
His breast within, and with a nimble sleight
Began his heart to bore, when he o'ercharged,
Could not suppress that fire which now enlarg'd
Itself with larger flames; it kist his heart,
And he kist it, like one loath to impart
Some serious thought, from his o'erburthened breast,
And yet detaining it can find no rest.
Have you not seen the Heliconian spring
Send her belovèd streams a-wandering
The vale below, who ready to fulfil
(Though murmuring for grief) their mother's will,
Glide on apace, yet oft with wat'ry eyes
Look t'wards the place where their blest mother lies;
While she with crooked bubblings doth complain,
Now calls them in, then thrusts them forth again?
So was't with Haemon, loath to lose the bliss,
The pleasing joys he hop't to reap from this
His new intended life, also unwilling
To dispossess himself of those distilling
And grateful honours, from Diana came,
Due only to the lovers of her name.
In both perplext alike he sits amaz'd,
(Symptoms of love) and o'er the valleys gaz'd,
Starts up, sits down, admires with foolish joy
The fruits thereof, detests as much th' annoy
The same engenders, having 'fore his eyes
The sad examples of the miseries
It hath produc't; Leander's heavy fate
Makes him eschew it now as much with hate,
As e'er before he to it zealous was,
Whose tragedies are unto him a glass.
In this extreme, what will not Venus do?
He studies how, and can already woo.
"Admit," said he, "the wingèd boy would send
Into this place the picture of that friend
I best could honour, should I be approv'd
Or no?" for yet he knew not whom he lov'd;
"Or should I chance of that fair chance to chance:
Could I in lover's phrase my love advance?

Say, Cupid, or if yet thou think'st I cannot,
Make trial, and if too much she disdain not,
Thy book I'll quickly learn, before the morn
Descry our blots: there's none a workman born;
And at our next encounter I'll so gain
Thy approbation, there shall not a stain
Deface my quill to make my study falter,
Whole show'rs of myrrh I'll pour upon thy altar.
Thy altar shall with saffron streams appear,
And I with yellow garments will be there;
There will I be to see thy service done,
The oaths betroth'd by thy belovèd son,
On high Hymerus' hill." And ere the same
Had flown from Haemon's sacred breath, there came
A Lady by, nor only one there was,
Yet had there been no more, she did surpass
All beauties could have come—Antigone,
Whose face from sable night did snatch the day,
And made it day; what need I show the same?
I know 't's enough, if you but know her name.
Antigone came thither, thither came
Blind Cupid's love, and there the goodly frame
Of Nature's pride, whose beauty can procure
Each wink to make each love spectators sure.
Three sisters they, but one of all the rest
More fair and lovely was, and far more blest
With Nature's gifts, and that was only she
Whom men alone did call Antigone.
Her cheeks, bedeckt with lines of crystal veins,
Were like that ruddy blush Aurora gains
From Tellus' breath; whose odours do encroach
O'er flow'ry fields to welcome her approach.
She came with such a majesty and grace,
As if the Gods in her all-conquering face
Had kept their Parliament, the Milky Way,
Running Meander-like with crooked stray
From her white chin, lead to that hill which yields
A prospect o'er the fair Elysian fields.
Her upper garments were of milky hue,
And under them a coat of azure blue;
Some stars of gold there were, and those but small,
Were like the show'r Phoebus let on her fall.
The blue seen through the white, with that fair show'r
Seem'd like a cloud that did enshrine a power;
Her hair not loose, as some do use to wear,
Ribands of gold were proud to tie her hair,
And so delighting held it up so hard,
Lovers from favours of it were debarr'd.
Each step she took was like a virtuous way,
Or path where her distressèd lovers lay:

For as she went casting her eyes aside,
Many admiring at her beauty died.
Of all the gestures that her body had,
With one especial gesture she was clad;
And that was this, oft as thou us'd to walk
Into the groves to hear the small birds talk,
Antigone, thy praise, thou oft was us'd,
(I think by some diviner power infus'd)
To ravish men, often was thou indu'd
With that sweet grace which each spectator ru'd.
A careless winding of thy body 'twas,
Reeling and nodding as thou by didst pass,
Like frisking kids upon the mountains seen,
Or wanton lambs that play upon the green.
Then wouldst thou leap from bank to bank, and rise
Th' Jocastaean body into the skies,
While Zephyrus, better to help thee flee,
Would fly beneath, but 'twas thy Heav'n to see.
Then wouldst thou swing abroad thy tender hands,
At whose pure shine each eye amazèd stands,
And with thy finger beck, which gave excuse
To lovers, saying thou call'dst, but 'twas thy use.
This Haemon saw, ev'n as the smiling ground
With various-colour'd flowers her temples crown'd;
She crops a rose, and why so did she seek?
There was a purer rosie in her cheek;
But (Lord to see!) putting it to her nose,
What purer beauty could there be than those?
Like coral held in her most most pure hands,
Or blood and sickly milk that mingled stands,
The pale-fac'd lily from the stalk she tears;
Ev'n as the lily, so Narcissus fares,
Sweet Crocus from his weeping root she twinds
And him with his belovèd Smilax binds.
Nor Hyacinthus must this favour[s] fly,
Who with the Cyprian Anemony.
After she had retir'd into a shade,
Of these discolour'd flowers a posy made,
Then lying down, (for sleep began to play
The wanton with her eyelids as she lay)

663 Th' Jocastaean] An instance of the rage for apostrophation. No elision is necessary with the usual English pronunciation of the name. But you *can* make it, if you choose, 'Th' *I*ocastaean.' So the apostropher jumps at his opportunity without even printing the I.

673 rosie] The disyllabic form is now only dialectal.

682-3 Nor Hyacinthus] This couplet may be treated representatively as an instance of a vast number *not* treated. 'Who' is apparently for 'whom,' and you supply 'she twines' from the context above. If notes of this kind were added wherever they are in strictness necessary or justifiable, our commentary here would equal the text in bulk. But Bosworth is hardly 'such an author as one must pause upon lengthily,' to borrow the (in the original case unjust) words of a German scholar.

She slept, not seeing Haemon, who still kept
Out of her sight, or else she had not slept.
Then 'gan the silvan warblers to renew
Their pleasant notes, with all the merry crew
Kind Spring affords, each striving best to keep
Their untaught quaver, lulling her asleep.
Her posy to her left had she convey'd,
And on that hand her weary head she laid;
Her right hand had the office to employ
A safeguard to her breast, where Haemon's eye
Stood ready fix't; softly he would have stole
The posy thence, but each wink did control
His bold attempt. At last with ravish'd joy,
That Fortune op't to him so fair a way
To so divine a mark, he gently laid
His trembling lips to hers, and softly said,
"Ye Powers be thank't, and if such power ye have,
As there's no power but what is yours, O save
Your servant, O permit not her disdain
T' acquaint my heart with just cause to complain.
Still let her sleep, rob me not of this bliss,
Still let her sleep, ere I this favour miss;
Camelion-like I'll live upon her breath,
It nectar is, and will preserve from death."
With that she wak'd, and seeing there so nigh
An unknown guest, she rose and 'gan to fly.
Abash'd she would have spoke, but too much fear
Caus'd it so softly that one could not hear
Whether she chid or no. "Great Queen," said she,
"Who art rewarder of integrity,
Let me not be defil'd;" this Haemon heard,
And would have answer'd, but he was debarr'd
By her ensuing voice, which might inflame
Cold Neptune's bosom, if but heard the same.
She views him well, surveys with curious eye
His face*, who with like language doth reply:
A face she saw, the face she sure had known
But that she did compare't with was her own,
Of beauty pure, too pure she thought it was
To be the picture of a human face;
Those speaking looks, that grace and majesty,
Far better would befit a Deity.
To whom she said,—but what I must omit,
Since I am ignorant, nor is it fit
To let my thoughts into those secrets pry,
                                        which they deny,

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* 'Alterno facies sibi dat responsa rubore, et tener affectum prodit utrique pudor.'

733 Lines uncompleted are frequent enough,—the imitation of Virgil causing them: but lines lopped at the beginning are not common. B. seems to have had a fancy for them.

For had she not been curious of her will
She ne'er had whisper'd, ne'er had been so still.
But Haemon thus,
"Lady, your looks a tragic tale unfold,
I fear the end before I hear it told;
Why should you tremble so? or be afraid
Of him in whom your power is display'd?
Remit this boldness that I did intrude
Into your sacred grove, O fair, exclude
Not my complaints from your still honour'd praise,
Lest sable night give period to my days."
"Peace," said Antigone, "shall ev'ry grove
Where babbling echoes dwell, witness your love?"
So much I heard, and saw her pretty look
Show him her face in which there lay a book
By Cupid's finger wrote, while he, o'erjoy'd,
Kist as she spake, and with her ribands toy'd:
He took her by the hand and softly crush't
Sweet balm from thence, at sight of which she blusht:
He would have sav'd the same, but of it mist;
She would have spake, but as she spake he kist.
Then met his hands about her tender waist;
So Jupiter when Danae he embrac't,
And such like toys they us'd as lovers use,
While a pure kiss (as if they would infuse
Into each other's breast by their souls) was given;
For Haemon vow'd by all the Powers of Heaven,
No impious thought that honour should molest
Which was engraven in his loyal breast,
And that he was from all deceit as free
As he desir'd to find Antigone.
"Go, then," said she, "'tis but one ling'ring night
Our bodies part." But ah, they parted quite.
For she towards Diana took her way;
Where then in camp Diana's virgins lay,
Ready to give our God their strong assault,
Where she was slain. Oh, 'twas her Haemon's fault,
For he belike that Cupid had implor'd
Which some call God, that favour to afford,
Through his belovèd's breast with his keen dart,
To make an easy passage to her heart.
Which Cupid to fulfil did open lay
A hole through which a javelin took his way.
At this she starts, "Revenge my death," she cried,
"Haemon, my love, Haemon, farewell," and died.
At this disaster Dian did repine,
"Hold, hold," said she, "Bacchus, the battle's thine.
The hill I'll leave, yet ere I take my way,

---

750 ribands] B. or his printer usually employs the form 'ribond.'

Permit that I by yonder spring do lay
My virgin dead." Which yielded, there she laid
Her corpse, and over them a statue made;
It stood upright, and looking t'wards the East,
The blood ran trickling down her wounded breast,
And on each side her sisters' statue stood,
With weeping clothes wiping away the blood.
This being done Diana left the place,
Fears making furrows in her virgin face,
Her sisters left to let her body lie,
But since their statues did accompany
Her tomb, they took their way, having done this,
To yon Casperia where her temple is.
Now Titan weary of that sable bed
Night did him lend, towards Aurora fled,
When Haemon, weary of slow-footed hours,
Oft wisht the morning, which come, each cloud low'rs.
The winds spake loud, and little birds were mute,
For Sol had cloth'd him in a mourning suit;
The morning wept, but what it might foreshow
Haemon suspected not, sweet winds did blow
No more: the Powers themselves with heavy eyes
Gave a consent to weep her tragedies.
Straight to the place appointed there to meet,
He hied, time lending wings unto his feet;
He calls his love, "Antigone," he cries,
"Why art so slow to meet him who relies
Upon thy faith more than upon his own?"
Then speaks unto the Trees, "Have you not known
Which way she went? or hath she not been here?
Is she too slow?" "She is too slow, I fear,"
Himself replies, and like a tiger flees,
With raving eyes, inquires of all he sees.
"The fairest rosie that the garden bred,"
Saith he, "hath now forgot the mother bed
Of its first birth; I fear it hath been pull'd
By some unlucky hand, whose drops have lull'd
It in a bath of mildew, or hath been
Cause of mishap, cause of some deadly sin,
Else why should Phoebus shame to show his face?
And creep behind a cloud, lest some disgrace
Should taint him of conspiracy? or why
Should Coelum's vesture yield a sympathy
Of grief? or why should shrill complaining cries
Of echoes strive to pierce the azure skies?
Wherefore do little birds forbear to sing
To Amphiluche, and her praises ring
Along the valleys? Why do lilies fade?

---

818 unlucky] It should be remembered that 'unlucky' until quite recent times bore the sense of 'mischievous,' especially with 'boy.'

Or why do roses yield a ruddy shade
For their late sickly leaves? there 's some mishap
Hath sure enforc't the fatal Nymphs to crap
Their still still brittle threads, the virgin sign;
No more I see 's belov'd, but doth repine
The custody thereof for thrice five years,
And that 's the infant's time; the cypress fears
To bud, lest in pale hours it should be torn,
And cropt lamented hearses to adorn.
What this eclipse, what this cloud might presage,
This blushing earth presenting now a stage,
I can't conjecture, unless it should be
A theatre to act a tragedy."
With these, and such like words, he vents his soul,
Of those o'erburth'ning maladies and foul
Conjectures, which such torments did inflict
Upon his heart, enough even to convict
Him of a sincere love, which like a wind
Hurries him to the spring, there there to find
His mistress' statue. "O unhappy eyes
Of mine," said he, "that view the obsequies
Of my dear love"; what did not Haemon say?
He beats his breast, endeavours to allay
His scornèd life, and from his head he tears
Whole handfuls of his hairs.
"Ye sullen Gods, what mov'd you to divide
Her soul from hence?" distracted Haemon cried.
"Seek'd ye for some revenge? tis true, alas!
Because her virtues did your virtues pass.
Ye Fatal Nymphs, that hurry on the threads
Of our weak lives, and cut it in the mids
Of our best time, what movèd you to be
So envious against Antigone?
But since your pow'rs have made me so accurst
By her sad death, ye pow'rs, now do your worst;
Yet help me first to weep, before I die,
For my Antigone an elegy."
With that he took his pen, and having wrote
Her heavy dirge with a lamenting note,
He laid him down upon her tomb, and pray'd,
Then with a spear a speedy passage made
Towards his love, ev'n to whose throne he cried,
"Make room for me, my love," so sigh'd and died.
At this mischance the Fatals did repine,
And turn'd his blood into a columbine,

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832 crap] = 'crop.'
854 *This* demi-line has the effect of a stanza ending.
859–860 The rhyme of this couplet may look odd. But 'thrid' for 'thread' every one knows: and 'midd[e]s' for 'mid' or 'midst' is excellent Middle English.
870 spear] Orig. 'sp*h*ear.'
873 Fatals] = Fates.

Which still retains his nature; in three days
It gains its prime, and in its prime decays.
His body then reposing on her urn,
The Gods did to a marble statue turn,
Whose head upon his weary hand doth rest,
And looking steadfast on her wounded breast,
Surveys the blood, that blood with wat'ry eye
Which leaves her breast to turn t' a tulippy.
So Haemon t'wards Elysium did fly,
But ere he went he left this elegy
Under her feet engraven, on which be
The lively praise of dead Antigone.

"Ravisht with nectar breathing from those dales
Where Zephyrus in all his worth remains,
I past th' Arabian deserts, and the vales,
And thence I journey'd o'er the Scythian plains,
I journey'd thence, and in Diana's bowers
My eyes bedew'd me with distilling showers.

I sat me down to think upon my loves,
The thought of which proceedings made me weep,
Until the warbling chanters of the groves
Lull'd me into a sweet and pleasant sleep.
Methought I sported on th' Arcadian mountains,
And then I sat me by Minerva's fountains.

Sitting and musing by those silver streams,
Where babbling echoes whisper'd forth my moan,
As if awakened from some glorious dream,
The Muses show'd me, on a marble stone
Character'd, lines of gold, whose triple lays
I copied out to prattle forth their praise.

Aspire to honour her whose glories such,
Nature hath given that artificial face,
No Muse nor Goddess can delight so much,
Excepting her who is her chiefest grace;
Oft so the dove a whiter turtle brings,
And, from the selfsame root, a fairer flower springs.

Some say the fairest Cupid being mov'd,
Mourn'd as he went, and thinking on her pin'd,
Entirely seeking, seeking her he lov'd,
Till too much gazing on her made him blind:
He call'd her Vesta, and to prove the same,
Erected up a trophy to her name.

Durst I but tell the world how much I love her,
Omitting nothing that I could express,

---

882 tulippy] Apparently formed on the analogy of 'rosie' above: but I do not find any dialectic justification here.

Rapt in those Heav'nly joys that seem'd to hover,
Only to crown her with their sacred bliss,
Too long I should upon her praises dwell;
Hymns are unworthy of her worth to tell.

Symethis shows how far her voice exceeds
Musical charms, whose sacred breath doth sink
Enchanted hearts, and where it stays it breeds
The sweet Nepenthe which the Gods do drink.
Having their love, they make her what they can,
Equal to them, too heav'nly for a man.

Many that view her sweet Elysian face
Admiring stand, as if some silver hook
Ran from her eyes to tie them to the place,
Tempting the Gods to read the am'rous book
Her cheeks enclose, and every wanton air,
As proud to kiss her, sporteth with her hair.

Sestos enjoy'd so beautiful a lass,
Methought her equal could not eas'ly be,
If yet with Hero she comparèd was
'Twas not fair Hero that 's so fair as she;
Her face bedeckt with beauty's sweet adorning,
Exceedeth far the blushing of the morning.

Yet see how Fate hath stole her soul away,
And wrapt it in the fair Elysian rest:
Slow time, admit me here no longer stay,
Till blest with her, I never can be blest;
Receive, dear Love, into those azure skies,
This soul who whilome to thy bosom flies."

So much for this: now for the cause we weep,
Fair Lady, know Bacchus is fall'n asleep.
The nature of the Spring we have declar'd,
So have you of Diana's battle heard.
At this she sigh'd, and as she gently pray'd
For some revenge, the satyrs grew afraid:
The winds spoke loud, Dian in choler burn'd,
And each of them cleaving to trees, she turn'd
To Ivy, whence it still is twinding found,
And Bacchus' nurses are with Ivy crown'd.
Thus Fortune, (whose continual wheely force
Keeps constant course, still keeps unconstant course)
Bequeath'd her harm; and Sepha with amaze
Tript o'er the plains towards that sacred place,
Casperia nam'd, and as she thus did hie,
Trust me Arcadius came riding by;
He look't on Sepha, oh, what good it wrought
To her, who with her earnest eyes besought
One ravisht word to ope those lips, but they
Lurkt still in glory's garden as they lay.

At this she sigh'd, O how she sigh'd at this:
'Farewell,' said she, 'and if I needs must miss
Of these fair hopes, yet shall my tender mind
Accuse thee not thy horse did prove unkind
To carry thee so fast.' Thus with this thought,
And suchlike meditations, she was brought
Unto the temple, now with roses strew'd,
Then to the altar with sweet balm bedew'd;
Where when the rites and ceremonies done,
She read this superscription was thereon.

'Those that Idalia's wanton garments wear,
No Sacrifices for me must prepare;
To me no quav'ring string they move
Nor yet Alphaean music love,
There 's no perfume
Delights the room,
From sacred hands
My altar stands
Void and defac't,
While I disgrac't
With angry eyes
Revenge the cries
Of you who to my altar haste,
And in my laws take your repast:
Pursue it still, the chief of my pretence
And happiness shall be your innocence.'

After sh' had read what vile reproach and stain
Her Queen endur'd, what just cause to complain
Hung on her breast, by an aspersion thrown
Upon her damsels' glories, and her own,
She sighs, and through enough and too much sorrow,
Disdains to live, for true love hates to borrow
Art to bewail mishap, and as she fainted,
Alas, too much unfit and unacquainted
With grief! she sighing said with swelling eye,
'The root depriv'd of heat, the branches die.'
Then 'gan her sense to play the tragic part
Of Fate, and Atropos joy'd in her art.
Each thing she saw (as all were proud t' advance
Themselves to her fair eyes) now seem'd to dance,
And turning round, the temple where she stood,
To her wet eyes presented a pale flood.
While she with scrambling hands seeking to take
Hold lest she fell, fell down into that lake,
Where struggling still, with many pretty dint
Her curious hand did give the earth a print
For Sepha's sake, which print the earth still keeps,
Of which we'll speak awhile, while Sepha sleeps.

The Story of Eramio and Amissa

'A foolish Prince, not wise because he vow'd
Virginity to dwell within a cloud,
And so much honour to her did ascribe,
Many had thought he had receiv'd a bribe
To vaunt her praise, and laurellize her name,
His mouth and he were trumpets to her fame.
I say a maiden Prince was lately there,
Whose custom was twice five times ev'ry year,
Cloth'd all in white, and stain'd with spots of black,
A yellow riband tied along his back,
To offer turtle doves with silver plumes,
And strew the place with aromatic fumes.
He was a Prince, born of a royal blood,
And being nobly born, was nobly good;
Nor only good he was, but stout and wise,
(Save that this fond opinion veil'd his eyes,)
Else he in ev'ry action was upright,
And free from vice, as sorrow from delight;
Of courage good, for valour oft had bound
His temples up, and them with laurel crown'd.
Beauty lay lurking in his magic face,
Worthy of praise since it chose such a place;
Those ruddy lips, those cheeks so heav'nly fair,
Where Love did play the wanton with his hair,
Did witness it, and witness this his line
I found engraven o'er his golden shrine,
By some belovèd hand, whose pen doth speak
(Though willingly) his praise, alas! too weak:

Lo! here he lies, enshrin'd with his own fame,
Whose virtue's gone abroad to tell his name.

This Prince returning home by those dim lights,
After he had perform'd the sacred rites
Of his pure zeal, for night came peeping on,
Whose sable face had thrust the weary Sun
Beyond the Northern Pole; whether it was
To hide her fault, and bring his end to pass,
Or whether 'twas to view his sacrifice,
She stealing came, or t' keep him from the eyes
Of those destroyers that about did gather
To steal his life, or haste destruction rather,
To me 'tis not reveal'd, but sure it is,
Too sure, alas! conspicuous fate was his.
Could Heaven permit the deed? or give consent,
(Who should be just) to the accomplishment
Of this nefarious act? could Phoebus' eye
Be dazzled so, or yield a sympathy
To this rebellious inhumanity?

Better had he renounc't the vows he made,
And spent his days under some gloomy shade;
Better had he in flow'ry fields abide,
And lead his flock by purling river's side;
Better had he bestrid the foamy waves,
Where Pactolus his weary body laves;
Yea, better far he ne'er had been allied
To Dian's laws, far better had he died.
And die he did, did death commit a sin?
No, yet when first his arrows do begin
Untimely death to force, 'tis often said,
His sulphur breath hath the sweet spring decay'd.
He was but young; the girdle of the year,
By which our human actions do appear,
And so we live and die, had ne'er embrac't
Thrice three times twice his young and tender waist;
Scarce could he stand upon the joyful ground,
And crop those blushing cherries which he found
Upon their infant trees, yet envious eye
Conspir'd to end his perpetuity.
And thus it was, as young Eramio came
From Dian's temple (for so was his name)
Amissa, who had oft desir'd to free
Her breast of that hell-knawing jealousy
By her conceiv'd, for this Amissa had
Been with the beauty of Eramio clad;
In a supreme desire towards his love,
Oft with her letters did she strive to move
With Cupid's laws him to retain alliance,
Till he, who scorn'd obedience gave defiance.
This could not cool that heat which had inspir'd
A longing hope[s] to that which he desir'd:
She sighs and weeps; she sighs and laughs, she cries,
And in a rage doth heave towards the skies
Her feeble hands; she studies how to tempt
Him to her lure, (lovers are oft exempt
Of modesty) and in a rage doth go
Towards her ink, (as lovers use to do)
And frames this letter, which I chanc'd to meet:
Ah me, 'twas young Eramio's winding-sheet.

Amissa to Eramio.

I heard how elder times enjoy'd the bliss
Of uncouth love, Fame the historian is;
Men whose heroic spirits scorn to bend
Their gallant necks to any servile hand,

1077 This arithmetical periphrase is really 'Ars Metrike,' as the old form goes. You can make any number subserve any measure by it.

1087 clad] One need not doubt that the rhyme had most to do with the selection of this word. But if you can be '*wrapped* in thought,' why not be '*clad* in desire'?

Whose beauty could command as noble eyes,
I, and as many as these azure skies,
E'er show'd thy face, to view with a desire
Their glorious parts, and viewing to admire;
Yet these in whom each God have plac'd an eye,
To make a shrill and pleasant harmony
Of all their glories in one sound alone,
Yet these so far have their affection shown,
With sword and lance to make their faith approv'd,
Though as thyself not half so well belov'd.
How canst thou then disdain this humble suit
Of a pure love? how can thy pen be mute?
Many detesting love, and scorn his name,
Yet with their pens will certify the same
By answer, that they may that harm prevent
Of future hopes, for *Silence gives consent.*
Shall still unkindness overflow the brim?
Leander did to fairest *Hero* swim,
But I must come myself, and void of good
To strengthen me, must make my tears the flood,
And when I come, thy tower so fast is barr'd,
Thy suppliant's weak complaint will not be heard;
What is the cause thou dost affection scorn?
Shall base contempt those lovely brows adorn?
Am I too mean? look what I want of it,
So much my loyal love shall make me fit.
Let not thy thoughts accuse me, 'cause I sue,
For true love clad with virtue needs must woo;
Nor let thy answer show I am refus'd,
But use me now ev'n as thou wouldst be us'd.
Amissa.

This mov'd Eramio much, who (worthy knight,)
As ignorant as free from Love's delight,
Like purling quails, who ev'n now are secure,
With pleasant tunes are train'd unto the lure
Of the deceitful fowler, so was he,
As this his answer will a witness be.

Eramio to Amissa.

Fair Queen, that favour which you please to give
To my unworthiness, shall make me live
Renown'd, when so much love you do bequeath,
Blown by the bellows of your flow'ry breath,
Shall fold me in your arms; do not conceive
'Twas scorn, or want of love, that made me leave
My answer until now, Amissa, no,
And 'mongst your other virtues please to know,
'Twas that excessive humble love I had,
That would not link your honour to so bad,
As your *Eramio.*

This fair Amissa saw; what sweet content
To her it brought, let those whose time is spent
On Cupid's study know, the same I leave
To them alone, let them alone conceive.
It was not long (though lovers think it long)
Ere young Eramio went (new love is strong)
To see Amissa, where ('tis open said)
There was a private contract 'twixt them made;
This being nois'd (as Fame will quickly spread)
Amongst his friends, how fondly he was led
By Love's alarms, with letters they did strive
Diana's holy fires to revive
Within his breast, and that to love alone,
From Venus free, whereof this letter 's one.

Fluentus to Eramio.

Be not so serious, striving to commend
The blaze of beauty; sometimes let a friend
Partake of your well-tunèd notes of worth
Which solely to yourself you warble forth
In some retirèd shade; do not adore
A boy for God; let others' harms before,
By his deceit, make you at last be wise:
It was for something Cupid lost his eyes.
Love is a thing deceitful, and will charm
The wounded heart unto a further harm;
Such are th' allurements of the boy, to stain
The virtuous mind and make destruction plain.
What desp'rate ends to many do ensue,
And in their blood their guilty hands imbrue,
To thee 'tis known; let them a warning move,
If thou desir'st continuance of our love.
Fluentus.

Even this Eramio read, and being mov'd,
In that his friends despise him 'cause he lov'd,
In Love's excuse whose arrows he did kiss,
He sat awhile, and then returnèd this.

Eramio to Fluentus.

Rapt with ambrosian favours of her love
I well may serious strive, when Tempe grove
Delights so much to whisper forth the praise,
Of my sweet love, with Heliconian lays.
How can my Muse be dumb? or cease to sing
Of fair Amissa? when each silver spring
And cooling arbour to report her fame,
Dictates my Muse in echoing back her name;

1165 that] would seem to require 'fire' in the singular.

If she but deigns to beautify the air
With her sweet breath, her golden-knotted hair
Receives a thousand compliments of love
From wanton Zephyrus, enough to move
Conceiv'd delights; so joys he when he finds
How much her nectar-breath perfumes the winds.
If she but coverts in Pathimne bow'rs,
To hide her from those sweet distilling show'rs
That come to kiss her from their cloudy throne
Of vapour'd mists, those pearls finding her gone
Lament and die, when they have lost the sweet
They misst, yet some will stay to kiss her feet.
Why will you then dissuade me from that chase
I have begun, when ev'ry private place
Records her praise? nor think I am so stupid
Instead of higher powers to honour Cupid.
In all things there's a mean; I will be warn'd
By others' harms, for since I have been scorn'd
By some, the next shall teach me to be wise,
And shame mishap; poor Cupid lost his eyes
By gazing so much on the love I honour,
That all the eyes he had he spent upon her.
Glad is Amissa when my Muse repeats
Her friendly looks, and then again her threats
'Gainst those that bid me cease to tell her blisses,
Sweeter than life, and half so sweet as kisses.
If therefore serious friendship may advise you,
On still, for if you cease, your love denies you;
And if another chance to see her face,
Take heed, 'twill draw him on to win the race.
Eramio.

Which when Fluentus read, and fully found
The depth of his affection, and his wound,
This he return'd.

FLUENTUS TO ERAMIO.

RECEIVE with this my thanks, and prosp'rous fate
To your proceedings, love instead of hate,
Kindness for coyness, Venus' sweet embrace,
And Juno's kiss, with all the pomp and grace
That Hymen can afford; then joyful I
Will come and sing your Epithalamy.
Thus far my wishes, but if counsel may
Be took as kindly, boldly then I say,
Trust not the winds, they are as false as fleet;
As fleet as am'rous, kissing all they meet,
Without exception. Be not credulous,
What groves do whisper is suspicious;

1201 coverts] 'Takes covert,' 'hides.'

Ask but Narcissus, and he will declare
Echo's a wanton, only empty air,
That doth but mock; the mists you say that meet
To court your love, do but bemire her feet,
And not adorn them; Tempe and the groves
Are now forsook of shady leaves, and loves;
Flora for shame resideth in the earth,
Until the Spring do give her a new birth.
In speculation of your mistress' eyes,
If Cupid lost his sight in any wise,
Beware of yours, for so it well befits,
Lest with your eyes you also lose your wits.
Cupid they say's a God, and dares commence
A suit with Jove: Apollo had no fence
Against his weapon; thus conclude I then,
If Gods do fail, there are no hopes in men.
Reflect on this: you say you have been scorn'd
By some, therefore take heed you be not horn'd
By others, for this proverb is both known
And true, an evil seldom comes alone.
Run not too fast, although you see her face,
(Love will beguile, Jove did a cloud embrace,)
Lest when with pain you traverst have the ground,
You win a prize is better lost than found.
Fluentus.

Eramio stood amaz'd, so quick a change
Should hurl about occasions to so strange
An intercepted plot: "O Heav'ns," said he,
"Can this delusion spring from amity?
From enmity it comes; Fluentus knows
A true affected heart admits no shows
Of wav'ring thoughts, to cloak a real sign
Of occult things, of harmonies divine:
The world I know, ev'n as the dwellers use it,
Is pregnant-full of sinners that abuse it.
But let them live, while I in faith involv'd,
Fluentus, do by this make thee resolv'd."

ERAMIO TO FLUENTUS.

REPORTS of gratulations to retain
Me for your vowèd servant are but vain,
For prosperous gales may drive me more your debtor
Through Neptune's foamy floods, to love you better
For this pretext, Epithalamium-like,
The mirror of which influence doth strike
That epithesis to my humid sense,
That young Leander-like, I banish hence
Foolish despair, when such an easy price,
Favour'd by love, may win a merchandise

Richer than Colchos' pride; such power and force
Have your Platonic lines to make a course,
That once seem'd tedious, when it was begun,
Pleasant and short to those that needs must run.
Thus far my thanks, your counsel being had
Kindly, and seriously, of one as glad
As may be, when he finds a friend will say,
And botch his lines, to make an hour a day;
Trust me the winds are not so false as fleet,
Nor amorous, nor kiss they all they meet.
Without exception, those be foolish winds
Which Boreas-like blusters on all it finds.
There is indeed a breath that takes delight
With his obdurate busses to affright
Chaldei met, come from Lavinium dales
In love's disgrace: but these are not the gales
My Muse reports of; 'tis a pleasing air,
Which only sits and nestles in the hair
Of my dear love, which like a feath'rèd rain,
Circuits the globe and thither comes again:
Witness the heads of those Aeolian streams,
Whose bubbling currents murmur forth the dreams
Of nymphs, and satyrs, which account the groves
The ardent Salopia for their loves.
Ardent Narcissus miss'd the love he sought,
Yet, foolish boy, whate'er he wisht he caught;
He lov'd himself, and when himself he misses,
The echoes mock him for his foolish wishes,
(Amidst such Hero and such Thisban choices)
Thrusting him farther with their wanton voices
To deeper griefs, mounted on th' highest tops
Despair could grant; those clear and silver drops,
Which only ling'red time to kiss the sweet,
The innocent, the pure, and heavenly feet
Of my fair love, amaz'd him to behold,
For what they toucht they straightway turn'd to gold;
For shame Queen Flora deigns not to appear,
Abash't to see a fairer Flora here;
Nor Cynthia did more chastity embrace
Than she, nor Venus a more lovely face,
Whose radiant eyes, that kindle Cupid's fire,
Are *Cos amoris*, whetstones of desire.
Then strive not this entire knot to undo,
For I can love thee and Amissa too.

Eramio.

This by the one wrote, by the other read,
Stopt letters' mouths, and sudden parly bred,
In which dispute Eramio did haste
To publish proofs, but in his proofs was cast.

"O dear Fluentus," said Eramio,
"In whom my soul revives, by this I know
Thou art upright; so will I be upright:
No more the wicked boy shall taint my sight
With his deluding parables; I hate
His idle laws, and at as high a rate
Esteem Diana's worship, as before
I ever did, and her alone adore."
"And will you then neglect that lovely chase,"
Fluentus said, "you so much did embrace?"
"I will," said he, "and if Eramio live,
No more I will my youth and honour give
To foolish love; Idalia's son, I bid
Thy laws adieu"; and so indeed he did.
Which when his love, the fair Amissa, knew,
How all her wishèd joys abortive grew,
She watch't a time, even as Eramio came
From sweet Casperia, Dian's sacred flame,
And there by force, love conquering did move her,
By force to make Eramio her lover.
Eramio starts, mistrusting even as reason
Herself would do some new intended treason.
"What cause," said he, "hath urg'd you to this plot,
Against my life, (ye men) I know ye not?"
About to strike, the fair Amissa cries,
"O hold thy blow, for if thou strik'st she dies
Whose death thou seek'st." "And came the cause from thee?"
Eramio said; "let this thy glory be,
Thou worst of women, that thou hast receiv'd
Thy death from him, whose hand hath thee bereav'd
Of a polluted soul; when thou shalt come
'Fore Rhadamanth there to receive thy doom
For this last act, lament thyself, and howl,
In that thou hast been tainted with so foul
An ignominious stain; could thy base heart
Permit fruition to this dev'lish art
Of base conspiracy? O hell-bred evil!
Hatch'd by infernal potions of that Devil,
Father to thee, and thine; had I suppos'd
So fair a frame as thine could have inclos'd
Such hateful gues[t]s within, or had I thought
Thy often flatt'ring messages had wrought
By that black art, from which this harm proceeds,
Or such fair beauty could have mask'd such deeds,
Long since thy soul to that black cave had fled
Of envious night, and I snatch'd from thy head
Those glorious anadems thou us'd to wear,
Chaplets of curious flowers I did prepare
For thy bewitching brows; O how I hate
My wicked star, my too too envious fate;

I hate the time that did induce desire
Of love, I hate the fuel caus'd the fire,
I hate my eyes, too credulous and kind
To thy false heart, that strikes thy beauty blind,
And which more honour from thy breast discovers,
To give example to young foolish lovers;
I vow by heaven, and all the powers there be
Therein, I hate myself for loving thee."
His words half spoke, Cyandus' daughter cries,
"Is this the meed of zealous love?" and dies.
For young Eramio in this plot deceiv'd,
Up from the ground the massy stone had heav'd,
Borne by the fury of a tyrannous spite,
And as his present anger did invite,
Hurl'd it amongst them. Heard you not the sounds
Of struggling vial pouring from their wounds
Consumèd oil? Amissa's feeble heart
Paying untimely death for his wisht dart
Its purest streams. But lo, a sudden change,
Wrought by inspirèd miracles doth range
Their deep amazèd ears; amidst the throngs
Of their shrill cries were heard Elysian songs,
Like those when Jove his Ganimed had stole,
Granting a pleasant convoy to her soul.
Her soul and body gone those Heav'ns to grace,
As too too worthy for this sordid place;
Her heart to manifest the clear complexion
Of her upright, of her unstain'd affection,
Was metamorphos'd to a diamont,
Which so th' afflicted lover did affront
With visions, dreams, and such-like signs, to move
A good conceit of her unspotted love.
"Hold, hold," said he, "let my revenge alone,
The Gods have ways enow, if once but shown;
The time will come when Venus will inspire
Into each scornful breast tormenting fire,
By nought to be extinguisht, for I know,
If poets can divine, it must be so;
It must be so, and those who now deride
Her holy laws, and have too much relied
Upon the foolish worships of the Queen
Of Chastity, whose power is still unseen,
Ev'n as I am, so will I always pray,
Shall be perplext a thousand times a day;
This hand, (curst be this hand, and every hand
That rescu'd me, and helpt me to withstand
That glorious yoke my neck should daily move
Under Amissa's too respective love),
This hand no more shall sprinkle the perfume
Of frankincense, in Dian's hallowed room,

But if it ever an oblation make,
To any Altar, or do e'er partake
In any solemn sacrificer's vow,

More zeal and honour shall appear in mine,
Amissa, it shall be upon thy shrine."
These words were stopt by Menothantes' father,
Who to revenge his sister's death, but rather
To quit his stock of an abusive crime
Was laid upon the worthies of the time,
Suppos'd, though false, by him, (whereof you have
In this portrait a copy, which I leave
To your chaste eyes, in hope you will permit
A charitable censure over it,
For sweet Eramio's sake) old Paean's son,
Striving to perfect what he had begun,
(To which his bloody heart had been inur'd)
With his envenom'd dart a death procur'd
To young Eramio, who sighing said,
"See, see, unhappy fate hath me betray'd."
But while he speaks, he to Amissa goes,
Invokes the powers to pardon him, and throws
His body on the blood-besprinkled ground,
Where, when distilling tears had washt her wound,
"Ay me," said he, "that this doth us betide,"
So kist into her lips his soul, and died.'

So much the Cretan lad, with weeping voice
Had told, and was about to tell the rest;
'But lest,' said he, 'ladies, the heavy noise
Of her mishap should your chaste ears molest,
Awhile give respite to my tongue, that I
May gather strength to end her tragedy.'

Finis Libri Primi

So far my childish Muse the wanton play'd,
To crop those sweets the flow'ry meadows bore,
Pleasing herself in valleys as she stray'd,
Unable yet those lofty hills to soar;
But now her wings by stronger winds aspire,
In deeper songs to tune her warbling lyre.

For what before her infant brain declar'd,
Was but a key to tune her quav'ring strings,
Always to have her instruments prepar'd
To sing more sweet, when she of Sepha *sings,*
Who from above, even for her virtues sake,
Will shrill my sound, and better music make.

Now let me tell how Epimenides,
With weeping voice and penetrating eyes,
Reviv'd the ladies, who themselves did please
By purling streams to wail his miseries,
Who, while the meads with his complainings rang,
Wiping his eyes, these sad encomions sang.

Liber Secundus

I told you (ladies) if your tender hearts
Admit attention, while my tongue imparts
Such heavy news, how young Eramio came
With yearly incense, to the hallow'd fame
Of the Alphaean worship, and how fate
Abridg'd his life with night's eternal date.
I told you also (leaving her asleep)
How Sepha's eyes o'ercharg'd with tears did weep,
And, as she swounded, how her curious hands
Did give the earth a print, which print still stands
To keep her fame alive, but what it was,
Through too much grief my tongue did overpass,
As fit'st, it seems, to be inserted here,
That as my heavy story doth draw near
Towards her end, so her immortal praise,
Rapt in her sweet encomions may raise
Conjugal tears from each distilling eye,
Whose praise and fame shall them accompany
With her harmonious voice, I mean the love
Her soul will pour upon them from above.
And that her eyes may make all sighs the fairer,
Her soul will smile to see the love they bare her.

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1 So far] There is something in this, which looks as if there might have been an interval, and perhaps a considerable one, between the composition of the two books. But, if so, 'R.C.' does not seem to have been aware of it.

The spices which Eramio had strew'd
About the altar, her wet eyes bedew'd
With sorrowing tears, which daily they did cast
Upon the same, and made thereof a paste;
Like those congealed clouds which some have given
A glorious title, call'd the walls of Heaven.
So Sepha falling, fell upon the same,
From whose fair hand that fair impression came,
By some swift Savo call'd, for many say
From thence Campanian * Savo took her way,
And there it is where each Campanian maid
For yearly offerings her vow hath paid
With the Medean draughts, t' revive the fame
Of Sepha dead; Savo from Sepha came:
But that 's not all, the print whereof I spake,
Though some affirm 'tis, yet 'tis not a lake.
For if the spices which Eramio cast,
Dry'd up her tears, and thereof made a paste,
How can a lake ensue? but this is sure,
There was a corner of the altar pure
From any blot; on this Eramio laid
His aromatic spices as he pray'd.
This being turn'd into a paste by those
Distilling eyes (which dying seldom close;)

The palm of her fair hand did gently press
The yielding paste, and as she up it rear'd,
Like a triangled heart the print appear'd.
The fingers standing just upon the heart,
Presented Cupid's shafts, which he doth dart
On simple souls, from whence ensues the blood,
The blood being gone, came that Campanian flood;
Thus palm and fingers having shown the love
By Cupid's net entangled, straight did move
T' another form; no figure there was seen;
While yet they gaze upon 't, the place grows green;
At this they stare, at this a flower up-starts,
Which still presents the form of wounded hearts.
This being seen by nymphs that haunt the springs,
Each took a slip, it to their mansion brings,
Where being set, it 's now in every grove,
A pretty flower, and call'd the Lady-glove.
Now let me tell of Sepha, and her hap
That did ensue, while she in Fortune's lap
Lies lull'd asleep, (sleep had her sense bereav'd)
(And chiefly for the love she had conceiv'd
Of her Arcadius) bethinking hard,
Either he is of charity debarr'd,

---

* A river in Campania

Or linkt t' another's virtue, and surmising
He 's not to be embrac'd, waking and rising,
She found herself by him to be embrac't,
Who, being present at her fall, did haste
To hale her breath again; those eyes that wrought
Confusion first, now more confusion brought;
Having Arcadius kist, she thinks some dream
Deludes her wandering sense, in which extreme,
Rapt with conceit of this her present good,
Her greedy eyes with ardent wishes woo'd
That Heaven, in which her present hopes remain'd
A world's continuance, and she had obtain'd
What she desir'd, had not the wingèd boy
Unbent his bow, with period of their joy.
Yet something to her hopes he did admit,
To whet the heavy sacrificer's wit;
While young Arcadius with trembling hand,
Felt how the pulse, as if at Death's command,
Sounded a loud alarm; 'Fair Heav'n,' said he,
'In whom all grace and virtues planted be,
Why will you suffer that * infernal hound
To dare to come, to give this heart this wound?
Use that celestial power the powerful Gods
Have giv'n, that grief and you may live at odds.
I know those eyes, one wink from those fair eyes
Have power to banish hence all miseries
Are incident to man; so rare a gift
Did Nature find, when only but this shift
T' amaze spectators she for you had left;
For know when Nature fram'd you she bereft
The world of all perfections, to make
You of divine and heav'nly good partake,
As well as human, that there might agree
In you, of every grace a sympathy.'
So said, the blushing damsel with delight
Of this new friend, did with her eyes requite
His too soon ended speech. 'O Heav'ns,' she said,
'That have respect to me, unworthy maid,
And deign this good to me so oft desir'd,
Direct me so, that ere I have expir'd
This perfect bliss, and am depriv'd the same,
I may enjoy the knowledge of his name.
Grant this (ye Gods) to me, impatient, till
I know his name, his country, and his will.'
Then did she pull her scarf from off her face,
And putting by her hair with that sweet grace
That Venus us'd, when to Adonis' eyes
She did expose her love, Sepha did rise
With such sweet looks as cannot be exprest,
And said, 'These favours, Sir,'—and sigh'd the rest.

* Grief.

'Well,' thought Arcadius, 'something there remains,
And 'tis some weighty cause that it detains,
(Grant Heav'n) that as I hope, so it may prove,
By her unpolisht sentence, to be love.'
For he in dreams and visions oft had seen
A lady, who for him alone had been
Tortur'd a thousand ways; with blubb'red cheeks,
She oft had said, 'Receive her love, who seeks
No other life, than for thy own deserts
T' enjoy thy presence, and admire thy parts.'
She being now recover'd sat her down
To view Arcadius, whom the priest did crown
With wreaths of laurel, which he always wore
For the upright affection that he bore.
Then to the altar went he, where he pray'd,
While Sepha, overcome with passion, said,
So loud that he might hear, 'Were I the saint
To whom he prays, sure I would hear his plaint.'
At this Arcadius look't upon her lips,
And blest them that they let that message slip;
Then with his pure devotion onward goes,
                              and on the altar throws
A wingèd heart, which lately he had got
For sacrifice; about the heart was wrote
These next ensuing lines.

The purest piece of man's delight,
In whom his life, and Love consists,
Whose softness keeps from gloomy night,
Which nought can pierce but amethysts,
Is here presented on thy throne,
Bedew'd with tears of faithful vows,
Presenting thee what is thy own,
The best to please thy virgin brows,
To fan thy face with her cool wings,
And fly the faster as she sings.

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141 Another of these curious false stanza-endings.

148 amethysts] Orig. 'Amatysts.' Did B. invent this addition to the mystical virtues of the gem?

Which I by chance,
The better his sad story to advance,
Have copied forth; about the wings there was
Some other lines, which I will not let pass,
That (gentle ladies) ye may not have cause,
Of his devotion to detract th' applause. 160

Fly swift my thoughts, and through this sacred fire, Mount up to her, let her to me retire,
That by those sweet distilling drops above, She may infuse to me religious love,
So may I live, and scape the dart, While her sweet breath salve up my heart,
And flourish like those flowers it fills, With nectar sweet, which one frown kills,
First let Voluptas weep, And Gloria fall asleep,
Castalian liquors free, Medea bitter be,
Ere I forsake Thy praise to make
Or yet deny Thy piety.

161 Read straight across. 166 Orig. 'Castalion liquor's.'

These and the like Arcadius presents,
Mingled with deep and choice perfuming scents
Of many bitter sighs; he turn'd him round,
Salutes the priest, the altar, and the ground
Whereon it stood, then to fair Sepha turns,
Who while her heart with strange affection burns,
Meets him with nimble eyes; he gently bends
A trembling cringe to Sepha, who attends
With her impatient ears that happy hour,
When the wish't Sun shall show that gracious flower
She loves unknown, till a sigh doth bewray,
As if the prologue for a following play,
These next ensuing words, and such they were,
They did require the time she stay'd to hear.
'Harpocrates * may claim a vow I made,
(Fair lady) under his belovèd shade;
When my incipient years too too [to] blame,
With rash attempts to laurelize the fame
Of Cupid's power, invested that disgrace,
Which still should be a shadow to my face.'
Then, 'cause one way did lead to both their towers,
He took her magic hand, and with whole showers
Of tears first washt them, then with a faint kiss
Dried them, and walking homeward told her this.

* The God of Silence.

The Story of Phaon and Sappho

'In Lesbos famous for the comic lays,
That us'd to spring from her o'erflowing praise,
Twice famous Sappho dwelt, the fairest maid
Mitelin had, of whom it once was said
Amongst the Gods a sudden question was,
If Sappho or Thalia did surpass
In lyribliring tunes: it long remain'd,
Till Mnemosyne the mother was constrain'd
To say they both from her begetting sprang,
And each of th' other's warbling Lyra sang.
There was a town in Lesbos, now defac'd,
Antissa nam'd, by Neptune's arms embrac'd;
There Sappho had a tower, in it a grove
Bedeck'd with pearls, and strew'd about with love;
Leucothean branches overspread the same,
And from the shadows perfect odours came.
To dress it most there was a purple bed,
All wrought in works, with azure mantles spread;

193 to] Not in orig., but is evidently wanted: while there is as evident an excuse for the printer's omission of it.

201 comic] Seems here = 'encomiastic.'

207 lyribliring] This strange word is orig., unless (for the type is very much blurred) it is 'lyr*io*liring.' 'Lyre-obliging'?

The tables did unspotted carpets hold
Of Tyrian dyes, the edges fring'd with gold.
Along this grove there stealing ran a spring,
Where Sappho tun'd her Muse, for she could sing
In golden verse, and teach the best a vein
Beyond the music of their sweetest strain.
Here while she sang, a ruddy youth appear'd,
Drawn by the sweetness of the voice he heard;
"Sing on," said he, "fair lady, let not me,
Too bold, give period to your melody.
Nor blame me for my over-bold attempt,
(Although I yield of modesty exempt
In doing this) and yet not over-bold,
For whoso hears the voice, and doth behold
The lips from whence it comes, would be as sad
As I, and trust me, lady, if I had
But skill to tempt you with so sweet a touch,
Assure you, you yourself would do as much."
She answers not, for why the little God
Had touch'd her heart before, and made a rod
For one contempt was past; she view'd him hard,
Whose serious looks made Phaon half afear'd
She was displeas'd; about to go she cries,
"Stay, gentle knight, and take with thee the prize,
To thee alone assur'd." The boy look'd pale,
But straight a ruddy blush did make a veil
T' obscure the same; while thus he panting stood,
A thousand times he wisht him in the wood
From whence he came, and speaking not a word,
Let fall his hat, his javelin, and his sword.
She being young, and glad of an occasion,
Stoopt down to take them up; he with persuasion
Of an half showing love, detains her hand
From it, and with his fingers made the band
To chain them fast, (now Love had laid his scene
And draw'd the tragic plot, whereon must lean
The ground of all his acts). Great Deity!
When thy foreseeing love-sight can descry
Things which will hap, why dost thou train their loves
With pleasant music to deceitful groves?
See how the love of some with equal weight,
By virtue pois'd, lives free from all deceit,
To whom thou help'st with thy belovèd darts,
And link'st their true inviolable hearts.
Why deal'st not so with all? are some too hard?
Or hath enchanted spells their hearts debarr'd
From thy keen shafts? you Powers should be upright,
Not harmful Gods: yet thou still tak'st delight

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256 love-sight] Orig. '*n*ove-sight,' which is, of course, a *vox nihili.* I am by no means sure of my reading and could give several conjectures.

In bloody ends: why didst not wink at these,
And send thy shafts a thousand other ways
That more deserv'd thy anger? or if needs
Thou would'st be doing, while thy power proceeds,
In lofty flames one flame requires another.
Why didst thou wound the one, and not the other?
For (lady) so it past between the lovers,
That after little pause Sappho discovers
Those kindled flames which never can expire,
But his contempt adds fuel to her fire.
"Immodest girl," he said, "why art so rude
To woo? when virtuous women should be woo'd,
And scarce obtain'd by wooing." "O forbear,"
Sweet Sappho cried, "if I do not prepare
A just excuse by none to be denied,
Never let me——" so sat her down and cried.
He, mov'd for pity more to see her tears,
Than toucht with any loyal love he bears,
Sat down by her, while she despairing, laid
Her eyes on his, her hands on his, and said,
"Ay me, that * herbs for love no cure afford,
Whose too too jealous actions will accord
To nought but semblable desire; that lost,
What pain more vile than lovers that are crost
With hopeless hopes? they say 't 's a † God that works
The same, but sure some devil 'tis that lurks
His opportunity how to destroy,
And tear the soul from her aspiring joy.
Now to prevent occasions that may fall,
Is serious love, which will all harms appal,
Neglect whereof by many is deplor'd;
Ay me! that herbs for love no cure afford!
Now for the fault whereof I am accus'd,
O blame me not, for 'tis no fault I us'd;
For if affection spurs a man to love,
'Tis that affection needs must make him move
His suit to us, and we, when we affect,
And see the like from them, seem to neglect
Their scornèd suit, but so our frowns appear,
Mixt with a faint desire, and careful fear
It should displease them, that we may unite
A careless love with an entire delight.
Again, when men do see a curious stone,
The only hopes of their foundation,
How often do they slight with scornful eye,
Neglect, disgrace, dispraise, and spurn it by,
The more to move and stir up an excess
Of disrespect, and make the value less.

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* 'Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.'
† 'Credo aliquis Daemon, &c.'

Even so we handle men, who still endure
A thousand deaths, to train us to their lure;
And were we sure they could not us forsake,
We'd dally more, even more delight to make.
Even so as men are caught, even so are we,
When we affect those that our service flee;
What kind salutes, embraces and constraints
Ought we to use? lest our untun'd complaints
Unpitied die, and we with sorrow's scope,
As free from pleasure die, as free from hope.
Thou art a stranger, Phaon, to this place,
But I have known thy name, and know thy race;
Eumenion[*] stories do thy honour tell,
Istria, Eumenion, knew thy parents well,
Whose fathers' head upheld the weighty crown
Of Illyris, which none could trample down;
Though many envied, free from harm he laid
His bones to rest, with whom the crown decay'd.
Now Fate, to show a model of her power,
On thy Illyricum began to lower;
Thy household gods[†], acquainted with the cries
Of thy decaying subjects, cast their eyes
This way and that; 'twas yours, O Gods, to bid
Denial to sedition that was hid
In Catalinian breasts, and to surcease
The period of your domestic ease.
In this uproar (what fruits seditions bring
May well be guesst, for every one was King)
The better sort prepar'd for thee and thine
A waftage over the belov'd Rhyne,
To Lesbos this; thou hadst not long been here,
But private envy did thy walls uprear,
And did beguile to all posterity
Thee of thy glory, and the crown of thee.
These things thy household gods (to Lesbos brought)
Foreseeing good, have for thy own good wrought,
That thou may'st gain a greater crown than that
Illyrius had, and be more honour'd at
Those festivals, when yearly thou partak'st
Of triumphs, which to chimney gods thou mak'st.
This was a work divine, and happy too,
(If any happiness from grief ensue)
That thou wast here conceal'd, for many vow'd,
And thund'red forth the fame thereof aloud,

---

[*] An Italian who wrote the private sedition of Illyricum.

[†] These sprung first from the sons of Lara, by the Painims called household gods, of whom Ovid:

'Ponitur ad Patrios barbara praeda deos.'

344 Rhyne] B. seems often to use this word, like the Somerset 'rhine,' of a watercourse generally.

Of thy ensuing death, while thou wast still
In pupillage, and knew'st, nor didst no ill,
But 'twas the Providence of you that dwell
In lofty Heav'ns (ye Powers), and to expel
All harm from him who must your laws maintain,
That when his perfect strength he doth obtain,
He may reward their deeds that envy bred,
And maugre those that to rebellion led.
Here wast thou brought, here hast thou daily stay'd,
And (while thy better subjects sought thee) play'd,
Beguiling time away; perhaps you'd know
What mov'd the powers to permit thee so
Untimely ruin: know they did anoint
Thee King of famous Lesbos, and appoint
This means alone to make their power approv'd,
And bring thee here of me to be belov'd."
To this faint speech he intermission made
With heavy sighs, and then, "Fair lady" said,
"The Heav'ns have robb'd me of succeeding bliss,
And hid me from those means to grant you this
I most desire; behold, my love, I die,
My trou[b]led soul methinks doth seem to fly
Through silent caves and fields; two pleasant gates
Ope wide to take me in, wherein there waits
A crown of gold, neither by arm or hand
Supported, but of its free power doth stand,
Now sits upon my head: these things I see,
And yet I live; can this a vision be?"
About to stir, "O stir me not," he cries,
"My feet stick fast; Sappho, farewell," and dies.
While yet he speaks, my parents' wayward fate
Must be accompanied with the date
Of my despisèd life, a fearful rind
Of citron trembling red doth creeping bind
His not half-closèd speech; his curlèd hair,
Which gallants of his time did use to wear
Of an indifferent length, now upward heaves
Towards the skies their gold refulgent leaves.
Sappho at this exclaims, laments, invokes
No power nor God, but seeks by hasty strokes,
As a fit sacrifice unto her friend,
From her belovèd breast her soul to send.
Awhile she silent stood, belike to think,
Which was the safest way for her to drink
Of the same cup her Phaon did; at last
(As evil thoughts will quickly to one haste)
She saw the spring that ran along the grove,
"'Tis you, fair streams, must send me to my Love.
Behold, dear Love, with what impatient heat
My soul aspires to mount to that blest seat,

Where thou blest sit'st; stretch out thy sacred hand,
And with safe conduct draw me to that land,
That we may taste the joys the valley yields;
And hand in hand may walk th' Elysian fields."
This said, she turns her face unto the tree,
And kissing it, said, "If thou still canst see,
Behold how irksome I enjoy that breath,
Which still detains my meeting thee in death":
With that she saw his sword, which she did take,
And having kiss'd it for the owner's sake,
Salutes her breast with many weeping wounds,
Then casts herself into the spring, and drownds.
  There is a hill in Paphlagonia, nam'd
Cytorus, whither this mischance was fam'd;
Myself was present there when many rude
And base untutor'd peasants did intrude
Into our games[*]; they were, as since I heard,
Those base insulting traitors that debarr'd
Wendenland's crown from righteous Phaon's brows;
These ('cause the Gods had quit them of the vows
They made to work his death) with open cries
Proclaim'd their thanks, and sent them to the skies.
But Venus, who in constant love delights,
And ev'ry perfect amity requites,
Exil'd their joy; each one perceives their arms
To branches grow, each one partakes the harms
Of their deserts. A tree[†] there is which bears
His summer hue, and it in winter wears:
To this she turns them, that continual green
Might manifest their never pard'ned sin.
This done, I saw a knight of courage bold,
Cloth'd all in argent armour, strip'd with gold,
Who vow'd the death of one of us should pay
For her mishap, to crown the heavy day
With anadems from his victorious hand.
I too too over-forward, did demand
What was the cause. "Discourteous knight," he said,
"Dost not repent thee that thou hast betray'd
That honour'd lady?" while I, ignorant
Of what he meant, he said, "'Tis not the want
Of lance shall keep thee safe, till I have shown
Thy just revenge"; so threw away his own.
But with his sword he taught me what to do,
And I myself had sword and armour too
Ready to answer him; the fight was long,
And had been longer too, till I too strong,
With an unlucky blow, O wer't ungiven!
Betray'd his life, and sent his soul to Heaven:

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[*] Plays called *Actis*, used every fifth year in honour of Apollo.

[†] The Box tree.

'Twas Alphitheon, who of long had lov'd
Sappho, now dead, whose suit I oft had mov'd
In his behalf; now hearing of her fate,
Either increast in him suspicious hate
T'wards me, or furious else did frantic strike,
Amaz'd, unkind to every one alike;
Dying he knew me, and bewail'd his loss.
"My friend Arcadius," said he, "the cross
Of this my present state ought not to be
A blot to stain our former amity.
I die, let my remembrance have a place
In thy just heart; it shall be no disgrace.
Though envy stole my sense, O 'tis no blot,
No fault at all was mine; I knew thee not
When here I met thee first. My dearest friend,
I die; love the remembrance of my end."
So said, he went away, while I distraught
For grief of this inhuman wicked fault,
Vow'd never more to move a lady's heart,
Nor for myself, nor for another's part.'

Arcadius ceast, and Sepha's turn was now,
Who said, 'Belov'd and worthy knight, that vow
You eas'ly may infringe, and yet be blest;
A rash conceit was never held the best.'
'You say it may be, and it shall be so,'
Arcadius said, 'chiefly for that I know
When virtue, beauty, and entire delight,
Our ne'er dissolv'd affection do unite,
The fault appears the less; the glorious eyes
Of the All-seeing Power do despise
Continual grief,* and Jove himself erstwhile
Carousing bowls of wine is seen to smile.
Fair lady, know, as yet to me unknown,
Your beauty and your virtues have o'erflown
My willing yielding sense; a secret fire,
Continually increasing through desire
To honour your admirèd parts, doth move,
By nought to be extinguisht but your love.
†Love is a thing full of suspicious care,
By every churlish wind blown to despair.
Silent Canius died for love, not known
To her, who did his pure affection own.
I therefore ope my heart before your eyes,
Not doubting but you're kind as well as wise;
Not doubting but you're wise as well as kind.'
Fair Sepha said, 'Your worth I know may find
Far better ladies, that may more content

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* 'Semel [in] anno ridet Apollo.'

† 'Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.'

Your love than I, and then you will repent
You of your deed, which still will you molest;
A rash conceit was never held the best.'
'Though all the beauties in the world were one,'
Said he, 'and I by right might seize upon
The same, yet would I for thy virtue's sake
Aspire no better fortune, than to make
Thee my belovèd wife; * where'er thou art,
Whate'er thou dost, the Graces grace impart
To thy sweet self; this hair, this lovely hair,
If loose, as thou dost often use to wear,
Ostends thy freer beauty, or if knit,
It shows rare wisdom is enclos'd in it.
In fine they are the chains that link desire
In ev'ry breast, and kindle Cupid's fire,
For whichsoever way thou dost them wear,
They fetch thee honour, and thy honour bear.'
'To me,' she said, 'you please to speak the best;
O, thought you of me so, I should be blest:
Nor that my fond conceit desires to be
Linkt with each pleasing object that I see,
But of a long retain'd affection, I
Desire the bonds of perfect amity;
And since you please to honour me so well
With common friendship, that in all should dwell,
Tell me the name of that thrice blessed place
Enjoys your presence, and from what blest race
You draw your line?' 'Me Arathea claims,'
Said he: 'my much unhappy parents' names
Were Capaneus and Evadne, they
Of good report and noble progeny.
My father, led by just revenge, was chief
Of those that wrought distressèd Thebes' grief,
Who having wed my mother, then but young
And of a pleasant face, whose parents sprung
From Juno's breasts, unto those wars was call'd;
Where after many skirmishes befall'd
To him this sad mishap: when various fights
Had clos'd up many with eternal nights,
He furious, and impatient of delay,
Resolv'd a quick dispatch, and with that day
To end the wars, a ladder he devises,
Of cords compos'd, by which he enterprises
Apparent means to scale the walls; but lo,
About to climb, some wicked hand doth throw

---

* Tibullus, Lib. 4:

'Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,
Composuit furtim, subsequiturque decor,
Seu solvit crines fusis decet esse capillis,
Seu compsit, comptis est reverenda comis.'

A stone upon him; "Yet I'll climb," he said;
But while his soldiers come unto his aid,
For all their hopes upon his worth relied,
He gave directions for the wars and died.
My mother too too heavy for his harm,
Did help his wounded body to unarm,
When all his friends, to honour him the more,
Were present, and his ruin did deplore.
*But while the fire consumes with greedy flame
His flesh, my mother runs into the same;
To show when virtue shrines an upright heart
Death never can united honour part.
In this Campania, where my castle stands,
I was instructed by the careful hands
Of Callias, till understanding bade
Revenge be done for wrongs my parents had.
I mov'd the wars afresh; what means I made,
With all-persuading reasons, to persuade
The soldiers' aid, is this.

"O you," said I, "belov'd for upright ways,
And fear'd of all for valour that obeys
Your conqu'ring arms! I purpose not to add
Words to your virtues, nor my speech to clad
With flatt'ring robes; my just revenge shall cause
A triumph for that never scorn'd applause
Of your victorious fame, which daily mov'd
Towards your names, O you so well belov'd!
Your noble friend my father, to whose shrine
You pay your yearly tears, is now divine.
He, sorry for that harm which would betide
Your never conquered arms in that he died,
Died loath to leave you: now there is a time
To heap revenge against them for that crime
Those coward traitors acted, when they slew
Your noble friend my father; let us view
The cause that moves us to display our war:
O is 't not meritorious, and far
Beyond the price of their despisèd blood?
Your wisdom knows your loss, our cause is good;
Too good, alas, for them; I know your love
Still, still, remains alive, which makes me move
Those valiant hearts which always you enjoy'd,
To seek revenge 'gainst those that have destroy'd
Your noble friend my father: this, O this,

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* An ancient use to burn the bodies of the dead, and put the ashes into vessels which they called urns; whereof Ovid, *Met.* Lib. 4:

'Quodque rogis superest, una requiescit in urna.'

571 clad] This, for the present and infinitive of 'clothe,' is not so very rare in Elizabethan English.

592 Your noble] A characteristic repetition.

Makes me require your help, nor greater bliss
Can to your dying tombs more honour gather,
Than to revenge your noble friend my father.
O you so well belov'd, I need not show
The slothful Thebans' fearfulness; you know
The manner and the matter of their war,
How through disorder and discord they jar
Amongst themselves; your swords their towers shake,
At the remembrance of your names they quake.
When in the skirmage you your valour send,
To court their necks, and show their lives their end,
Bethink you for whose sake you fight, and let
His wonted valour and remembrance whet
Your all-commanding swords; what greater gain
Than their subjection can you obtain?
Honour from thence will spring, their wealth and glories
By you enjoy'd will fill your famous stories
With never-dying fame, and for your merit
Your sons shall everlasting praise inherit.
We for revenge, renown, and amity,
Our wars display, they but for liberty;
When we have girt their city with the choice
Of martial men, then shall we hear their voice
Come creeping to us, but our ears are stopt
From traitors' mouths, till we have overtopt
(For justice' sake, on which we have relied)
Their weighty sins, and high aspiring pride.
O you belov'd of all, 'tis not a cause
Of little worth, not only for applause
I move you to this war; survey your hearts,
There see his tomb, his wounds, and his deserts
Ever to be admir'd, your noble friend
My father, whose too too unhappy end
Requires their blood, desires no greater bliss
Than to present his joyful soul with this."
These and such words I us'd; with me they swore
To fetch the glory which the Thebans wore,
And plac't upon my father's tomb, to crown
Him with heroic conquests and renown.
With me they went, with me they overcame
The Thebans' pride, and brought with them their fame.
Detain'd at wars, I saw you not, till late
Returning home, my ever happy fate
Blest me to hear your voice; my nimble steed
To gratulate my labour with the deed,
So well belov'd (as if he knew my mind)
Lost me that you, fair lady, might me find.'

602 skirmage] A very interesting midway-form between 'skir*mish*' and 'scrim*mage*.'

603 court] 'Cut short'? *court?*

At this she smiles, while his lov'd tale goes on;
'Now since it is your chance to light upon
What was ordain'd your own, debar me not
That service from, which is my own by lot,
While I enfolded in your love declare
Those sweet contents in Venus' pleasures are.
*For who with more delight can live? What are
Those joys that may with these delights compare?'
She blusht and said, for ere she spake she blusht,
Then from her sweet but angry lips there rusht
This angry speech, 'Belovèd sir, I owe
More inward zeal than yet I will bestow
On your lascivious love'; and being near
Her Talmos, flung away, and would not hear
His quick-prepar'd excuse, who overweigh'd
With death-tormenting grief, look'd up and said,
'Shall these contempts o'errule thy virtuous will?
O Sepha, knowest thou whom thy scorns do kill?'
Well she goes on, nor looks behind to see
The fruits of her disdain, his amity,
But hasted home, by fond suspicion led;
(So Arethusa from Alphaeus fled)
Till to her chamber come, she unawares,
(Beginning now to be perplext with cares)
Look'd from a window, from a window spied
Her fair Arcadius dead; even then she cried.
Her nimble feet had not such power to bear
Her half so fast away, as now her fear
Returns her to him, ready to complain
Upon her fate; her tender eyes do strain
Balm to bedew his cheeks, till a sweet kiss,
(It seems belovèd better than that bliss
The Heav'ns bestow'd) recall'd his sleepy eyes.
Who opening first, straight shut again and lies
Clos'd in her arms, as if nought more could grace him,
With greater joys, than when her arms embrace him:
At length remembrance (usher'd by a groan)
Proclaim'd his life; 'And am I left alone?'
He said, then op't his eyes, whose fixèd sight,
Not yet from death's embracings free, did light
Upon her face, about his voice to raise,
Soft kisses stop his speech; those past, he says:
'Ye Gods, whose too too hasty shafts have strook
Beguiling joys into my eyes, and took
My heavy soul from that thrice blessed place
Where Sepha dwells, who must Elysium grace,
What yields this Heav'n? O would I still might live,
Her presence yields more joys than Heav'n can give;

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* Catullus. 'Quis me uno vivit felicior? aut magis hac est optandum vitâ dicere quis poterit.' [*Est* in orig. for *quid*. Ed.]

Invest me with all pleasures that you please
In Heav'n to have, with canticles of ease
That follow pious souls, they nought will yield
To me but grief; while o'er th' Elysian field,
And gloomy shades, continual steps I take
For her safe waftage o'er the Stygian lake.'
These words he spake, taking her face for Heaven,
(In whom the Powers all powerful grace had given)
Where still he thought he was, while Sepha griev'd,
With cordial water from her eyes reviv'd
His not yet living sense; with greedy eyes
He views her face, who with this speech replies:
'To me 'tis strange, that you (within whose breast
Such rare undaunted strength and wit doth rest)
Through foolish grief should yield your sacred soul
To Charon's boat; who shall your death condole,
So slightly caus'd? shall I? believe me, no;
I'll rather seek some noble means to show
How much you strive with faint tormenting mind
To raise that heart wherein you lie enshrin'd.
Should men despair for once or twice refusal,
Few men would speed, for to our sex 'tis usual;
And often, words outstep the careless lip,
Which past, repent that e'er they let them slip.
Now let this message in thy bosom light:
Arcadius, thou art the sole delight
Of this my wretched life, for thee I live;
To live with thee, to thee my love I give.
Preserve it then so worthy to be lov'd,
That of thee always I may be belov'd:
Let no lascivious thought pollute the same,
Which may increase a scandal to my name,
But with unstain'd desires let me be led
By Hymen's rites unspotted to thy bed.'
Have you not heard young lambs with wailing cries
Lament their dam's departure, who still lies
Under the shearer's hands? with discontent
Thinking them dead, their sudden death lament?
While they to hinder the bemoaning notes
Get up, and pay their ransom with their coats.
Even so Arcadius with attentive care
Observ'd each word her heav'nly lips did spare,
Still fearing lest some various conclusion
Should draw his life to sable night's confusion.
But when he heard the full, ladies, I know
You can conceive what streams of joy did flow
In his still honour'd breast; he nimbly rose,
Conjur'd the air to keep her message close
From babbling echoes, to herself he vows
An am'rous kiss, and she his kiss allows.

He crav'd remission for his faulty words,
Now askt, and straight remission she affords,
And binds him to the limits of unstain'd
Desire, and with her golden tresses chain'd
His heart from all deceit, with such pure grace,
As ought in ev'ry lover to have place;
To Talmos she (proud of her prize) him led,
(For know fair Sepha's parents both were dead),
Where entertain'd with many royal sips
He drunk full bowls of nectar from her lips.
Time, hasty to produce the marriage day
Of these impatient lovers, hied his way;
And Sepha after many sweet embraces,
Fraught with conceit, and stuft with interlaces
Of their ensuing pleasure, did permit
Arcadius' departure, who unfit
For any service but the wingèd God,
To Arathea went, and as he rode
Oft blam'd o'er-hasty Time their joy t' undo,
But prais'd him for the sports that should ensue.

Now was it when the fraction of the day
From sable night had made Aurora way,
When *I, ambiguous of succeeding fate, * Epimenides.
Forsook my native country for the hate
'Gainst me conceiv'd, me Minos † country bred,
Whose hundred cities with amazement led
Each eye to view their pride; my father old,
And I a pretty stripling, did uphold
The staff of his declining age; with care
I cherisht him, and did the burthen bear
Of his domestic 'ployments. Now it was,
(When all his business through my hands did pass)
That once he sent me to attend the sheep,
Where woods' sweet chanters summon'd me to sleep:
Within a cave of Parian stone compos'd,
I laid me down; I laid me down, and clos'd
My duskish eyes; sure some enchantments kept
The same with magic spells, for there I slept
Whole seventeen years away; awak'd at last,
I got me up, and to my home did haste:
Not knowing so much time away was fled,
I call'd my friends, but lo, my friends were dead.
This known I left Minoia,† and spent
My days in Rome, not caring where I went,
Nor what I did; nor there I long remain'd,

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† Crete.

760 I, and sidenote] The note is not unnecessary. But if B. had been equally thoughtful for his readers on all appropriate occasions his margins would have simply bristled with annotations.

'Cause more mishap was to my life ordain'd:
Mugiona * stands pointing to a way
Call'd Appia†, through which my journey lay;
Nor many days were spent before I came
Unto that town which Sora‡ hath to name;
And there awhile I stayed, awhile I strove
To kill those griefs, which never ceas'd to move
A desp'rate end, for that unwisht mischance
Still gnawing on my soul; about t'advance
My sword towards my end, 'O stay awhile,'
A voice bespake, 'let not thy wrath beguile
Thee of succeeding joys': amaz'd I stood,
Not knowing why to save, or spill my blood.
My eyes could show me nothing, but my ears
Granted a convoy for the sob'd-forth tears
Of a distressèd lady. 'What mishap
Hath Fortune more,' said she, 'than to entrap
Our joys, and cut them off?' The voice did guide
Me to a little grove, wherein I spied
A wretched lady with torn hair discover
(O'er the dead corpse of her belovèd lover)
Th' irreparable loss, and hateful breath,
She did sustain through his untimely death.
Aghast she trembled, and with liquid eyes,
Sent with her lover's soul into the skies,
Prays that her end may with his end appear,
Or here to have him, or to have him there.
Awhile I stood, either with fear o'ergone,
Or else with grief not able to go on,
Till she with sword tugg'd from his wounded breast,
Made passage for her soul's eternal rest.
I hied me to her, but my steps were lost,
The wound was given; saith she, 'Since we are crost
Of terrene pleasures, and those joys do miss,
Our souls shall wed in Heav'n's eternal bliss.'
I striv'd to stop her blood, but she denied
That any favour should to her betide,
Since she was cross'd in all designs, and said,
'If the entreaties of a dying maid,
Sir knight, may move you, grant this last request,
With your own sword give period to the rest
Of him who did my Delithason slay;
O'er yon ambitious hill he took his way.'
I vow'd their deaths' revenge, withal desir'd,
Since she would die, before her life expir'd
Its glorious date, t' acquaint my pitying ears
With her sad story, while whole show'rs of tears

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* A gate in Rome.

† A highway from Rome to Campania.

‡ A town in Campania.

Embalm the body dead. 'Alas,' said she,
'You cause me to renew the grief must be
My passport to his soul,' then faintly rais'd
Her weary head: 'For ever be ye prais'd
(Ye Pow'rs) that grant me liberty t' unfold
Our tragic ends,' and then his story told.

The Story of Delithason and Verista

'Not far remote there are four little lands,
Rul'd by that God *, who girts them with his hands;
Statinae † call'd, in these my father dwelt,
Whose always scraping but ne'er fill'd-hand felt
A mean of Fortune's good, (whether by Fate,
Or foreordainèd to expire the date
Of my distressèd life, to me 't's unknown,)
But wealth (with which those isles have ever flown)
Heap'd to his hands a still increasing crowd
Of gilded pills; those riches made him proud.
Amongst the other fortunes that he had,
(O whether shall I term it good or bad)
The Heav'ns assign'd him me, Verista nam'd,
Who yet but young, a false report had fam'd
Rare beauty of me; this, O this declar'd,
Draw'd many princes that the same had heard,
To try the judgement of their eyes, which fame
By some confirm'd, this Delithason came,
Not like a prince, (as like a prince he might,
Because he was a prince) but like a knight
With sword and lance. But first I'd have you know
My father amongst many had a foe
Of giants' race, whose heart inur'd to wrong,
To rapes, and base oppressions, had long
Applied his strength, and now to torture more
My father's breast that life might give him o'er,
This quarrel pick'd. He came and did demand
Me for his wife, and 'cause we did withstand
His wish, with kindled rage from Pluto's cell
He shakes his dangling locks, and down to Hell
A journey takes; Erinnys ‡ he implor'd,
And all the Furies which he there ador'd,
T' assist his new-found plot; nor yet in vain
They add their help, with fire they rent in twain
A town my father own'd; the dwellers there,
Afraid of death, t' abolish quite their fear,

* Neptune. † Islands about Campania. ‡ A Fury of Hell.

840 mean] This does not seem right: but emendation is not easy.
845 gilded pills] Whether in the modern sense, or not, is doubtful.

Plast'red the walls with brains, their limbs bestrew'd,
The blushing streets with streams of blood bedew'd.
To this he adds a mischief worse, and throws
Blasphemous oaths on which he did repose,
Up to Saturnus' * son; the sacred stones †,
On which the people laid oblations,
He hurls about the temple; from the posts
The gold he tears, and in his mischief boasts.
By this my brother, guided by the cries
Of conquer'd sounds, came staring in, and spies
The honours of celestial Gods defac't.
A sling he had, and from that sling did cast
The over-hasty stone, and though he well
Could use his sling, yet did his art excel
In managing his sword, now heav'd aloft,
Threat'ning the giant's death; said he, "How oft
Shall I be vext with too too partial eye
Of thy outrage? perish with this and die."
His speech scarce clos'd, Marsilos, ‡ smear'd with blood,
A coalbrand snatcht which by the altar stood,
And sends it to my brother; 'twas espied
By Delithason this, about to slide
Along the air; with lance he stopt his hand,
And sent his soul to that infernal land
Where ghosts with hideous cries endure the right
Of their deserts, cloth'd in eternal night.
Thus Delithason by the clamours call'd,
And by the giant's death the same appall'd;
Restor'd to every man his own, the rather
To get (the seldom got) love of my father;
Who nothing thankful for so great a favour,
Gave thanks indeed; but with so rude behaviour
That nought was heard but sighs and piteous moan,
How to regain the harm to him was done.
"I must," said he, "omit the charge I us'd
In keeping house, by which I have abus'd
My quite-consumèd stock; I must omit
The courteous entertainment that is fit
For worthy gues[t]s, and so to end the strife
Of sleeping age, with a retirèd life."
To this the Prince, (whose ever piety
Still lent discourteous acts a noble eye)
Says, "Aged father, your declining head
Should scorn to be to base rebellion led
Against the laws of hospitality;
Decrepit age should on the good rely
Which she hath done, not on her present wealth,
The soul's decay, opposer to her health.

‡ The giant.

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* Jupiter [son] of Saturn and Ops. † The altars.

O whither shall I turn? assist me now,
Ye ever-helping Powers, let not a vow
So firmly made before your holy fires
So eas'ly be infring'd; but who aspires
To mount the chariot where the glorious Sun
The orb surveys, with pride shall be undone.
And shall I silent die? Shall this exile
From hopes the pure bond of my love defile?
Shall my desir'd desires with horrid sound
Of a faint heart increase m' increasing wound?
No, Love must fear no harm; he is not fit
T' enjoy Love's fruits that hath not firmly knit
A resolution to his hopes, and tied
Himself, though oft, yet ne'er to be denied.
Father, the wings of ever-warbling fame
Exempt alone, chatter'd the glorious name
Of your Verista's beauty; 'twas my chance,
When ev'ry Echo did the same advance
In lofty tunes, to hap into your fight,
And being greedy of so great a sight,
Gave period to all hopes of other beauty,
And did besiege her heart; 'tis now her duty
My pleasure to obey, for Hymen's lights
Have linkt our hearts, with honour of those rites
To lovers due. Be willing then to it,
Since Fate hath stop'd all means the bond t' unknit.
But if you will not, if you will persever
In hatred to those princes, that endeavour
To bless their happy lives in blessing her;
I say again, if still you will prefer
Your will before all reason without reason,
As hitherto you have done, there's a season
Call'd quiv'ring winter, with his milky bride,
Will freeze your honour, and abate your pride.
Imperial I, in fair Zephire sit,
Whom wealthy Caria bounds, and brags of it;
There flows that paltry gold so much I hate,
I think the more t' impair my quiet state."
"Luxurious brat, and enemy to wealth,"
My father said, "th' hast got the crown by stealth,
With it Verista's love; and dost thou think
My daughter shall of that stol'n honour drink?
First let my hands embrue their wrinkled skin
In her false breast; first let the spoil begin
Upon my offspring, can thy boasts assure her?
Or the bare title of a crown procure her
Contented wealth? Say, can so great a name
As Queen of Caria wipe away the blame
Of disobedience? or release the oath
Of duty? or of zealous care? or both?

Which she (when subject to my tender rods,)
Made in the presence of the better Gods?"
Here Delithason stay'd his speech. "Too late,"
He said, "you vent your ne'er-consumèd hate.
The Gods observe your deeds, and though awhile
They slack their vengeance, 'tis but to beguile
The offenders with false hopes." So said, he turn'd
His head about, and on the altar burn'd
Preparèd incense; straight the altar brake
In twain, and after a fierce thunderclap
Sweet music breath'd, in which a chanter cried,
"Thy time's expir'd and thou art deified."
Amaz'd the people stand, nor yet to whom
They can conceive this prophecy should come;
Not I, alas, no, nor my feeble heart,
Forethought of this, of this untimely dart,
For so it hapt, Marsilos * had a son, * The giant.
(From a corrupted spring ill waters run)
Who, wicked, at his father's death repining,
Just as the Sun was to his bed declining,
Observ'd when I and Delithason hied
T'wards his Zephire, (for being denied
My father's blessing, privily we got
Away, when careless he observèd not)
And passing through this wood—this bloody wood—
(A closet for those that delight in blood)
The giant's son a twinded javelin cast,
And made this wound you see; that done, in haste,
Knowing his dart this spotless heart had sped,
Unto his home, his father's den, he fled.'
About to tell the rest she stopt, and died,
When I by virtue of my promise tied,
After I had repos'd them in one urn,
Towards Statinae did my voyage turn,
And (lest too long I should delay the joy
Hasty Arcadius wishes to enjoy)
Stuft up with ire, I did not long pursue
His steps, before at him I had a view.
'Ho! villain, stay,' I cried, 'receive the meed
The Gods allot thee for thy wicked deed;
Stay, murderer, thy haste shall not prefer
Injustice before right; stay, murderer.'
While yet I spake, my lance his shoulders caught,
My sword beguil'd him of his head, and taught
This lesson to the world, th' All-seeing eye
Lets not apparent wrongs unpunish'd die.
My vow dissolv'd, I bent my course again

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996 twinded] I do not know whether this = 'twinned,' i. e. 'double,' or 'twined' with strings to hurl it. The form 'twind' occurs in the latter sense below in the *Aurora* poem, st. 44.

Towards Cybella *, whose high walls disdain
A rival in their pride; there is a way
That leads thereto, by which a meadow lay;
In it I saw a knight of silver hue,
With sword, hold a stout combat against two
Of fiery looks; I hied me to the fight,
Either by force or treaty to unite
Their various minds: but what can words prevail
Where bloody resolutions do assail
A spotless mind? no time they would admit,
Through hasty fight, t' inquire the cause of it.
Awhile I view'd the combat, till the knight
In silver armour on the neck did light
Of one of th' adverse side, who unacquainted
With such rough compliments, fell down and fainted.
So done, he said, 'By all the Powers that dwell
In lofty thrones, thy valour doth excel
Thy neighb'ring Princes, but thy unjust cause
Repugns against the splendour and the laws
Of martial discipline; content thee then
With this: thou art the happiest of men
In that th' hast 'scap'd revenge to traitors due.
Do other matters cause thee to pursue
This spite, besides thy false suspect? or can
Thy ever-stain'd affection (which began
And ends with lust, not love) enchant thy sense
So far with stupid blindness to commence
Hatred for this? withdraw thyself, and yield
To me thy life, thy weapon, and the field.
So shall my arms with amity embrace
Thy neck; where else 'twill show thee thy disgrace.'
No sooner said, but we might hear the sound
Of trampling horses beat the tender ground,
For swifter speed now to us seen, and now
Dismount their steeds, and to the adverse bow.
'Pardon,' said they, 'great Prince, that our neglect
Infring'd the laws of our endear'd respect.'
But when they saw his armour stain'd, and view'd
His dead companion with blood imbru'd,
They re-amount the nimble steeds they rid,
(For marble look'd not paler than they did)
And to the silver knight their anger bent,
Who with excess of bleeding almost spent,
Held up his hand to me, to me he said,
(For they were three) 'See how I am betray'd
With these unequal odds.' 'No more you need
To move me up,' I said, 'fear not, proceed

* A town in Campania.

1056 re-amount] There is no reason against this form though we do not use it in the compound.

With your own hands to lacerate in twain
Their conscious hearts, to me your prayers are vain.
I am too weak to shelter you from harms;
Though arm'd, yet I'm unskill'd to use my arms,
But what I am I'm yours.' With that our swords
We drew, and blows supply'd the want of words.
While he (most noble and most valiant knight)
Each blow he took, each blow he did requite
With treble use; awhile they hold us play,
Till overcome, their lives did end our fray.
This done, and all things hist, I thought it good
To stop the conduits of his flowing blood;
When mounted on our steeds, with gentle gait
Riding towards his home, he did relate
The tragic story thus: 'I am,' said he,
'Arcadius, and yonder tow'r you see
Is mine; this Prince whom now we slew,
Hearing what pure unstain'd affection grew
'Tween me and one nam'd Sepha in her heart,
He came and did prescribe a double part:
On this our quarrel grew, and what success
In it he had, your valour will express.'
'Not I,' said I, ''twas you, your conquering hand,
Your cause, your sword, your strength that did withstand
Their greedy hopes; the Gods do close their eyes
From impious vassals, and exclude their cries.
And since you please t'entitle me your friend,
O let my willing service you attend,
And what you think will magnify your name,
Withal conceive me ready for the same.'
'Twas Summer then, and having cur'd his wounds,
Call'd out by th' noise of his pursuing hounds
We gallop'd o'er the plains: now by a wood
Our way we took, where purple statues stood;
'O bless me here,' he cried, and softly said,
'Enshrin'd in these four pleasant nymphs are laid.'
Then by a tower, 'In this,' said he, 'remains
The fairest flower, the pride of all the plains;
'Tis Sepha's house, the Goddess of my heart,
In whose fair cheeks Love with his golden dart
Sits sporting, dasht with a vermilion dye;
Th' are like the blush came from Endymion's eye
When twin-born Cynthia, to suffice her will,
Had courted him on sleepy Latmos' hill.'
No sooner said, but Sepha said, ''Tis true,
If lik'd of you, for Sepha lives by you,'
And spying me she blush'd. Lovers do so,
For conscious minds appear by th' outward show;

1080 Is mine, &c.] An octosyllable.

All salutations past, she led us in,
Where first our root of ruin did begin:
For such firm bonds of constant amity
Had link'd Arcadius' loyal heart to me,
(Which by our outward actions was not hid,
For never two lov'd better than we did)
That she perceiving how he stood inclin'd,
The more to please and gratulate his mind,
Us'd me with courteous terms; he discontent,
(Suspicion is a trial eminent
Of true affection) thought some new-born love
T'wards me increast, her tender heart did move.
As Helen did to Paris, took occasion,
T' assist her loyal love with this persuasion;
For sitting in a pleasant bower which hung
With various flowers he took a lute and sung:

See'st not, my love, with what a grace
The Spring resembles thy sweet face?
Here let us sit, and in these bowers
Receive the odours of the flowers,
For Flora, by thy beauty woo'd,
conspires thy good.

See how she sends her fragrant sweet,
And doth this homage to thy feet,
Bending so low her stooping head
To kiss the ground where thou dost tread,
And all her flowers proudly meet,
to kiss thy feet.

Then let us walk, my dearest love,
And on this carpet strictly prove
Each other's vow; from thy request
No other love invades my breast.
For how can I contemn that fire
which Gods admire?

To crop that rose why dost thou seek,
When there's a purer in thy cheek?
Like coral held in thy fair hands,
Or blood and milk that mingled stands;
To whom the Powers all grace have given,
a type of Heaven.

Yon lily stooping t'wards this place,
Is a pale shadow for thy face,
Under which veil doth seem to rush
Modest Endymion's ruddy blush.
A blush, indeed, more pure and fair
than lilies are.

1128 This is the song referred to in Introd.

Glance on those flowers thy radiant eyes,
Through which clear beams they'll sympathize
Reflective love, to make them far
More glorious than th' Hesperian star,
For every swain amazèd lies,
and gazing dies.

See how these silly flowers twine,
With sweet embracings, and combine,
Striving with curious looms to set
Their pale and red into a net,
To show how pure desire doth rest
for ever blest.

Why wilt thou then unconstant be?
T' infringe the laws of amity,
And so much disrespect my heart
To derogate from what thou art?
When in harmonious love there is
Elysian bliss.

Sepha at this was pleas'd; displeased was he
To see her smile. 'Leave off thy jealousy,
Arcadius,' she said, 'I am possest
With that firm love, which ne'er shall leave my breast.
First shall the Sun forget his course to fly,
And Pindus' hills shall soar about the sky;
First shall the Roman Eagles lose their wings,
And music murmur music without strings;
First shall the sea-born Goddess leave the fan
Of ardent love, and turn precisian:
And fearful hares pursue the thund'ring cry
Of Cretan hounds, and Ovid's mem'ry die,
Ere I, who to thee do my soul betroth,
Forsake my word, or falsify my oath.'
So said, she hangs her lip, and lowers her head,
(Lovers are oft asham'd of what they said)
While he with hymns of joy the debt did pay
Of upright love, and nam'd the wedding day.
Which come, and all things ready, Sepha drest
Her hair; her coats were blue; upon her breast
She wore a stone of curious art compos'd,
Wherein two naked lovers were enclos'd;
Both striving, till the maid who did resist,
Grew weak, and then he us'd her as he list.
Now ladies, know; a Prince there was whom fame
Had taken captive with fair Sepha's name,
Who hearing of the wedding day, wherein
Their hands should be linkt, as their hearts had bin;
And hearing of the weakness of the guard,
That should conduct them to the Church, prepar'd

To rob us of her. As you pass the plain,
There is a pretty hillock that would fain
Be call'd a hill; behind this hill they hide
Themselves, their weapons, and do there reside.
Now we in whom no thought of treachery
Had told us of mishap, with jollity
Hied to the temple; there, O there, the chance
Of base conspiring mischief did advance
Itself, dejected us; a horrid voice
Of threat'ning people sent a hideous noise
Unto our ears; now to our eyes their arms
With glittering shields foretell our following harms.
Unweapon'd we, for battles are refus'd
On wedding days, and other weapons us'd,
So that the easier they our necks did bend
Unto their yoke; now had they took my friend
The young Arcadius and his lovely bride,
The only prize they waited for, and hied
Them on their way, borne by the heat of love
T'wards th' one, t'wards th' other hate their speed did move,
When I (O ne'er till then unfortunate)
Saw tyranny and malice at debate,
Who first should steal away the spotless life
Of my Arcadius; at last a knife
His unstain'd bosom pierc'd, who dying cried,
'Let Sepha live, and I am satisfied.'
'You ravishers,' said I, 'of others' blood,
By this discern if traitors' ends are good,'
And with a sword snatch'd from another's arm,
Cleft one, and said, 'Be sharer in his harm';
With that a second, and a third I slew,
And so a fourth, till such a tumult grew,
That after divers blows away they fled,
And left me, as they well might think, for dead.
Meanwhile Campanian Sepha took her flight
Into a wood, borne there by horrid fright.
Where long she could not stay, by careful heed
Drawn forth, to know how her known love did speed;
And now she finds, what ne'er she wisht to find,
With his dear blood the blushing flowers lin'd;
She says not much, lest helpless words should stay
Her soul too long, but kneeling down doth pray,
Then took the knife by his own blood made foul,
And falling down upon 't advanc't her soul.
Awak'd from out my sound, I saw how Fate
Had play'd the wanton, and expir'd their date:
I took their bodies and them both did burn,
I put them both together in one urn;
Straight both their ashes, male and female grew,
And from the same admired Phoenix flew;

From whence I prophesy it shall revive
By death, for 'tis their fame shall keep 't alive,
Which growing old towards the Sun shall fly,
And till the Heavens dissolve shall never die.

Here Epimenides his story ceast, 1260
And bending down his panting bosom dies:
Whose death the ladies' former griefs increast,
They sent his soul to Elizium with their cries,
Upon whose shrine they wrote his death, to show
From Heaven he came, to Heaven he needs must go.

FINIS.

HINC LACHRIMAE

Or the Author to Aurora

I

Why should my pen aspire so high a strain,
A verse to guide, to guide a verse unfit?
Are they the fittest voices to complain?
Admit they be, they're for a riper wit;
Yet you who these unpolisht lines shall read,
Deride them not, they from distraction came;
Let that suffice, my love alone shall plead
For their defect, and shall excuse the same:
Excuse the same, for what from love doth spring,
To lovers only resolution bring.

II

Coelum's fair daughter hath bereft my heart
Of those sweet hopes to lovers only due;
Unwilling she those pleasures to impart,
Lest too much joy should make me cease to rue,
Lest her fair eyes should work that gracious hap,
Which she would not permit I should enjoy,
While I lie lull'd in Fate's unconstant lap,
With grief converse, and still with sorrow toy:
For such a gentle pain she doth me send,
As if she would not wish my life, nor end.

III

Yet such it is that I will not exchange
My life with those whom Fortune kind entreats,
And since it is her arrow that doth range
My tender heart, I kiss the rod that beats.
I laugh at Cupid, who is overjoy'd
With fond conceit, that he hath wrought this fire:
But let him be with self-conceit destroy'd;
'Twas not his power, 'twas my own desire;
Though Venus' hoodwink'd son doth bear the name,
Azile's virtue 'twas did me inflame.

IV

'Twas thee, Azile, of whose loves I sang,
'Tween thee and me among the gentle Gothes,
Something it was when all the valleys rang
Too true, the breach of thy beplighted oaths.

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32 Gothes] *Sic* in orig.: perhaps for the rhyme.

I little thought my willing warbling quill,
With her shrill notes, did miss to sing the truth:
But now I find through too dear-gotten skill,
Thou art despiser of my blooming youth;
What there I said, how much thy soul relied
Upon thy faith, these poems say I lied.

V

Else why should I complain of this mischance,
Had it not been contrary to thy vows?
With tears thou mad'st them, and what furtherance,
Of signs were more, Heav'n's ruler only knows.
Heav'n knows my faith, how I have loyal been,
And have not broke the smallest string of love.
To see my constance will augment thy sin,
How loyal I, how wav'ring thou dost prove;
But 'twas thy will, that I thy favour mist:
I'm thine, and thou may'st use me as thou list.

VI

Even as thou list, Azile, I'll rejoice,
And tremble at thy eyes whene'er they move;
Command thy will, I will obey thy voice,
Unless thou bidst me cease to owe thee love.
There pardon me, dear love, for such a root
It hath obtain'd in my triangle heart,
That since thou first didst thereon place thy foot,
The pain increas'd, and still I feel the smart;
No pain at all, since it from thee ensues,
And, Love, thou may'st command them as my dues.

VII

Even as thy dues, and what I can procure,
More from my heart, to thee shall be presented;
Yet hadst thou but the tenth part I endure,
I'm sure thy last neglect should be repented;
Thou wouldst be sorry that I have misspent
My time in sighs, for prayers only free:
But pray'rs are kill'd through too much discontent,
For he that loves can never zealous be.
'Tis thee alone must be my gracious Saint:
Gainst thee, and to thee only 's my complaint.

VIII

How oft have I been subject of thy scorn?
How often kill'd by thy impetuous eyes?
How oft have I the warlike ensign borne
Of thy fierce heart, enur'd to cruelty?
So oft hast thou, after the tide was past,
Of disrespect, my heavy soul repriev'd
From that dejected state; so oft thou hast
Witnesst with vows, if vows may be believ'd:
O that I could thy former love descry,
To reassume thy late humanity.

IX

Wouldst thou but think with what entire delight
My soul was carried to those joys, and whither;
Wouldst thou but think how strong we did unite
Into one bond our mutual loves together;
Wouldst thou but reconcile thy wand'ring sense,
And cease t' afflict with thy impartial eyes;
Wouldst thou but hear the prayer which I commence,
One show'r might cherish yet the root which dies.
But thou art wise, and canst thy worth refine,
Yet use me gently, 'cause thou knowst I'm thine.

X

What though thy birth require a higher place
Than my low heart is able to bestow?
Admit it do, yet count it no disgrace;
'Tis my humility that makes me low,
And since I have aspir'd so high a favour,
Which once I had, but now I can't obtain,
I'll spend my days, even with as sad behaviour,
And study most, how most I may complain.
O that my plaints would mollify thy heart,
And once thou wouldst give period to my smart.

XI

What though thy riches ask as high a fortune,
And with thy birth doth bear an equal sway?
O, were that all, I know I might importune
A little help, for riches will decay.
Even as thy wealth, so will thy beauty fade,
And then thou wilt repent thee of my wrong;
A secret sorrow shall thy breast invade,
Thy heart shall be as faulty as thy tongue:
They both shall vex, and this shall be the trial,
One gave consent, the other gave denial.

XII

When thou shalt be of all thy youth depriv'd,
And shalt with age's wrinkled rowes be clad;
When thou shalt sit and think how much I striv'd
Thy love to gain, and what reward I had;
When thy deceitful promises shall call
Thee to the bar, and there arraign thy thoughts;
When thou with heavy eyes shalt summon all
The harms which thy unkindness in me wrought;
When thou shalt hear of my distracted mind,
Thou wilt repent thee that thou wast unkind.

XIII

And that thou may'st remember thy disdain,
Even these I wrote, that thou may'st read the same,

96 can't] Orig. 'cann't.' 112 rowes] ?

And there shalt find what just cause to complain
From thee I had, by thy unkindness came;
That so thou may'st be sorry for my harm,
And wet thy eyes; for once I know you lov'd me;
O let that love be to thy heart a charm:
But since nor pray'rs, nor vows, nor tears have mov'd thee,
Even these I wrote to show to future years,
How much, Azile, thou hast scorn'd my tears.

XIV

How much, Azile, thou hast scorn'd my tears,
And hast detain'd that which thou know'st is mine;
Thy heart is his, even to whose heart he fears
No hopes will come, and therefore doth repine
Even to his death; for which way can he chuse
When the remembrance of thy faith shall creep
Before his eyes, and therein shall infuse
A thousand tears, how can he choose but weep?
O happy yet, wouldst thou this discontent
But call to mind, and in that mind repent.

XV

The time will come, when thy belovèd face
Shall lose the spring, with which it now is clad;
When thou art old, thou in some secret place
Wilt sit, and think of all the wrongs I had:
Then wilt thou read these my unpolish'd plaints,
The chronicles of my unpitied cries;
When thou art old, perhaps thy heart shall faint
For shame, and let one tear forsake thy eyes;
I know thou wilt, and ere thy sun expire
His glorious date, thou wilt recall thy ire.

XVI

Though now thy eyes are carried from the wounds
Thy eyes did give, when first my eyes beheld them,
Though now thy ears deny to hear the sounds
Of my just plaints, and therefore hast expell'd them,
Yet once before thy soul shall take her way
Towards those fields, the fair Elysian rest,
Thou wilt be greedy of an hour's stay,
To tell the world, how thou hast me opprest.
I know thou wilt, and though a while the shade
Obscure the Sun, at last the cloud will fade.

XVII

Tell me how oft thou hast with serious voice
Vow'd for thy love no harm I should endure?
Tell me if erst thou didst not like thy choice,
And with thy vows didst crown our nuptials sure?
Tell me if once upon those blessed stairs,
The stairs my thought that guided unto Heaven,
When I surprisèd by thee unawares,
Had there thy love's assurance fully given;

Or if thou wilt not tell, yet say in this,
If I have spoke, or wrote a word amiss.

XVIII

Mistake me not, my pen was ne'er defil'd
With any stain, that may thy honour stain;
From all lascivious thoughts I am exil'd;
So shall my pen immodest sense refrain;
Thou art as free, as pure from any blot,
And therefore shalt with lotus crown thy 'brows.
If ever thou didst sin, I knew it not:
Excepting this, the fraction of thy vows,
I vow by Heaven and all the powers therein,
Excepting this, I never knew thee sin.

XIX

Ye flow'ry meads, where I do use to sing,
And with complaining notes do often fill ye,
Ye purling streams, where I with quav'ring string,
Make music, tell the praise of my Azile;
Ye shady groves and melancholy places,
Where oft I do retire to sigh my wrongs,
Ye lofty hills that oft hear my disgraces,
To whom I chatter forth my heavy songs,
Let these persuasions now your voices move,
Say if I ever spake against my love.

XX

When I with lilies do adorn my head,
And dress my face by pleasant silver brook,
When I my snowy flock do gently lead,
And guide their steps with willing shepherd's hook,
When I with daffodils do garlands make,
And therewith have my back and arms enshrin'd,
When I to oaten pipe do me betake,
To tell of my Azile, and her mind,
When I so oft with flowers my hands have drest,
What was it but to please Azile best?

XXI

The firstlings of my flock to her I gave,
Twice happy flock to send your presents thither,
Thrice happy flock, for she the last shall have,
The last was hers, I sent them both together.
She took them both, and with a gentle eye,
(Where courtesy and grace together lay,
As loath to rob, yet loather to deny)
Show'd on the hills her willingness to stay;
Blest be the time when first her love I mov'd,
Too silly shepherd so to be belov'd.

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178 fraction] Not, as usual, 'the result of breaking,' but the breaking or '*in*fraction' itself.

XXII

Too silly shepherd, and unworthy too,
That durst presume that fair fruit to attempt,
But since entire affection made me woo,
O judge me not of modesty exempt,
For though I did aspire so high a task,
Yet best it is, and best to be commended;
I eas'ly can maintain 't, no help I ask,
Let love and honour join, dispute is ended;
I'll mount the highest steps that honour calls,
He falls no lower than the ground that falls.
Qui jacet in terram, non habet unde cadat:

XXIII

And that the easier I may climb the same,
I'll build a ladder of heroic wood,
Each step embellisht in the purest frame
Of coral, born in the Tyrraean flood,
That when my wishes have attain'd their will,
And all my thoughts have perfected my art,
That when my cares have rested on a hill,
The only rock of my repining heart,
None may condemn me, for I did aspire
To virtue clad in constant love's attire. Sidnei.

XXIV

Yet many will conjecture much amiss,
Because my love so slowly is requited,
Each spiteful Satyr will surmise by this,
Thou hat'st me 'cause my pains have thee delighted;
But let them please themselves with thought thereof,
And with their wits ascribe their own applause,
I free from anger at their harms will laugh,—
For some vex most when none will give them cause,—
That when thou seest how loyal I am thine,
Thou may'st conceive the greatest harm is mine.

XXV

The morning blush is like Azile made,
Azile's cheeks are like the morning blush,
If fair Aurora please to be the shade,
Why should Azile scorn to be the bush?
Thou art that bush, Azile, under whom
My buskin Muse sings free from country strife,
Thou art that Lotus to whose shade I come,
To sup my milk, and sport away my life,
That when thou seest my harmless sports excel,
Thou may'st remember once thou knew'st me well.

XXVI

Thou may'st remember once thou knew'st me well,
And didst not shame t' account me as thy own;

220[a] *Sic*, and not as note. **224** Tyrraean] Tyrrhenian? or Tyrian?

Then loyal love within thy breast did dwell
And faith, but now no faith in thee is known.
When we in evenings have the valleys trac'd,
And sipt fresh air to close the hasty day,
When with thy steps thou hast the mountains grac'd,
To see how Hesper hied him on his way,
Why wast not careful then to keep thy vow,
For there thou mad'st me promises enow.

XXVII

And then the spring of my unstain'd affection,
With roses drest, and lilies sweetly grew,
Whose ruddy look gave it a fair complexion,
Till frowning Winter gave 't another hue.
But stay, thou know'st already why I sing,
And why my heavy verse so gently move thee,
For that alone I did these sonnets bring,
That by these plaints thou may'st perceive I love thee:
For out of nothing, nothing can be brought,
And that which is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.

XXVIII

How can I smother then my long pent love,
Almost unknown to thee so long conceal'd?
O you that can assist me from above,
For by your means 'twas first of all reveal'd,
Since when my heart in such sure hope remains,
That I will not exchange my part in her,
Not for the purest face the world contains,
For before all her love I will prefer;
And know in their fruition I shall want
Those sweet contents which these complainings grant.

XXIX

Twice hath the Sun drencht in Iberian seas,
Twice fifty times renew'd his fiery car,
Since with thy sight thou didst impart some ease,
And since I spoke to thee ran twice so far;
But yet thou seest thy still dejected friend
Admits no period to the love he owes,
And though thy absence gives all pleasures end,
Yet know thy presence far more grief bestows:
For this will vex, when one their own shall see,
And yet not dare thereof the owner be.

XXX

Ay me, when I alone sit and bemoan me,
Of thy hard heart, and my unjust correction,
When by myself I sit, and think upon thee,
With what sure bonds I'm brought into subjection,
Then, then my heart, grieving to be restrain'd,
Beats up a loud alarm, to come to thee;
If when I think of thee I am so pain'd,
What do I then when I thy face do see?

Such is my pain, if pains may be believ'd,
Griev'd at thy sight, and at thy absence griev'd.

XXXI

What though I have transgrest against thy will?
And run as idle ways as many other?
I am not minded to pursue them still,
If thou no more wilt thy affections smother;
And know, Azile, that the chiefest cause
Of all mishaps, sprung first from thy unkindness,
It is a statute made in Cupid's laws,
Neglected lovers spend their days in blindness:
And so it is, when once depriv'd the bliss
Of constant love, we other blessings miss.

XXXII

And so run headlong, careless of our good,
Into all danger that the world hath sent;
But Heaven be prais'd, that I have this withstood,
I never knew what carnal action meant;
For other sins I know I have a share,
As deep as any that committed sin,
And more must have; I yet cannot forbear:
Such is the state my restless soul lives in,
Such is my state, unless thou dost relent
My daily wrong, and then I shall repent.

XXXIII

If thou misdoubt, as thou may'st well misdoubt,
Because I'm now so wild, and vain withal,
That should I speed, my love would quickly out,
And I unto my old rebates would fall;
O let the thought thereof no place obtain,
But banish it, as enemy to good;
Try me awhile before I reap the gain,
Which so long wisht, hath so long been withstood;
Try me, I say, and thou shalt me restore,
For verjuice sweet'ned once, will sour no more.

XXXIV

Alas! my love, what love appears in this?
To omit the cure, which only may procure
Thy client's ease? guide not thy love amiss,
Lest thy neglect make thy destruction sure,
And then my blood besprinkled on thy coat
Will bring a horrid sound unto thy soul:
I vow by Heaven that all the world shall know't;
There's nothing can a firm resolve control;
By Heaven I vow, and this the truth relates,
Deny again, I'll die before thy gates.

324 rebates] The exact sense?

XXXV

But stay, Complaints, return unto your owner,
And blame her not; she 's free from any blame;
There can no spotted scandal rest on her:
'Tis your presumption, and it is your shame.
But say again, although you are unfit
To kiss her ears, yet you'll take no denial,
And that you'll not her plighted troth remit,
But will remit it to a further trial,
Even to his doom, who will all things destroy,
And there reward her inhumanity.

XXXVI

And there reward thy inhumanity;
Unkind Azile, rapt in liquid charms,
Thou canst not with an unstain'd conscience die,
Unless thou dost give period to my harms.
Is it thy wealth that makes thee thus refrain me?
As it is thine, so shall it still be thine.
Is it thy birth that makes thee thus disdain me?
O scorn me not, I come of noble line,
For by the Norman Duke our brows were crown'd
With laurel branches, and our names renown'd.

XXXVII

Cease then t' afflict, and show that heart some ease,
Which in offences never gave thee none,
Unless it was in striving best to please;
Therein indeed it hath been very prone,
And that thou know'st; there 's none doth know so well,
How my poor love did run in full career,
My daily presence did my passions tell,
My daily passions in thy presence were.
O happy time when thy sweet presence gave it,
But now I have most need I cannot have it.

XXXVIII

Believe, Azile, when of thee I think,
As such sweet thoughts are in me very rife,
I'm ready of preparèd bane to drink,
Or any poison that will end my life;
And still because my still consuming heart
Enjoys no rest, wisht rest I never have,
But of turmoils and troubles I have part;
But 'tis not trouble that a soul must save,
A sweet content doth lead the way from wrath:
He safest lives that quiet conscience hath.

XXXIX

But I have none, nor never must have any,
Unless thy eyes do shine upon my face;

---

352 rapt, &c.] These words, in more modern English, would be susceptible of an interpretation too uncomplimentary to Aurora or Azile.

Amongst thy noble virtues, which are many,
O let this favour thy poor servant grace;
Since thou disdainest to bestow thy heart
On me so far dejected, so unworthy,
Tell me what cause it is, and 'twill impart
Ease to those daily pains I suffer for thee;
So shall my soul be quiet, so my pain
Releast, and I shall hear thee speak again.

XL

And that's a favour far beyond desert,
But not beyond desire I have to love thee.
Dost thou desire? I'll rip my wounded heart,
And show thee that which there perhaps may move thee;
O let me find access unto thy breast,
And there receive my almost wearied soul:
Her wings are weary, and implore some rest,
Her wearied wings their slippery fate condole;
And scorn me not that I so much have sought thee,
For know, Azile, I have dearly bought thee.

XLI

For know, Azile, I have dearly paid
For thee, if of thee I am e'er possest;
Possess me then with thy prevailing aid,
And aid to that shore that must make me blest:
There shall I sing encomions to thy praise,
And praise the lustre of thy noble spirit,
When ravish't by those Epithalmian lays
Of Nymphs, thou shalt their Nymph-like grace inherit,
And Hymen in a saffron veil shall come,
O'er a fair field bestrew'd with margerum.

XLII

There shall the scores of either love be read,
And there my pains in which thou hast delighted,
There shall my love for her offences plead,
There shall my vows be paid, my pains requited;
And those that do except against my age,
Harpocrates to silence shall conjure,
A vulture shall his starv'd desire assuage
Upon their hearts, 'cause they my pains procure:
What though I scarce have twice ten winters told,
As much as is in man, in me behold.

XLIII

As much as is in man in me should be,
But that thou hast bereft me of my heart;
I want those glozing words of flattery,
By which some men gain more than by desert;
I want that wit which ought to parallel
Thy virtues, and procure deserving bliss;
I want that strength and vigour to repel
Dejected grief, which guides love's wheel amiss;

I want those means which should all good supplant
Within my breast, and chiefly thee I want.

XLIV

Love's coach, they say, is made of ebony,
And drawn by turtle-doves of silver hue,
To show the brightness of pure amity,
With turtles yok't, than turtles what more true?
Along whose sides the purple silk doth twind
The silver ouches to the golden wheels:
So outward beauty should a lover bind,
For who the outward love the inward feels,
Eyesight confirms, but virtues motives be:
'Tis not alone thy face I love, but thee.

XLV

Thee for thy virtues I alone admire,
Azile mine, but mine no more thou art;
Yet canst thou not those raging flames expire
Of Love, unless thou hast a double heart:
O double not my pains (my dearest love)
Nor let the torments of my soul increase,
For private envy will all truth reprove.
That kingdom safest lives that lives in peace:
How can we then a true concordance find,
When we two, one, have both a diff'rent mind?

XLVI

A poet said, if Cupid be a power,
Let him possess me now with his desire,
When suddenly his eyes began to lower,
And he expir'd his life in helpless fire.
And so must I perish within that flame,
If these will not thy heart to pity bend;
If still thy flinty heart remains the same,
I wish that with this line, my life might end;
And this complaint about the earth be hurl'd,
Alive to death, but dead unto the world.

XLVII

And here I stay, expecting now the doom
And sentence of eternal joy, or grief,
Which from thy sweet, or fatal lips must come,
For while I live thou of my heart art chief;
Then show thyself as thou desir'st to be,
Unstain'd in all thy ways, in all upright,
That following days with pure integrity,
May sweet my sorrows past with some delight;
And here I rest, expecting the regard
Of faithful love, and his deserv'd reward.

PELIANDER.

FINIS.

---

430 and chiefly] Pretty, i' faith!

435 twind] v. *supra*, p. 589.

To the immortal memory of the fairest and most virtuous Lady, the Lady ——

HER tongue hath ceast to speak, which might make dumb
All tongues, might stay all pens, all hands benumb;
Yet must I write; O that it might have been
While she had liv'd, and had my verses seen,
Before sad cries deaf'd my untunèd ears,
When verses flow'd more easily than tears.
Ah, why neglected I to write her praise,
And paint her virtues in those happy days!
Then my now trembling hand and dazzled eye
Had seldom fail'd, having the pattern by;
Or had it err'd, or made some strokes amiss,
(For who can portray virtue as it is?)
Art might with Nature have maintain'd her strife,
By curious lines to imitate true life.
But now those pictures want their lively grace,
As after death none well can draw the face:
We let our friends pass idly like our time,
Till they be gone, and then we see our crime,
And think what worth in them might have been known,
What duties done, and what affection shown:
Untimely knowledge, which so dear doth cost,
And then begins when the thing known is lost;
Yet this cold love, this envy, this neglect,
Proclaims us modest, while our due respect
To goodness is restrain'd by servile fear,
Lest to the world it flatt'ry should appear:
As if the present hours deserv'd no praise:
But age is past, whose knowledge only stays
On that weak prop which memory sustains,
Should be the proper subject of our strains:
Or as if foolish men, asham'd to sing
Of violets and roses in the Spring,
Should tarry till the flow'rs were blown away,
And till the Muse's life and heat decay;
Then is the fury slack'd, the vigour fled,
As here in mine, since it with her was dead:
Which still may sparkle, but shall flame no more,
Because no time shall her to us restore:
Yet may these sparks, thus kindled with her fame,
Shine brighter, and live longer than some flame.

---

17 idly] Orig. 'idlely.'

28 age is] *Sic* in orig.: 'ages'?

Here expectation urgeth me to tell
Her high perfections, which the world knew well.
But they are far beyond my skill t' unfold,
They were poor virtues if they might be told.
But thou, who fain wouldst take a gen'ral view
Of timely fruits which in this garden grew,
On all the virtues in men's actions look,
Or read their names writ in some moral book;
And sum the number which thou there shalt find:
So many liv'd, and triumph'd in her mind.
Nor dwelt these graces in a house obscure,
But in a palace fair, which might allure
The wretch, who no respect to virtue bore,
To love it, for the garments which it wore.
So that in her the body and the soul
Contended, which should most adorn the whole.
O happy soul, for such a body meet,
How are the firm chains of that union sweet
Dissever'd in the twinkling of an eye?
And we amaz'd dare ask no reason why,
But silent think, that God is pleas'd to show
That he hath works, whose ends we cannot know:
Let us then cease to make a vain request,
To learn why die the fairest, why the best;
For all these things, which mortals hold most dear,
Most slipp'ry are, and yield less joy than fear;
And being lifted high by men's desire,
Are more propitious marks for heav'nly fire;
And are laid prostrate with the first assault,
Because our love makes their desert their fault.
Then justice us to some amends should move
For this our fruitless, nay our hurtful love;
We in their honour piles of stone erect
With their dear names, and worthy praises deckt:
But since those fail, their glories we rehearse
In better marble, everlasting verse:
By which we gather from consuming hours
Some parts of them, though time the rest devours;
Then if the Muses can forbid to die,
As we their priests suppose, why may not I?
Although the least and hoarsest in the quire,
Clear beams of blessed immortality inspire
To keep thy blest remembrance ever young,
Still to be freshly in all ages sung:
Or if my work in this unable be,
Yet shall it ever live, upheld by thee:
For thou shalt live, though poems should decay,
Since parents teach their sons thy praise to say;
And to posterity, from hand to hand
Convey it with their blessing and their land.

To the Lady ——

Thy quiet rest from death this good derives,
Instead of one, it gives thee many lives:
While these lines last, thy shadow dwelleth here,
Thy fame, itself extendeth ev'rywhere;
In Heav'n our hopes have plac'd thy better part:
Thine image lives, in thy sad husband's heart:
Who as when he enjoy'd thee, he was chief
In love and comfort, so is he now in grief.

To his dear Friend Mr. John Emely upon his Travels

Have other nations got that tempting art?
Or seas? (O thou, the second of my heart!)
To steal thee from us? shall thy presence plant
Those goods elsewhere, which country thine doth want?
And chiefly me, who every wind abjure
That loudly roars, to make thy passage sure,
As much I blame the calms, for secret fear,
Though without cause, in all things will appear.
And now methinks the great Cantabrician flood,
With open jaws grows thirsty for thy blood,
Which if great Coelum's offspring doth appal
The calm, I fear, sits smiling at thy fall.
Or if Sicilian seas thou furrowest o'er,
Thy danger by Charybdis I deplore,
And Scilla's rock, whose bloody mouth doth lie
For thee, if more towards the North you fly.
If to Eoum, or to Indus' arm,
Paropanisian rocks will do thee harm.
If on Propontis, or Tanais flood,
Tanais and Hellespont are stain'd with blood.
What pleasure then allures thee to their coast?
In safest beds pleasure resideth most.
Nor country can, nor other nations give
More sweet content, than where thy parents live.
What will it boot to view the snowy hills
Of Alpine high, whose fleecy moisture fills
The humble dales? or what will it prevail,
To hear th' exub'rance of a foreign tale?
What joy can it produce to hear the swains
Leading their flocks along the Scythian plains,
T' accord their voices to the slender reeds
Of Amarillis' praise? or what exceeds

With sweeter pleasure, and more bright doth shine
In other countries, than it doth in thine?
Now to Olympian hills thou tak'st thy way,
Far happier wouldst thou in our valleys stay,
And see thy country heroes sports prepare,
More pleasant than Olympĭan pleasures are.
No service we to Nereus' altar vow,
Nor dread we Neptune, nor to Neptune bow,
But free from fear, in blushing mornings walk
Through shady groves, to hear woods' chanters talk
Ruddy Aurora's praise, and with free moan,
To Echo's only sigh our loves alone.
In summer time we walk the flow'ry meads,
Where Flora o'er her spotted carpet leads
Our eyes, and gluts us with discolour'd shows
Of flowers, which on her am'rous bosom grows.
Then Zephyrus, with fair Nepenthe scents,
Comes stealing o'er the flowers, and presents
Sweets odours to us, while by silver brook
We sit, and cheat the fishes with a hook.
And when the meadows are disburthenèd
Of grass, and with their withered cocks are spread,
Then with our nymphs and ladies we resort
Unto those cocks, and on, and o'er them sport:
So frisking kids their pleasures will display,
And with their loves in smiling evenings play.
When going forwards, with sweet tunes receiv'd,
Our fingers in each other's interweav'd,
We chat of love, and all the way we walk
We make the boy the subject of our talk;
So sport we o'er the meads, till Hesper come,
Allur'd by our delights to light us home.
The night we pass in contemplations sweet,
(Contented thoughts makes sable night more fleet)
And in the morning (morning beautified
With glorious Sol, who decks it with his pride)
We ride about the fields to recreate
Our o'erjoy'd minds, minds never stain'd with hate,
Where fearful hares before our greyhounds fly,
Awhile they run, and run awhile they die.
Then cast we off our nimble-wingèd hawk,
Whose speedy flight all baser preys doth baulk,
And up, his envying strength doth manage well,
'Gainst him, who from Minerva turrets fell.
Now to her altar we, whose golden hairs
Presents our corn, whole handfuls of our ears
Do bear, who smiling on her altar, takes
Our off'rings, and next fruitful harvest makes,
When you Carpathian and Aegaean seas
With odours stain, their flatt'red God to please.

To his Friend Mr. John Emely

If palsy Hyems with his frozen head
Doth hide fair Ceres in his icy bed,
With gins we snatch the silly birds; and snare
With our deceitful toils the fearful hare.
And now Cydonian boars with angry pace,
Through thick Stymphalian woods our hounds do chase;
Who o'er our steepy hills their way do fly,
Where country swains their speedy flight descry:
And with a hollow of rejoicing sounds
Blown up, encourage our pursuing hounds.
Retiring home, we praise, or discommend
Their long-maintainèd race, or hasty end.
When logs of wood, in spacious chimneys laid,
Of a consuming fire, a fire are made,
And we with our belovèd wives declare,
Those sweet contents in country pleasures are.
O might I taste those marriage joys, and tell
What pure delight in upright love doth dwell.
And now to feast lov'd Christmas with delight,
Our neighbours to our suppers we invite;
Which past, and stools before the fire set,
All former wrath and wranglings we forget,
And while the apples in the fire roast,
Of kindness we, and country friendship boast,
Till with a wassel, which our wives impart
With sug'red hands, we close the night, and part.
These things thy nation yields us, and would prove
More blest, wouldst thou adorn her with thy love.
For if thou still depriv'st us of that light
Thy presence gives, and that entire delight
By which thy country smiles, she will decay
In fame, and her renown will fade away,
And I pursue thee o'er Bononian rhyne,
And to thee my dejected life confine.

WILL. BOSWORTH.

FINIS

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